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THE HONORABLE FRANK O. LOWDEN

WHO ENDOWED THE NORTHERN ORATORICAL LEAGUE

12304

WINNING SPEECHES

IN THE CONTESTS OF THE

NORTHERN ORATORICAL LEAGUE

EDITED FOR THE LEAGUE BY

THOMAS C. TRUEBLOOD

PROFESSOR OF ORATORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WILLIAM G. CASKEY

PROFESSOR OF ORATORY AND RHETORIC IN OBERLIN COLLEGE

AND

HENRY E. GORDON

PROFESSOR OF PUBLIC SPEAKING IN THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

WITHDRAWN

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W. P. 1

PREFACE

So rarely is the public offered a book by undergraduates, that a word of explanation may be necessary to justify its presentation.

During the past two decades, there has been among undergraduates a growing interest in public speaking. The older, voluminous form of public address that reached its culmination in the oratory of Webster, Phillips, Curtis, and men of that type, has been succeeded by the brief, terse, persuasive speech, which, recognizing the informing province of printed matter, seeks mainly to organize and vitalize the information already in the possession of the audience.

The oration of the undergraduate is regarded as a good type of this modern form and style of oratory, and is in such demand among students that the Northern Oratorical League has decided to put into permanent printed form the orations that have been awarded first and second place in its annual contests. This is done in the hope that they may make a worthy contribution toward shaping the ideals of students who are striving for efficiency in public address.

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HISTORY OF

THE NORTHERN ORATORICAL LEAGUE

In June, 1890, on invitation of the University of Michigan, delegates from the University of Wisconsin, Northwestern University, Oberlin College, and the University of Michigan assembled at Ann Arbor for the purpose of forming an association to promote interest in public speaking in the colleges of the northwest. After a two days' session the Northern Oratorical League was formed with the University of Michigan, Northwestern University, Oberlin College, and the University of Wisconsin as charter members. The League was limited to seven colleges. The State University of Iowa was admitted to membership in 1891, the University of Chicago in 1893, and the membership was completed by the admission of the University of Minnesota in 1899. In 1908 the University of Chicago withdrew from the League and the University of Illinois was elected to fill the vacancy.

On February 22, 1901, the Honorable Frank O. Lowden of Chicago placed in the hands of the Regents of the State University of Iowa, as trustees, securities which yield annually one hundred and seventy-five dollars. One hundred and fifty dollars of the interest from the endowment is placed as follows: at the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, the student receiving First Honor is awarded one hundred dollars, and the one receiving Second Honor, fifty dollars. These awards are known as the Lowden Testimonials. The remaining twenty-five dollars of the annual income from the endowment is placed in a sinking fund, the

interest accruing from which may, in time, on advice of the Faculty Committee of the League and by the action of the Regents of the State University of Iowa, be used to increase the testimonials by equal amounts.

The purpose of the League, as stated in the first article of the constitution, is "to elevate the standard of oratory by holding annual contests." The first of these was held at Ann Arbor in May, 1891, under the auspices of the University of Michigan, and contests have been held annually since then in regular rotation at the several colleges composing the League.

The Northern Oratorical League reaches directly through the universities composing it more than twenty-five thousand students yearly, and while relatively few of this great number actually compete in the contests, yet the influence exerted upon the character of the public speaking of the students of the northwest by those who do take part, has been very marked. The unnatural, florid style of a few decades ago has given place to a more direct, easy type required by present-day business methods. It is a source of great gratification to those who have fostered the work of the League to note that the oratory of the several colleges participating has been greatly modified, if not revolutionized, since the founding of the Northern Oratorical League.

SKETCH OF

THE HONORABLE FRANK O. LOWDEN

Mr. Lowden's boyhood was spent in Sunrise City, Minnesota, where he was born in 1861, and in Point Pleasant, Iowa, where he obtained his common school education. It was farm in summer and district school in winter until he went without resources to Iowa City to get a college education.

At the State University of Iowa he made an unusual record: he earned his way by doing everything that came to hand that would yield him food or raiment, room or money, books or tuition. In his studies he did exceptionally well, and opposite his name in the records of the class of 1885 can be seen to-day a series of marks which show him to have been a superior student. He was active in every phase of student life and made a good record in forensic work as a member of one of the literary societies. His university achievements were fittingly rewarded by his selection to give the valedictory address at commencement and his election to the honor fraternity of Phi Beta Kappa.

After teaching one year in the high school at Burlington, Iowa, he entered the Union College of Law, Chicago, where he was graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1887. That same year he was admitted to the bar and began an uninterrupted career of success as an attorney at law.

The story of his life from this time on is common property. He served some years as lecturer on law at Northwestern University. He has been elected to many positions of honor and trust. At one time he presided over the councils of the

Chicago Bar Association as its president. To-day, as member of Congress from the Thirteenth Illinois District, he is putting to the use of the state and the nation the highly trained powers of a forensic leader. His great interest in the work of public speaking among students led him, in 1901, to offer the very liberal endowment to the Northern Oratorical League to which reference has been more fully made in the history of that organization.

WINNING SPEECHES

QUO WARRANTO?

AUSTIN C. GORMLEY

FIRST HONOR oration in 1891. The League contest was held at the University of Michigan and the successful contestant was a representative of that university.

Before people can use their power, they must learn that they have it. The Persian, never doubting the right of the priesthood to a monopoly of learning, is still, with his neighbors of the Orient, languishing in chains of ignorance and superstition. The Hindoo, never questioning the superior claims of the Brahman, must die, as he has lived, without hope or aspiration. As long as the many have been credulous, the few have been artful enough to impose upon their credulity. The few take unto themselves authority that was never given them, and the many, not questioning this authority, are held in pitiless subjection to tyranny and oppression. Not until the spirit of inquiry has been breathed into the deadened souls of men have they asserted their independence. Then they have demanded that those who assumed the right to rule should show their authority. "By what authority?" was the cry that began to go up from the toiling slave to his insolent master, from the retainer to his feudal lord, from the vassal to his tyrant king. It was this question that gradually lessened the number of despots and transformed the absolutism of William the Conqueror into the constitutionalism of Victoria;

that changed the "I, George III., King of England, by the Grace of God," into "We, the people of the United States."

This writ of *quo warranto*, which has brought to an end so many acts of usurpation, can still be utilized to prevent their repetition. And so, to-day, if authority is overridden and rights are trampled upon, let the offenders be summoned by this writ to appear and answer. It is high time that this were done. To realize that this is so, we need only read the opinions of economists and political philosophers, watch the direction in which legislation is being attempted, and note the numerous organizations for self-defense that are continually being formed. These tell us of great and growing evils; but, numerous as these evils are, we see, if we look closely, that they are only the various branches of a tree whose root is an inordinate love of money. The position of influence formerly held by the priest, the king, or the noble has passed in this country into the hands of the capitalist. The maxim of the day being that "money can do no wrong," everything is subordinated to the one end of acquiring it. All things are offered up as sacrifices to this golden calf. Money is not simply the means by which the high hopes of life may be realized; it is itself the end—the *summum bonum* of life. It sets itself up as the standard by which everything is measured: an education that cannot be converted into gold is looked upon as worthless. In politics, it is the master. It packs caucuses and conventions and carries elections. It controls the large cities of the nation, owning the mayor, aldermen, and police force. The Tweeds are not all dead yet, nor have all the boodlers fled to Canada. It stalks boldly into the halls of our state legislatures and makes it possible for a Quay or a Brice to sit in the seat once occupied by a Webster or a Clay. What should be a council of wise men is thus becoming "a rich men's club."

The miserable philosophy of Hobbes permeates the political system: "Not he who is wise is rich," as the Stoics say; but he who is rich is wise. It secures legislation in its own favor, pays labor the market price, out of its immense profits founds a free library, and then boasts itself a public benefactor. Jekyll-like, it pleadingly implores assistance "until it can stand alone"; this granted, it shows its true nature of Mr. Hyde, organizes into a trust, and with a mocking laugh cries out, "Where are you?" Nothing seems to check this authority of wealth. It asserts itself everywhere. If brought to trial, it often puts its golden goblet to the lips of court and bar, and makes justice a farce. Decked in its most gorgeous colors, it occupies the best pew in church, and sometimes causes the minister to suppress the truth. Within the memory of many now living, it was wont, with its fiendish eye, to charm the minister of the gospel into declaring that slavery was ordained of God. In this country we have no pope to mediate for us, but every one stands face to face with his God; no king, by whom we consider ourselves honored if allowed but to kiss the hem of his garment. But in their stead we have Mammon, in whose train we delight to follow and before whom we cringe to secure a favor.

> "O he sits high in all the people's hearts,
> And that which would appear offense in us
> His countenance, like richest alchemy,
> Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

Money has its proper functions, and he who does not strive to secure it as a means to high and noble ends is unworthy to be called an American citizen. But when we see it overstepping its legitimate bounds, and becoming the master instead of the servant of man; when we see a few exacting tribute from the entire population; when we see men elevated to positions

of honor, not because of what they *are*, but because of what they *have*, we cannot refrain from demanding, "By what authority?"

And what answer do they make to this demand? Most likely they give no sign of recognition, except to emit a derisive laugh, as much as to say, "What are you going to do about it?" If they deign to make defense, they simply give, in an amended form, the old answer that has stood many a tyrant in stead, and exclaim, "In the name of the Almighty—dollar!"

Do the people deem the answer sufficient? If they do, why these complaints that are being heard on every hand? Why the distress among the agricultural classes? Why the attacks on trusts and monopolies? Why the disgust of honest men at the corruption in politics? Why the life-and-death struggle between labor and capital? No, no; this latest generation of a race that has ever been the foe of tyranny does not accept such an answer. Sitting as the highest tribunal, the people are pronouncing, with no uncertain voice, their disapproval of the prerogatives that money has taken unto itself. They have sustained the *quo warranto*. It remains only to enforce their decree.

And it will not be difficult to do this if the people fully realize the causes by which money has succeeded in usurping so much authority. The plutocrats, like the tyrants of the past, were not given this authority. They took it. The people, to whom belongs the right to govern, have again fallen asleep and their rights have been taken from them. In the Declaration of Independence the consent of the governed is laid down as the foundation of all just authority. And by that consent, as one of our best historians has truly said, was not meant "the unresisting acquiescence of the mind, which,

like the potter's clay, receives whatever is impressed upon it, but that active, resolute, conscious, personal consent, which distinguishes the true freeman from the puppet." Add to this the words of Lafayette: "For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she *know* it; and to be free, it is sufficient that she *will* it." This free volition, this real consent, of the governed has never been given to the money power.

What is necessary, then, is an increased interest and a more active participation by all men in matters of public concern. With this increased activity, the people can be depended upon to give sanction to the best of the many theories offered for their political uplifting. And let them profit by the lessons of the past. History furnishes many examples where the few in power have consolidated their forces and brought ruin to a nation. So care must be taken lest the consolidation of riches now going on shall crush out the life of this industrial republic. The French, yearning for empire, followed their vain leader until he at last left them helpless at Waterloo. Let Americans, in their blind love of riches, not follow their Napoleons of Finance until they meet a similar fate. The Grecian and Italian republics excluded politics from the jurisdiction of morals, and their lives ebbed away. Let America take warning, and, in doing so, show that "the Decalogue and the Golden Rule are" *not* "out of place in political campaigns."

And this leads us to see that what is far more necessary than an increase in the thought power is an increase in the heart power, the conscience power, of the nation. The laws of a country cannot be better than the people who make them or suffer under them. The remedy, then, is found in something more than the adoption of this or that political theory; in something more than legislation restraining corporations, increasing the currency, prohibiting the liquor traffic or regu-

lating the tariff. It may embrace, but it goes far beyond, these. The true remedy is revealed in the "still, small voice" that speaks to the conscience and the heart of man; the voice that has spoken through the great men of history, who thought not of self, but of humanity; the voice that prompted Luther to nail to the church door of Wittenberg theses protesting against the sale of indulgences for crime; that caused the "beggars" of Leyden to say to Philip of Spain, "As long as there is a man left, we will fight for our liberty and our religion"; that moved our own immortal Lincoln to strike the shackles from the slave and restore to him the God-given crown of freedom.

It is the outcome of the struggles with the various forms of tyranny in the past that gives us confidence in humanity. The words of those who have wrested authority from usurpers are the words of the God of Truth and Right speaking down the ages and inspiring men to better things. The American people need but the inspiration of these voices to rise up and drive from their midst this latest and most corrupting form of tyranny. Then they may go forward, showing their professional Christianity by heeding the words of its Founder, and serving, not the god of paltry gold, but the God of Love and Righteousness.

WEBSTER'S DEFENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION

JOHN P. ADAMS

SECOND HONOR oration in 1891, the speaker representing Northwestern University.

Nature endowed Daniel Webster with the face, form, and voice of a master of eloquence. Compared with the orators of all history, he stands preëminent in his physical equipment for speech.

Add to this a wealth of intellect, improved by a collegiate training, by a long leadership at the bar, and by a distinguished leadership in the House and Senate of Congress; add also that breadth of intellectual vision which, in the consideration of national questions, contemplated not the horizon of a single state, but the horizon of the Union; and the sum of our additions comprises only a part of the qualifications of him who, of all American statesmen, was best adapted to defend the Constitution.

Thirty-eight years, the life of a generation, have passed since Daniel Webster's death. During this period his fellow-statesmen, one by one, have passed away, and new political issues have arisen. A terrible war, which he prophesied and dreaded, is an historic fact. The shackles of the slaves have been broken; a great influx of foreign immigration has been almost imperceptibly absorbed; and the nation has doubled its population, has vastly increased its wealth, has marvelously enlarged its educational and religious interests, and has laid the foundation for that peace and prosperity of which he dreamed and which we now enjoy.

This generation can view with a wiser judgment than was possible in those stirring and eventful days, the generous motives and the noble impulses which moved America's greatest orator.

The peculiar character of Webster's early home and school training, his later competitive public career, the violent political disturbances of the age in which he lived, the marked earnestness and intellectuality of his friends and opponents, his own impressive physique, brilliant oratory, and peerless genius, and above all his true and self-sacrificing patriotism, combined to make him the champion of nationality, and raised him as defender of the Constitution to the zenith of political fame.

He defined the Constitution as not a constitutional compact, but simply and directly the fundamental law. He maintained that if there be one word in the language which the people of the United States understand, that word is the Constitution; that we no more know of a constitutional compact between sovereign powers than we know of a constitutional indenture of copartnership, a constitutional deed of conveyance, or a constitutional bill of exchange; that we know what is the bond of our union and the security of our liberties; we know what is the plainly written law; and with all his ability Webster defended that law in its plain and unvarnished meaning.

He rightly showed that no state is at liberty to secede at her pleasure; that secession brings with it destruction to the Constitution; that secession is revolutionary; that nullification arrests the power of the law, absolves citizens from their duties, subverts the foundation both of protection and obedience, dispenses with oaths and obligations of allegiance, and elevates another authority to supreme command; that each

state becomes an ultimate power while yet professing to be under a general government, and that if these laws cannot be executed everywhere they cannot long be executed anywhere. This was Mr. Webster's platform, these his sentiments, nay, his firmly grounded convictions.

Early in the session of Congress in 1824, Webster offered a resolution relating to the appointment of a commissioner to Greece. The Greeks were then engaged in a revolt against the tyranny of the Turkish government, and their struggle for freedom had aroused the sympathy of the United States. Later in the session, when he rose to move the adoption of his resolution, a large audience had gathered, drawn thither by the anticipation of a masterly appeal for an oppressed people. He strongly denounced the principles of the "Holy Alliance." He showed that their influence tended to crush all desire of liberty and reform. He affirmed that if the dogmas of that alliance, with their sole object the maintenance of a despotic government, should eventually succeed, then our whole system of government, by and for the people, was doomed. He outlined the history of Greece and contrasted the thraldom of its people with the freedom of Americans. He proclaimed the duties and responsibilities of the citizens of our Christian states, and appealed for a correction of those practices which exist in violation of justice and humanity. He then, for the first time, expressed the perfected idea of an American Union, with its states firmly knit together for the common prosperity, and with its broad altar, at which he made his earliest and all his public vows.

The appearance in 1828 of the famous "Exposition and Protest," passed by the legislature of South Carolina, and strong in its principles of nullification, again made the question prominent in national affairs.

Later, Mr. Foote, of Connecticut, offered a resolution of inquiry respecting the western lands.

Robert Y. Hayne, who was seeking to enlist the sympathy of the western states against the tarift, took this occasion to attack the protective policy of New England, which he claimed was checking the growth of the West. The criticism in Webster's reply was vigorous and destructive, and by its bitter invective again called out that brilliant advocate of the Southern policy, who, with John C. Calhoun occupying the chair of the vice president, spoke a second time at great length.

The day for Webster's rejoinder has been well known in advance. Multitudes have thronged to the capital, attracted by one of the most powerful and effective debates ever argued in a parliamentary body. The senate chamber is filled with expectant people; the aisles, the lobbies, the galleries, are crowded with men and women eager to hear the "Oracle of the North." Here are gathered men of the South, ashamed of the Constitution of their fathers, exulting over the seeming victory of the doctrine of state rights; men of Virginia, in whom the love of the state vies with the broader love of the Union; men from beyond the Blue Ridge, where the first blow at slavery is soon to be struck; and noble men from Massachusetts, reared in the very atmosphere of liberty, breathing the life of Faneuil Hall,—all awaiting in dreadful suspense the issue which means life or death to their country. Webster feels the responsibility and rejoices in it. He knows that the life of the Union is at stake, yet as he steps forward to address the audience, his evident self-command, his remarkable manifestation of physical strength and mental power, heightened by the consciousness that he champions a just cause, all combine to alarm his opponents and bring confidence to his friends. He replies in a vigorous passage to Hayne's taunting

assault upon himself; he flings back upon the senator from South Carolina and his allies, the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost; he enters upon the great constitutional argument, the rights of the Union as against the rights of the state. We hear him declare that "The Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution and the laws of any state notwithstanding;" and again, that "The judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States." "These two provisions," says Webster, "cover the whole ground. They are in truth the keystone of the arch. With these it is a government; without them, a confederation."

Let me paraphrase and repeat the two utterances I have quoted, for they are the fundamental propositions of this great argument and appeal. "The Constitution shall be the supreme law of the land," and "The judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under this Constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof." By this declaration of the great statesman, these two propositions for a Constitutional Union and for an adequate Federal judiciary to support it, became so established as fundamental principles of government throughout the length and breadth of the continent, that not even the Civil War could make the slightest indent upon them. A Constitutional Union with a Federal judiciary having adequate powers, as all know, was not first suggested by Webster, but, as one may conceive, another define and establish, and still a third preserve; so the fathers who framed the Constitution conceived, and Webster defined, defended and established, by the force of his mighty intellect, his broad statesmanship and his persuasive eloquence, the great principles of Constitutional Union, which were subse-

quently preserved by the blood of Lincoln and the armies of the North.

All are familiar with the strong sentences of his argument, with its pathos, its sarcasm, its reasoning, its burning appeals to love of state and country; its unconsciously prophetic picture "of states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; of a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood"; and its other picture of the "gorgeous ensign of the Republic," which he painted with the colors of faith and hope and prayer; and its conclusion, with that profound and permanent sentiment "dear to every American heart,—Liberty AND Union,—now and forever,—one and inseparable."

Such sentiments, uttered so impressively, inspired those present with a love for our flag and a loyalty for the country it represents, that will possess the hearts of many future generations. These sentiments carried the North through four years of conflict, and preserved and strengthened our national life. True, we had the Rebellion. But far better a rebellion and all its bloodshed, with the Union saved entire, than a nation peacefully dissevered, a land irrevocably doomed to strife.

We are justly proud of our country; proud of her commerce, her manufactories, and her wealth; proud of her additions to literature, science, and art; proud of her high rank in morality, education, and public liberties. But for the peace and prosperity of the Union, for the universal recognition of her power in the world, for the flag that still waves "without a stripe erased or polluted, without a single star obscured,"—all honor to the memory of him, who was "not for an age, but for all time."

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

ALBERT S. MASON

FIRST HONOR oration in 1892. The League contest was held at Northwestern University, and Mr. Mason was the representative of that institution.

The turning-point in American history is the war of the Rebellion. Up to this as a culmination, there was a continuous conflict of two great ideas. All our history from the adoption of the Constitution to the attack on Fort Sumter steadily pointed to this conclusion. And all our magnificent progress during the last twenty-five years can be dated from Lee's surrender.

Our history previous to this war shows that during all these years the debate concerning slavery grew in bitterness and intensity. The framers of the Constitution resisted it, but they were forced to allow it a safe place in the Constitution. Our early statesmen struggled with it, but found no remedy for the evil; later on, it was raised into foremost prominence by its great advocate, Hayne, and by his greater opponent, Webster; until, finally, it left the forum and came to the sterner arbitrament of war. It was the national battle of eighty years that our fathers settled at Vicksburg, at Gettysburg, and at Appomattox. For more than three fourths of a century the will of the South had prevailed; the Civil War decided that the better sentiment of the North should control the destinies of the United States.

As the war of the Rebellion thus marks a great national change, so Gettysburg was the decisive point in that war. Up

to the end of 1862, neither North nor South gained any material advantage. Battles had been fought, and campaigns carried out, but to no avail. The South was as eager as ever to defend her peculiar institution; the North was as fully determined to preserve the unity of the nation. With true American spirit, neither North nor South would yield.

But the year 1863 saw the tide turn and the fortune of war change in favor of the Union. In the early part of this year the Army of the Potomac had met with heavy reverses in several important engagements, and as a consequence its forces were widely scattered. This was Lee's opportunity, and he prepared at once to strike a mighty blow at the North. Quickly gathering a large army under his command, Lee started across Virginia and Maryland for the invasion of Pennsylvania, and was in the terrified North with all his forces before Hooker could attempt to check him. The rich cities of the North trembled. It was probable that he would take Baltimore and Philadelphia. Should he defeat Hooker again, no further resistance would be possible. Pennsylvania and New York were at his mercy.

In the very face of the enemy, and only two days before the armies met, Meade was put in command of the Union forces. He must overthrow Lee, and drive back the swarming hordes of Rebels. And no time was to be lost. The task seemed difficult and hopeless indeed; but he undertook it with a brave heart and a resolute will. He forced Lee to call in his foraging parties, to gather closer his outlying divisions, and to prepare for the defensive. Soon nothing was left for Lee but battle, and with this purpose in view he concentrated his forces at Gettysburg. The Union army was rapidly gathering at the same point, and on the first day of July the vanguards of the two armies met in the initial engagement. The ground thus

chosen by chance was perfectly fitted to be the scene of great military movements, and here for three days, mid burning heat, and roaring guns, and constant death, one hundred and fifty thousand Americans acted the awful drama of war. Lee came into this battle with an army of strong spirits and brilliant talents; his men were fresh, vigorous, flushed with success, and ignorant of defeat. They knew and loved their commander; they were ready to follow him; they were anxious to fight; they were confident of victory. On the other hand, Meade's army was weakened by forced marches, discouraged by defeat, angered by the policy of the government, and following a strange and unpopular leader. At the South, the people were united, loyal, hopeful, and believed their soldiers invincible. At the North, they were divided, hopeless; many were disloyal, and had little confidence in the Union arms. Everything but numbers favored the Confederates. Everything but numbers hindered the Union army. Under such conditions as these, the two armies were brought together in the mightiest struggle in American history.

But Gettysburg was more than a political or military triumph. It was not only a conflict between the North and the South; it was not only a contest of firearms and military genius; but greater and higher than these, it was the final combat of two great principles—the modern victory of the Puritan over the Cavalier; the triumph of practical righteousness over impractical selfishness—and those men who fought there, were not only American citizens, they were the agents of all mankind, fighting for its rights.

The interest of Gettysburg naturally centers in the charge of General Pickett on the afternoon of the third day. This is the deciding move, and on this Lee stakes all his hopes. If he wins, the South shall be a proud empire in the West, and the

black man remain a slave; if he loses, the Constitution shall stand and the Union be undivided. For this grand assault on the Union center, Lee chose the gallant Pickett, and gave him the very best men in his army,—men of high spirit, of unflinching courage, of perfect preparation. All the forenoon these men rested, in waiting for the supreme moment of the war; and while they rested, their enemies lay on their arms among the stones and fences of Cemetery Hill, preparing for them an awful reception. At eleven o'clock all firing ceases, and the painful silence that broods over all the scene gives no warning of the fearful carnage that soon follows. At one o'clock, away down on the Confederate left, a single gun is fired. A shell screams through the air, and the battle is begun. Soon in response to that first gun two hundred iron mouths are bellowing forth their deadly thunder. American soil never before nor since has been shaken by such a terrific cannonade. For two hours the storm of shot and shell rains upon the men, while human life is poured out like water. While the battle of cannons rages, Pickett brings up his men and deploys them between the two armies. The Union gunners soon cease firing, that deadlier work may be done at close range; and as the smoke of their cannon lifts, the attacking column is seen in battle array. There they stand in the valley below us, a magnificent army, fourteen thousand strong. With throbbing hearts, and waving banners, and martial strains, they step forward to expectant victory. For a moment they hold in their power the destiny of our nation; they are, they must be, of deepest interest to us all. See them, as they tread the fields before us. Note the steady step, the flashing eye, the proud carriage of every man. These men are the flower and pride of the South,—genuine Americans in valor and spirit. What power, what force of men, what mighty

arm, can check them as they mount the slope? No power, but the power of right. No force of men but Americans armed for the truth can conquer Americans fighting for error. No arm but Jehovah's shall prevail.

The Rebels move forward to capture Cemetery Hill and crush the Union center. Lee believes that his men will succeed and carry the hill. The whole issue of Gettysburg hangs on their failure or success. The Confederates watch the charge of Pickett, as men with a life and death interest in the issue. The men in the Union lines grow impatient and anxious; their fingers itch upon the triggers; yet they wait with steady courage and unbroken silence that give the Rebels no evidence of their strength. On come the Rebels, with a dash and a shout. They spring at the Union line as if to crush it with one blow. But they are met with a volley from the Union cannon that sweeps their ranks with awful carnage. Whole regiments melt away before that withering storm. Their comrades are falling fast around them; the air is full of death and destruction; yet they quail not, but move gallantly forward. Up, up that rugged hill they climb, right in the face of storms of grape and canister, nor think they of yielding or retreat. Like a dark storm they drive on, conscious of power, confident of victory; but suddenly along the whole Union front, there is a flash, a roar, and the front line vanishes. But the line is filled up; on they come again with a yell and a rush; and again there is a flash, a roar, and a thousand men sink in death. Yet on, and on they press; now they climb the wall; now they spring over it; now they can strike their foes; now they wrestle in hand to hand combat; the struggle is fierce and hot for a moment, and then the Rebels break through the Union lines, and raise their triumphant shout, while the Stars and Bars floats above them; they have won the victory;—

but no, no, Stannard's Vermonters wheel from behind the Union lines, and with one mighty charge, sweep back the Rebels in utter ruin.

The battle was done. The last echo died away among the hills. Lee was defeated, and the fate of the South sealed forever. And as the sun sank slowly to rest behind the distant summits of the Blue Ridge mountains, he looked for the last time upon a hopeful Confederacy.

POETRY AND FREEDOM

James F. A. Pyre

Second Honor oration in 1892, the author representing the University of Wisconsin.

The story of man's betterment is the story of his struggle for freedom. The wants of his body, the restrictions of man on man, the tyranny of environment, by all these has he been "cribbed and cabin'd," beating his bars and seeking greater room.

For freedom he formed manners, conventions, and customs, established governments and ordained laws. For freedom he battled with the forces of Nature, and, one by one, made them his vassals. For freedom he built from the world about him other and visionary worlds, beautiful and airy fabrics of the mind, habitations of his own god-like imagination. But all these, in turn, became too narrow for his ideal of freedom, and he "broke the cake of custom," overturned his governments, blotted out his laws, swept aside old institutions and gave way to new ones; grappled anew with his surroundings; tore down the ancient temples of his fancy and reared him statelier ones. Every nation and every age has recognized and reached toward an ideal freedom. Every theory of life stakes itself on the question of freedom. Yes, all history has been a striving for freedom, for political, for bodily and for spiritual emancipation; and Earth's lap is loaded with memorials of the conflict.

Shattered idols and fireless altars, the sand-heaped lonely pyramid, the crumbling Parthenon, the wind-swept Coliseum,

deserted mosque and abbey, Bastile and London Tower, all are but time-strewn fragments of man's wrested chain.

And now, in this electric century, behold him triumphing over his environment,—no longer a cringing suppliant of Nature, cowering from the storm, in his rude hut or cave; but he the master, she the slave; he the driver, she the driven; breasting the waters, sailing the breezes, harnessing lightnings and vapors, laughing at time, recoining Nature,—surely he has it at last; surely this is freedom.

But hold,—wonderful things, in woof and web, is proud man weaving, and the pounding of his mighty loom shakes the world; but, he is tangled, foot and hand, in his own great weaving, and, with ruthless round, the ponderous mechanism clanks his measured doom. Once more we have gone too far and are missing the great searched-for, the Holy-grail, of our quest. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." Are we never to learn from experience? Shall we never see that the greatest freedom lies between? That we owe somewhat to the real, some to the ideal; somewhat to the practical, some to the spiritual? That the greatest possible emancipation must be attained by a compromise? No; each stupendous swing of destiny seems to hurry humanity to one side or to the other of the true mean. "Nothing in excess," said the Greek; but he dreamt too long in the vale of beauty, while his empire melted away. Rome, imperial Rome, gave all to the practical and the selfish, and her "dulce utile" gurgled into silence, as Nile-like the great inundation of barbarism swept the plains of Europe, making ready for a richer crop of liberty.

Mankind seems fated to pursue ever a sinuous way to his goal. Once more we have wound across the line into the realm of materialism. Everywhere, to-day, is heard the scream for facts. "Truth," shrieks the scientist, "reason,

rational knowledge, away with dreams; give us realities, give us realism in literature," and he points, with rapture, to the realist's truthful catalogue of crimes and casualties. "Facts," roars the mob, "away with your sentimental bosh; give us cold, hard facts." Ah, we are the slaves of facts. Just when we had thought to enslave Nature, she has enslaved us again. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." This, freedom? This, our boasted liberty? This madding tumult of gold-getting humanity? This frantic, gasping mob, pushing and heaving in pitiless rush for pelf? Nay; 'tis a change of names, not of conditions; a spiritual vassalage; an imperialism of greed and getting. We say, with Wordsworth:

> "Great God, I'd rather be
> A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn:
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lee,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus, rising from the deep;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

But science, intoxicated with the practical achievements of the last half century, proclaims its own methods the only true ones, and would assume dominion over the whole sphere of man's thought and endeavor. Is there then no truth or value in the poetic manner of thought and expression? The scalpel, the crucible, the telescope, the microscope, can these alone reveal facts? Analysis and synthesis, unimpassioned logic, exposition cold, exact, and systematic, can these alone speak sooth? Nay; through the wide windows of the poet-soul the dawn-gleams of eternal meaning and purpose first flashed upon humanity's young dreaming, and the sweet language of the poet has been the mother tongue of emotion, of beauty and of harmony, since first "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God leaped for joy."

Science may analyze a sentiment, but it cannot impart one; it may dissect a passion for good, for beauty, or for truth, but it cannot imbue with that passion; it may anatomize, but it cannot create. Science is cold; poetry is warm. Science is exact, but minute; poetry is large, though dim. In a word, science is empirical; poetry is transcendental. Science digs; poetry dives. Science climbs; poetry soars. Science argues; poetry feels. Science sees; poetry both sees and foresees. The man of science is keen and close; the true poet has a sensibility so wide and yet so fine that not a stir of universal harmony escapes him. The scientist is a groper in winding passages, dark closets, and hidden chests; the poet walks at large in the parks and among his fellow-men, yet gladly hears what the delver has to tell and knows its significance better than he. From the vast ocean of truth the man of science brings away a few broken rushes, a few scattered shells; from the withered reeds he catches faintly the inspiring fragrance of the deep, and in each tiny shell he hears, not loudly, the murmur of the "sounding sea": but beside the shore of the wide and infinite all, high, clear-eyed, and free, stands the visionary, the prophet, the poet; the eternal breezes toss his locks and fan his cheek; the everlasting breakers war at his feet, and the broad horizon of God's truth sweeps his vision, circling the sight with that far bourne whose dim line "fades forever as we move"; filled with the "sacred madness" of thought and feeling, he pours forth his unpremeditated song as the wild bird warbles his ecstatic lay 'mid the "fullness of the spring time." His song is as a part of Nature's self, and in his strain, as in each work of Nature, every generation of men finds new meanings and new revelations of beauty.

And yet science and poetry are not fatal to each other. By these two means has man ever sought to emancipate himself

from environment. Each should and will help the other; science chastening and rationalizing poetry; poetry stimulating and spiritualizing science; science furnishing the material for poetry; poetry furnishing the inspiration and prophetic vision of science; science arranging, verifying, securing, and building into a systematic structure that which each has seen before, and then, upon this structure, poetry lightly leaping, peers still farther into the infinite future, into the infinite truth. Yet, after science has done all it may do, there still remains the highest work of poetry; for, grant to the man of science his farthest aspiration,—of all things let him answer what? whence? whither? and why? Yet to mold all these truths into the *living* whole, to breathe into them the light, the warmth, the pulsation, the deep and all-pervading unity and sympathy of *life* is still the sacred, the high destiny of the poet.

Science itself must depend on poetry to rescue it from a peril which is growing out of its very nature and progress. It is trite to call attention to the increasing division of labor in scientific research. Every day specialization grows higher. So rapidly are men working away from each other that it becomes more and more difficult to find any common ground of meeting, and investigation bids fair to defeat its own ends. Philosophy is no adequate medium of sympathy; it is but another science. The language of science dare not proclaim itself anything more than a "literature of knowledge." Grant the necessity of a literature to fuse, by breadth and warmth of view and depth of sympathy and emotion, all this cold and incohesive accumulation of fact and theory, and you grant the need of a "literature of power," of poetry. In no way can all this broken product of scientific research be erected into a common place of worship, a common temple for man-

kind, save by the inspired imagination and world-wide sympathy of the prophet or the poet.

God's first revealers were prophets, then came the apostles, then the priests; and these, in turn, are losing their hold on divinity and on humanity. They are not sufficiently preachers of the idea; they would attach our emotions to the fact; they bind us to facts; they stifle our beloved freedom. But, to the poet, the thing and the fact are but symbols. He is the preacher of the idea in all its warmth and sublimity. Most of those who have in the past conceived of the antagonism between science and religion have not conceived broadly; the true, the wide antithesis is not between science and religion, but between science and poetry. *Poetry is the religion of science*, of philosophy, of all thought.

And now these two kindred streams, poesy and religion, which have so long flowed side by side, one from the marble founts of Hellas, the other from the holy wells of Israel, are widening rapidly, and shall soon come together, forming one powerful current of spirituality in the land, *and that current, the poetry of the future.* Thus do I conceive that the prophecy of the scientist shall not be fulfilled; but that poetry shall be called to wider uses, higher aims, nobler destinies than in the past,—deeper truths to penetrate, richer harmonies to sing, grander heroisms to celebrate, and, celebrating, to inspire.

O! Bards to be, we await your coming, singers of freedom in the past, revealers of freedom in the future. Seize a mightier lyre; strike a deeper chord. Are you war-weary? Sound the pæans of peace; chant the victories of mind; sing the freedom of the soul. Help us to reach a more perfect poise; to grant rightly to the real and to the unreal which is the life of the real; prove to us that the virtues of love, of loyalty, and of patriotism may not be made the sneer and laughter of men;

touch our lives with more of emotion and of beauty, with richer sentiment, with broader spirituality; yes, broader than that of the Greek, broader than that of the Jew, the ascetic, or the dogmatist; broad as science, broad as philosophy, broad as truth and good and beauty.

All hail! Messiahs of the future, your glory and your work await ye: this modern spirit, this modern knowledge, this modern life, "immense in passion, pulse, and power," the colossal present, the colossal times to come, all to interpret and make warm for us. Clasp hands with the men of science, the searchers in far places, and, hand in hand, lead us ever nearer to the true, the ideal freedom whose most beautiful exemplar, in the history of times past, is the life of Him, who, though He was practical and "went about doing good," was yet, above all, the visionary, the prophet, the mystic, yes, the poet.

RELATION OF MODERN -ISMS TO PROGRESS

Lindley G. Long

First Honor oration in 1893. The League contest was held at Oberlin College, Mr. Long representing the University of Michigan.

Man ever aspires to rise above his present level. Consciously or unconsciously he moves onward and upward. With or without clearly defined methods, he labors to diminish human misery and increase human happiness. The past has seen his plans poorly developed. Present philosophy has a clearer conception of life's problems, and better theories for their solution. The present social discontent has produced various theories of social reconstruction. Prominent among these are Nihilism, Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism. These four are alike, in that they spring from a common cause and are means aimed at a common end.

To understand the relation of modern -isms to progress, it is necessary to know what constitutes progress now. The word progress is ambiguous. To crown a king may be progress to-day; to dethrone him may be progress to-morrow. To foster monopoly may have been progress yesterday; to muzzle monopoly may be progress to-day. Hence, a clear conception of present social conditions is necessary to a perfect understanding of the relation of modern -isms to progress.

We live in the present, but for the future. To forecast the future, we must understand the present; to understand the present, we must know the past. Let us turn to history and learn her secret. She teaches us that man loves liberty, and hates oppression. Though hated, oppression has been the

great fact in history. Its insidiousness catches man in the snare of his own instincts. Being religious, he is religiously oppressed. Being political, political burdens are heaped upon him. Being industrial, the chains of industrial slavery are forged.

Let us consider these three. Religion is the noblest instinct of the soul; it is the divine in man reaching out after God. It lifts the savage from savagery; it breaks the chains of slavery; it opens the prison cell. It calms the angry waves of passion that roll in the human breast. Religion is the beneficent mother of faith, hope, charity. Justice and mercy are her attributes; love, her offspring, and God, her father. Yet, man's noblest possession has been most basely abused. The crystal stream of religion has been polluted by the dregs of human corruption.

Planted in the virgin soil of a true religion, the Christian Church grew to enormous dimensions. Under the shadow of its branches slept an entire continent. Its first fruits were fruits of truth and righteousness. Its degenerate old age reaped a harvest of corruption; from stem and every branch breathed forth a foul contagion that poisoned the very air in which it lived. But behold, shivered by the thunderbolts of the Reformation, this giant Upas-tree withers and falls; and from its rotting stump spring the new branches, Protestant and new Catholic, which blossom and bear the fruits of a true religion. This marks the downfall of religious despotism.

Man lives not to himself alone; his social nature forbids it. Against individuality is opposed society. If society would realize its highest possibilities, it must be organized, directed; hence the state, the government. Without government society would be chaos. Government anchors society to a rational purpose; it supplies the conditions under which the

social plant may germinate, flower, and fructify; it guides the latent energies of a nation into channels of highest good; around each humble subject it throws the mantle of protection.

The essence of government is an undoubted good; the form has been the riddle of the ages. Monarchy, Aristocracy, Tyranny, Plutocracy, Despotism,—all have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Yet government is indispensable. Whether government shall or shall not exist, the common sense of humanity has settled. The question is: Whence the power that propels the governmental machine? Is it from the throne or from the hearthstone? History says it has been from the throne, shall be from the hearthstone. Cæsar is dead; Hapsburg and Bourbon have fallen. Their spirit still survives; clad in imperial garb, it sits to-day on the Russian throne. Freedom bathed her hands in royal blood and stained the Bourbon lily; it remains for her to throttle the Russian bear. Political tyranny is not dead. Political freedom is but a half-truth.

Industry is the mainspring to civilization. War may batter down the barriers between petty states and weld them into a nation. Religion may proclaim the brotherhood of man, and teach that all men should live together in harmony. Industry brings men face to face, and binds them together with cords of mutual interest. Industry has its roots in human wants. These generate the power that drives the industrial machine. The waving harvest, the buzzing spindle, the flaming furnace, are but the servants of man's wants. The thundering train, bearing its costly burden, the stately vessel, plowing the mighty deep, are driven by the magnetic power of human wants.

We stand at the confluence of all the industrial forces of the

past. This is an Augustan age of industry. Art, literature, philosophy, politics, religion, are secondary to the one all-pervading, all-consuming idea—industry. Science has lent a helping hand in rearing this colossal structure. Every great age boasts of its great products. What are the boasts of the present age? Millionaire,—tramp. The sixteenth century saw religious despotism. The eighteenth century saw political despotism. The nineteenth century sees industrial despotism. And to-day the sultan Capital sits on the industrial throne.

The many have ever been servants to the few. Since his first bondage, man has longed for freedom. Listen to the mummified millions buried in the sands of Egypt. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Hearken to the sad notes of the Greek slave. Under the shadow of the loftiest mountain surges the deepest sea. Under the shadow of Plato's genius surges the deepest misery. What can the Roman slave say of Roman splendor? "To be a Roman was greater than a king," but not to be a Roman was worse than a beast. Listen to the wail rising from the forgotten grave of the German serf. Princes, priests, and plutocrats have been the plunderers of the poor. Above the din of Industry hear the voice of Labor. "The paupers in the palace rob their toiling fellow-men."

Religious despotism is dead. Political despotism still lives. Industrial despotism is at its best. With crying humanity on one hand, and gloating despotism on the other, what, I would ask, is progress to-day? If it be not battering down the bulwarks of despotism, and setting prostrate humanity on its feet, what is it? If it be this, then the relation of modern -isms to progress can be expressed in one sentence: each is a thrust at modern tyranny.

Nihilism, Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism, have a single origin. They spring from the deep-seated discontent with present social conditions. They have swept the keys of the social gamut, and found nothing but discord. Touched by the magic fingers of this new philosophy, these jarring notes are to be transformed into strains of sweetest harmony. Shattered by one fell blow, the pillars of modern society must crumble, and be replaced by columns of a nobler form. The ideals of modern -isms may be a dream, but their existence illustrates an important fact. It proves that those who for centuries have been ground under the heel of tyranny are able to stand and strike. It is a good omen. It is the harbinger of a better day.

Nihilism is a shaft aimed at the breast of absolutism. Its philosophy is expressed in one word—destruction. What would it destroy? All is vanity: all must be destroyed. Whatever is, is wrong, and must perish. Friendship, love, family, state, church, God, are false, therefore must perish. Whence, you ask, is this dagger-pointed philosophy? It is a compound of despair and dread, the product of German pessimism and Russian tyranny.

Anarchism is the arch-enemy of government. Yet, much of the fear generated by the word is uncalled-for. Extract the nihilistic poison from Anarchy, and you have an example of faith in humanity unparalleled. Its philosophy soars on optimistic wings to heights where degraded humanity can never hope to climb. What is this little-understood, much-abused philosophy? Its major premise is: government is the root of all evil; its minor: human nature is essentially good. From these premises the anarchist draws the conclusion that government is unnecessary, and that man, restrained by no law, save the law of his own being, will rise to the fullest

realization of all the possibilities of his nature. This unbounded optimism of anarchy is its worst fault. It fails to treat humanity as it is.

Communism would cure social ills by applying religion. The communistic motto unlocks the entire system. "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." In communism the social unit is the group. Here everything is held in common. All labor, all share the product. Social equality, moral rigidity, industrial frugality, and passive obedience to the general will, are the main features of communism. Communism would destroy the family, crush personal liberty, strangle industry, and endanger nationality.

Nihilism and anarchism are essentially political. Communism is half religious, half industrial. Socialism is purely industrial. Socialism is the cold-blooded murderer of individualism. It is continental philosophy aiming the deathblow at English philosophy; Karl Marx crossing swords with John Stuart Mill. Appalled by the wreck and ruin wrought by unbridled competition, socialism would overturn the entire competitive system. Socialists are not the enemies of rich men; but they despise an industrial system which builds mountains of wealth beside the hovels of abject poverty. What, then, is the socialistic programme? "The complete transformation of private and competing capitals into a united and collective capital." The strict logical sequence of this proposition is almost beyond conception. The present gigantic industrial fabric, built up by the brains of centuries, is to be swept away by the mountain-wave of socialism. How is this enormous revolution to be accomplished? By making the state complete owner and controller of all the means of production. Though making industry supreme, socialism destroys the strongest motive to industrial activity—self-

interest. Striving to secure industrial liberty, it forges the chains of industrial slavery. To curb the excesses of an irresponsible individualism, it builds a paternal despotism.

As a model for their construction of society, modern -isms are a failure; as a force in the movement of progress, they are a success. The value of modern -isms lies in the fact that they are all extremes. Nihilism and anarchism are the opposite extremes of political despotism. Communism and socialism are the other extremes of industrial individualism. Having these extremes, it is possible to strike the happy mean. The political mean is liberal, constitutional monarchy, or republican form of government. The industrial mean is a wise and equitable adjustment of the relations between the individual and the state, in all means of industry. The state has its province; the individual, his. What touches all, let the state control; what peculiarly concerns the individual, let him control. Along these lines the two great industrial problems of to-day must be solved, —Monopoly, Labor problem. Monopoly is a tumor which pains all, and must be lanced by the instrument of all government. The Labor question is a question of liberty, and must be solved like all questions of liberty, —by those oppressed. Who wrung religious freedom from the hands of a tyrannical hierarchy? The religiously oppressed. Who buried the Bourbon throne under the ruins of a French empire? The politically oppressed. Who shall drag sable despotism from the industrial throne and set white-robed liberty there? The industrially oppressed. When religious, political, and industrial freedom shall be a truth; then will modern -isms have fulfilled their mission; then will the joyful tongues of untold millions welcome the rising sun of a new day; then will man stand up and say, Liberty is mine.

PATRIOTISM

Herbert H. Jacobs

Second Honor oration in 1893, the speaker representing the University of Wisconsin.

Patriotism is "a relic of barbarism." It is "the invention of kings to induce the masses to cut one another's throats for the great glory of the sovereign." It is "the last refuge of the scoundrel, and the first tool of the demagogue." These are the heated utterances of socialistic reformers, those self-constituted leaders of modern thought.

History seems at first glance, to warrant these conclusions. Man's earliest condition was that of perpetual warfare. The greatest good to one family, tribe, or state, and the greatest harm to every other, was the first principle of ancient politics and morals. True, Socrates called himself "a citizen of the world," and the Stoics taught the same idea; but even Socrates fought for his native Greece, and the ancient world at large regarded every alien as an enemy. And socialism, measuring modern problems by this narrow span, declares that devotion to any single country or state is not a virtue but a positive vice. It is the weakness of sentimental men and silly women, the imperfect ideal of a past age. It fosters strife and jealousies. It is evil and only evil, the enemy of the higher ideal, the brotherhood of man, the citizenship of the world. Nay, more. It has ever been the prolific source of the most direful tragedies in all history. What crime in the long calendar of the world's horrors has not been perpetrated in the name of patriotism? When society shall free itself from this fine

frenzy called patriotism, then the world may hope to move towards its manifest destiny, a world-wide empire of universal brotherhood.

As Plato abolished the family to secure loyalty to his ideal republic, so the modern socialist, inspired by the interdependence of all mankind, hopes to usher in the world-empire of peace, by obliterating family and state in a universal empire. Only bring to the state the ideal unity of the perfect home, and the social problem is solved. Merge the family in the state, obliterate family and state in a universal empire, and the millennial day is at hand. This is the dream of the socialist, the fleeting mirage which has lured many a great heart from the safe path of reason. At times, this communistic thought has captivated whole peoples. It brooded over Europe at the close of the last century. The French Revolution was the horrible nightmare of her travail; and the Paris Commune, her untimely child. The world still strives towards the universal love, and humanity yearns in vain for the Utopian reign of the Pope Angelico.

If universality be the test of the socialist's ideal commonwealth, then Rome realized most completely that ideal; for Rome developed an empire well-nigh universal. The limits of her citizenship expanded with her enlarging territory. Yet with every expansion of franchise, with every added vassal province, her greatness declined. Her vast empire crumbled to dust, not because it failed of the socialistic ideal of universality, but because patriotism, the soul-life, the very heart-throb of the state, had ceased to be. The nation whose name had inspired more patriotic words and deeds than any other, whose early vigor and patriotism was the boast of twenty generations of Roman citizens, could not survive the death of patriotism.

Patriotism "a relic of barbarism!" It was patriotism that steeled the arm of Horatius at the bridge, gave courage to Leonidas and his Spartan band at the Pass of Thermopylæ, inspired the ten thousand at Marathon, and nerved Cromwell and his Ironsides at Naseby and Marston Moor. Patriotism conceived that wondrous charter in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and gave to humanity and the cause of liberty, the Declaration of Independence. Patriotism sustained Washington at Valley Forge, led Grant through the wilderness, Sherman to the sea, and Farragut up the Mississippi; gave a million of our sons for Liberty and Union, and consecrated the gift with the tears of a hundred thousand widows. The pages of the world's history, indelibly written in the blood of patriots, witness to the persistence and power, the virtue and vigor of the patriotic sentiment. The head and heart of humanity have, with Cicero, crowned patriotism the highest of the virtues.

Was the patriotism of our forefathers "the weakness of sentimental men"? Strong only in faith, they went forth to do battle, not "for the great glory of a sovereign," but for principles. Whether a Stuart or a Tudor reigned, concerned them not; but that government should rest its authority in the consent of the governed, that all men are created free with equal political rights, were fundamentals for which they were ready to die. In the dim light of ancient times, men gave their lives for worthless tyrants, for despotic governments, and still mourned that they had no more lives to give. But the founders of America held loyalty to the principle of liberty to be their most sacred obligation. Religious and social differences they subordinated to their common love for freedom, and above the royalty of kingship and kindred, wrote the royalty of right and manhood. Thus Puritans from New Eng-

land, Cavaliers from Virginia, Dutchmen from New York, Huguenots from Carolina, Catholics from Maryland, united at the call of wronged Massachusetts, inspired by a larger patriotism than the world had yet known. Yea, the liberties of the African slave were more precious to America than the life-blood of her choicest sons. America is heir of all the ages. Her sons embody all the best influences of the Anglo-Saxon race, "from Agincourt to Bunker Hill." At once the refuge of the oppressed and the champion of liberty, she is the vindicator and vindication of freedom.

But patriotism is not bounded by the narrow limits of a single country. For while the gleaming swords of Roman cohorts glistened on the sunny slopes of a hundred provinces, while from Orient to Occident, from the tropics to the frozen north, swept her victorious armies or surged the stream of her thriving commerce, while Emperors and nobles, court poets and statesmen, lived in luxury and sensuality, there came One to the hillsides of Judea, "a citizen of the world," "the Son of Man," proclaiming the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all mankind. "He also was a child of Abraham," yet he taught a patriotism larger than the love of any former Jew. Christianity, moving athwart the bound of state and race, established an allegiance more binding than ties of blood or nationality. Henceforth, patriotism was to mean not "my country right or wrong," not the selfish defense of kinsmen merely, but loyalty to right and justice, and love of home and country as the incarnation of these principles. For Christianity is not only intensely national, but broadly universal.

"Where e'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's Myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves
Where e'er a human spirit strives

After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland."

Gladstone declares that patriotism for him means not love for his native Scotland only, or love for Great Britain alone, but love for all mankind. Society industrially, politically, and socially is not many bodies, but one body of which all are members; so that no member can suffer without harm to all. A business failure in Paris, Berlin, or London may bankrupt innocent thousands in another continent. Every discovery in the arts or sciences is the property of the whole human family. No nation liveth to itself alone. We rub elbows with all the world. So closely connected are the ends of the earth that a dread epidemic crosses two continents and a great ocean in a few weeks. Commercial and sanitary laws, international treaties and tribunals, all proclaim the unity of the world-society.

Are national boundaries therefore barriers to progress? Can I serve my country only with cannon and bayonets? Will there then be no place for patriotism? Not, perhaps, for war cries and the patriotism that knows battles only. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." With fair, glad eyes and never-fading youth, she stands in the sweet serenity of her beauty, calling from wars and the harsh, discordant clash of arms to her ministrations of general culture. Bombs and bullets must give place to books and ballots; for while despotism may exist without thought, universal intelligence is the very foundation of a republic. The patriot, turning from wars to social reform, and learning to weigh votes as well as count them, should employ the cleansing force of light—not lightning. American labor enslaved to industrial despotism, American cities reeking in filth and political cor-

ruption; American public schools, whose very existence is imperiled, are the trumpet calls of peace. "To be as good as our fathers," said Phillips, "we must be better."

As the earthquake fixes and settles the rock-ribbed mountain, or as the brave oak is rooted by the fierce storm wind, so freedom has been established by "the rude blasts of war." She shall be maintained only by patriotic loyalty to truth and progress. For a century America has stood with open arms, a refuge for the oppressed, the one hope of the despairing, the home land for the homeless. Round about the mountain of her liberties are stronger defenders than the legionaries of Cæsar or the Old Guard of Napoleon. Memories from Lexington are the invisible fortresses of her freedom. From a million grassy mounds, from the tattered folds of ten thousand battle flags, from the desolate homes of the sturdy north and the sunny southland, march the silent but resistless hosts of liberty. Every schoolhouse is an arsenal; every true heart and pure home an altar of freedom, glowing with the fires of love and patriotism.

But alas! Plato saw the state swallow up the home, and modern platonic philosophy raises its red flag and hand against both the home and the state. Have we then fatally blundered? Here the home has been made the unit; here we have thought the plainest farmhouse as much a pillar of state as the palace of wealth—because with us every man may own his own little home. Here we have believed the state thus founded secure to posterity, and destined ultimately to carry its light into all the world. Progress is to be made within national lines. As he will serve his country best who loves his home most, so he will love humanity best "who loves his own country most and makes it the strongest helper of all the sons of earth." In this is the highest incentive to patri-

otism, that the true American sees in his country the means of largest usefulness to all mankind. It is our peculiar mission to turn back to all the world the regenerating streams, purified and vitalized. From our shores hasten by a thousand channels, invisible armies for the world's conquest. In every letter and in every cablegram, in the very breezes that kiss our coast, is somewhat of the spirit of freedom. From her mountain peaks of progress America flashes back the light of liberty, and the fervor of her patriotism reaches "into all the world," "to every creature." Never has the world heard a purer bugle call to a nobler patriotism.

For thine own self, oh native land, we love thee. Thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills, thy sweet pure air of liberty are our delight. For the immortal principles thou dost incarnate, we pledge to thee our lives, our all. The infinite cost which gave us thee, our obligation to hand down our inheritance incorrupt and larger grown, the wondrous door of opportunity open to all the world in thee, make the call to thy service the clearest, purest, and most inspiring the world has ever known.

MIRABEAU

FRANK P. SADLER

FIRST HONOR oration in 1894. The League contest was held at the University of Wisconsin; the successful contestant was the representative of the University of Michigan.

Great characters are epoch makers. As we study the history of progress, we see men rise up and shape the destiny of nations,—men who enter the arena of life equipped by nature with those weapons which the conditions of the coming fray demand,—men who fitly typify the age in which they live, and embody the principles for which that age is famous. America gave birth to a Washington, who personified her great love of liberty, who expressed her undying loyalty to the principles of self-government, and linked his name forever with the birth of our republic. She gave us a Lincoln, who, because he breathed forth her love for humanity, equality, and unity, will stand as the central figure of the nineteenth century. So, when heralding the approach of her great revolution in which reason dethroned kingly power, and set on high the emancipated mind of man, France gave to the world her towering genius, her powerful orator, Mirabeau,—the typical Frenchman of that age of revolution.

Comte de Mirabeau was born at Bignon, on the ninth of March, 1749. He was so ugly in face and disfigured in form as to merit the nickname, "The Nephew of Satan." But sprung from a family distinguished for generations by a strong originality of character, Mirabeau inherited a physical and intellectual vigor far above the average.

He was born in a home where domestic tranquillity was unknown, where parents, blind to their highest interests, displayed the greatest hatred for each other in the son's presence. Especially was this injurious to a youth of his disposition, who, from injustice of every description, sought for reckless freedom through the avenues of pleasure. A tyrant father, using harsh severity toward a strong-willed son, early caused a wound that never healed. The passion was augmented by harsh authority; the strong will, assailed by superior force, ripened into an ungovernable disposition. The time for reconciliation passed by, the ties of love were broken, and the open hostility of a father stifled every impulse for a righteous life. Restless and disorderly, the rash youth was sent to the army with the hope that military discipline might curb his violent temper. Evil companionships were formed. Ere long he was behind prison bars. Again and again he was thrust into the dungeon cell, and every time he came forth more lawless than before. Respect for self was gone, and, throwing aside all restraint, step by step he trod the downward road of licentious pleasure, to find himself at last a fugitive from justice in a foreign land,—a man without a country and without friends.

The first climax in that dramatic life has been reached. We turn our eyes to his native land and behold a scene, the most memorable in her history. It is the approaching conflict upon the same old battlefield where freedom's heroes have fought and died. The emancipated intellect and the sovereignty of the people are marshaling their hosts against the tyranny of despotism that has held them in its grasp for ages. The spirit of freedom, which nerved the farmers at Lexington and led the charge at Yorktown, was dawning on the minds of Frenchmen. "The human mind long soothed with opiates and

nursed on cordials suddenly awoke from its stupor" and began to think for itself with such freedom and audacity that all Europe was amazed.

The low mutterings of the coming storm are borne to the ears of the outcast, Mirabeau. Ambition whispers of the tottering throne; Freedom murmurs of the evils done; Genius makes his vision clear. France is to be his field; revolution, his life-work. A seat in that National Assembly, upon which the eyes of the world were cast, was to be the stepping-stone from reproach, disgrace, dishonor, to that high pinnacle of power where kings must bow to the edicts of his will.

Schooled in the injustice of oppression, thirsting for distinction, violent and impetuous, possessing great talents together with a logical acuteness in foreshadowing political movements, and endowed with a splendid gift of eloquence, he stepped into the arena fully equipped for the mortal fray. Startling were his words as he exhorted men to action; burning were his appeals as he moved them to revolution. There was an awakening. "The flame, kindled by the feudalism of the Middle Ages, fanned by the ruling sway of tyrants, and made to glow as Bourbon rule sank lower and lower, burst out into that mighty conflagration" which made crowned heads tremble on their thrones.

The maddened senses of men with the ghastly specter of wrongs too long endured, rising up before them, were bearing them on to deeds of atrocious violence. Mirabeau sees in imagination the wild scenes that are to follow. Will he venture to face that mob and imperil all that life holds dear for the sake of bleeding France? Can human power stay that plunging current? Write his name high upon the scroll of honor, who dares risk his all and if need be die, that his country may live! The task was beyond human strength, but, manfully,

unflinchingly, Mirabeau stepped forward and used all the powers of his nature to check the violent passions which his words had done so much to arouse.

In vain his warning words to France that she had turned the helm from the safe port of liberty away toward the stormy sea, with the Scylla of popular anarchy upon one hand, and the Charybdis of military despotism upon the other. To no purpose did he implore to action that National Assembly, hesitating, and debating the rights of man and the theories of government, while the mob of Paris was howling for bread. His warning was prophetic, as the statesman rose above the politician, the patriot, above selfish ambition, that the despotism of six hundred, styling themselves the National Assembly, was as much to be feared as the despotism of a king.

But he was not destined to behold the fulfillment of his prophecy. While battling with all the fire of his genius, while swaying assemblies and passing measures by his matchless eloquence, while at the zenith of his popularity, Death laid hold upon him. Earthly desire and sensual pleasure had blasted his years. Patriotic devotion, earnest endeavor, and noble action, could not atone for the sins of former days. The towering oak, long swayed by the storms of passion, long rocked by the tempests of revolution, shivered and fell. Mirabeau was no more. His life closed dark and sad,—sad at leaving his great designs unaccomplished, sad as he beheld the gathering gloom that was hovering over his native land. Mysterious life! Calamitous death! King and peasant follow in that great procession in honor of the dead, and, amid the sobs and groans of a disheartened people, the "Sovereign Man" is laid to rest in the Pantheon of his Fatherland.

What shall we write above that tomb,—success, or failure? Let history say. His peculiar position between throne and

people gave to the political juggler and the jealous colleague opportunity to brand him as an intriguer with the king. But be it ever to the honor of Mirabeau, that the so-called selfish actions of an ambitious man, reflected by the light of history, are the patriotic motives of a statesman.

He understood as did no other Frenchman of his time, the true significance of a revolution; that revolution and reformation must go hand in hand; that the process of tearing down in government is successful only in so far as there follows the work of rebuilding; that revolution without reformation breeds anarchy,—anarchy, bloodshed, and desolation.

The theory of government ever calls for the profoundest intellects of mankind. The relations of the rulers to the governed is a problem that has many answers. It is one that calls for the consideration of many questions, but none more vital than the inherent nature of the governed. Mirabeau recognized this and used his eloquence to persuade his fellow-countrymen to reconstruct the government on lines suited to the French nature. He knew full well that republics are not born in a day, and that the theories proposed by the National Assembly were not the natural outgrowth of a people ruled by kingly power. His knowledge of human nature revealed to him that the Frenchman must have a strong centralized government, and that if the principles of self-government were adopted, France would become the prey of ambitious leaders,—a Napoleon Bonaparte would lead France to her Waterloo.

His words, "I want a free, but a monarchical, government," were hard to comprehend; but Bourbon rule followed by the Republic, Republic giving way to Directory, Directory followed hard upon by the Consulate, Consulate swept away by Empire, whose storm-tossed bark was to be rocked by

revolution upon revolution and finally to seek, but not find, a reposeful haven in a Republic,—this history has made those words prophetic. "When I shall be no more, they will know what I was worth. All the calamities which I have arrested will break out upon France, and from all sides the criminal faction which trembles before me will have no rein." Do not these words reëcho through that mad revel of anarchy which murdered a defenseless king,—in the clash of deadly strife that culminated in the Reign of Terror in which Girondist, Hebertist, Dantonist, and Jacobinist, walked the way of death in close procession, and which only ended when the head of Robespierre fell before the guillotine?

I have been speaking of his political foresight, but those who like his principles least cannot but acknowledge the power of his eloquence. It was not the stature of an Apollo or the brow of a Jove that held the "ravished hearer." He was ungainly in form and almost hideous in feature. Yet when he was moved by the thought of his nation's peril, these were forgotten, and as the repulsive countenance lighted up with the inspiration of some lofty conception, and his great form, swayed by the passion of his will, responded to the vigor of his language, homeliness gave way to radiance,—

> "Confusion heard his voice
> And wild uproar stood ruled."

Nature revealed herself in her "Son of Earth." The intellect flashed, the throat thundered, and the shocked Assembly, mute and speechless, sat gazing at the play of nature's powers. His was not the studied eloquence of a Burke, but the sparks struck off by the heat of the moment. He did not strive at purity of diction, but aimed straight at the hearts of men. Freedom was his inspiration; patriotism, his guide; sincerity, his motive; reason, his ruling power. Kings feared him,

assemblies voted at his will. Genius was his birthright; justice, his living maxim; the French Revolution, his monument.

Living in an age of hypocrisy, he stood forth as the champion of principles that will never die. With a vision too broad for party lines, he was grounded on the solid rock of equality and justice, where he bade defiance to the dazzling splendor of a court and the showy glitter of a nation's gold. Hold him not as the ideal man, for within was the low sensuous nature of the demon struggling for mastery over an intellect, divine in conception, resistless in reason, electrifying in power.

Morality will ever weep for the deeds of him who was a slave to passion, but a master of kings. Eloquence will sing of him in her loftiest strain. Liberty will revere his memory as one who bore aloft her sacred banner and proudly planted it on the ramparts of tyranny. Genius will crown him as a seer whose vision alone could penetrate the dark night of revolution; will crown him as her chosen son, whose anticipations have become realizations,—whose counsels, laws,—whose words, maxims,—whose theories, constitutions.

THE PREDATORY RICH

Alonzo R. Smith

Second Honor oration in 1894, the speaker representing the University of Wisconsin.

It has taken the world unnumbered centuries to establish civil equality. In the earliest ages was heard faintly the demand for human rights. It forced itself upon the dull ears of King John; Cromwell heard it above the stormy debates in England's Parliament. It echoed and reëchoed through the dreams of Rousseau. It sung to the lofty soul of Washington among the tattered and snow-clad tents at Valley Forge, and above all the carnage of the Revolution. Pleading and sobbing through the broken prayers that came swelling northward from southern slave pens, it melted the great heart of Lincoln, and when his proclamation went forth, the shackles fell, and civil equality was consummated. The political philosopher looked upon these new conditions and pronounced them very good. All men were equal, and anxious sentinels along the picket lines of civilization began to search the misty horizon for gleams of the millennium. Though all seemed ready, the everlasting kingdom of peace and justice was still delayed.

Man climbs slowly and blindly up to better things. He fancies the next step before him the end of his hopes. The idea of civil equality had so long filled his widest horizon, that when it was attained there indeed followed a brief era of contentment. But soon from out the shadows of the future there grew the outlines of another step, a grander hope, a

more majestic ideal,—that of social equality, an equality of opportunity for all the sons of God. To take this step, to achieve this consummate ideal, is the challenge of the future to America and the world.

Social inequality means a palace begirt with trees and flowers and fountains on the lake front or boulevard; means carriages and cushioned pews, and books and pictures and travel; or, alas! it means a shanty on the marsh, a box-like room in some tenement house in the slums. It means grinding toil, and hunger, and death crouching in fetid air, and worst of all it means the death of decency, the shriveling of the soul, and the retrogression of man, the image of God, to the brute that perisheth.

To the sons and daughters of the palace, life means pleasure, theaters, operas, the art of the world, schools, colleges, position, power. To the sons and daughters of the hovel, it means defeat, a glittering prize held forever and forever beyond their reach, an ever unsatisfied hunger of the soul; it means the factory and the street instead of the school; it means, alas! too often, the prison and the brothel.

This idea of social inequality is becoming every day more pronounced, its terrible significance better understood. Wealth steadily centralizes in the hands of the few; the breezes of prosperity are stilled; dark clouds of discontent are gathering; lurid flashes portend the coming storm. Suspicion and envy mark the relations between the extremes of society. Under the stress of competition the greedy capitalist forces wages down; the laborer pleads, works harder, lives cheaper, dresses in tatters, transfers his children from the schools to the factories. Again comes a reduction in wages; starvation stares the laborer in the face; he begs, prays for bread wages. The storm clouds roll higher. As a last hope, the laborer

strikes, the factory closes, the militia are called out,—the clouds roll back, and peace reigns. But what peace! Not that glorious gift which descends like a dove from Heaven, but a dark-winged raven fresh from the confines of Hell. Peace reigns. The millionaire pillows himself in a luxurious castle across the sea, while the poor laborer eats the crust of charity, or starves, without a home, without a friend.

Thus goes on the great social conflict of to-day. It is the struggle of honest labor against the tyranny of dishonest capital. Men fail to see the full significance of the conflict, refuse to believe that the commons of America have entered upon a second great War for Independence. Wealth is power, and the unjust, unlawful use of power, the power of a prince or the power of a plutocrat, is tyranny; and to me organized labor standing up firmly against the injustice and oppression of the plutocrat is the nineteenth century Runnymede, the people wresting a new charter from unlicensed power.

Do not think me fanatic. I declaim not against capital as capital, not against the accumulation of wealth, not against the present constitution of society. Honest labor and honest capital are brothers who gladly join in beneficent production. I have only contempt for the vicious agitators who wage war against all rich men as enemies to their country, and who seek to erect a petty despotism upon the hopes and fears of the humble laborer; I have only condemnation for the anarchist and the firebrand socialist, who would whelm our civilization, the accumulated power of a million years, in red ruin and chaos.

But when the capitalist turns robber, when he levies tribute upon the food and the fires, the liberty and the lives of the people, and is sad only because God's free air that laps the earth in beauty cannot also be preëmpted and sold; when the

plutocrat thinks himself of finer clay than the laborer in his factory, and shuts his palace doors to keep out the pleadings of the poor whose labor has reared his stately halls,—then the Middle Ages have come again, and serfdom. But this struggle is not between the extremes of society only, not solely between the manufacturer and his laborers, nor is it only a struggle for food and fires; the power of this plutocracy is a menace to the state as well. These predatory rich, the Neros and Napoleons of our industrial age, seek ever wider dominion, more absolute empire. With golden keys they have unlocked the Temple of Justice and wrested the law from its plain course. They have become lawmakers in the Congress of this Republic, and with hands outstretched even to Wall street they throttle the nation's industries. I tell you burnt offerings of wealth upon a nation's sacred altar consume honor and justice in the flames, and leave behind but the incense of shame, and the charred remains of a polluted state.

The appeal then comes to the American people in the name of an oppressed proletariat, in the name of a menaced state. A nation's true greatness and its perpetuity rests upon the intelligence and virtue of the common people. It is a truism that masses, ignorant and depraved, beget despotism, anarchy, and social chaos. The voices of fallen republics, coming to us from all the mighty past, declare that a slothful optimism has ever been the death signal of free democracies. Do not tell me that labor must always kneel in supplication for the crumbs from Dives' table, must always sleep upon a bed of straw that greedy capital may lounge in idleness upon its downy couch. Do not tell me that this nation should remain silent, while greedy vampires and parasites suck the blood of the common man. I tell you, if the world, if our beloved America, is to move forward, it must move along the line of

greater social equality, greater equality of opportunity and condition. The greed and selfishness of predatory capital must be restrained, and this shall come about not through the soft pleadings of the oppressed, for greed and selfishness will not be thus moved. They must be restrained by force; not by bombs, but by ballots; not by armies and Gatling guns, but by the mandates of law and an enlightened, purified public opinion. By statutes and charters and Bills of Right must this later tyranny be checked and made obedient to the higher law.

It was once thought that the authority of the king was from God, and that it could not be questioned or restrained. But the modern centuries are pushing aside the glittering falsehood. The world has until now believed that the power, the authority of gold, of capital, of the plutocrat, could not be questioned; and in recent years the fear of checking individual enterprise has led this people to endure a tyranny scarcely paralleled in the most despotic periods of history. And as we of to-day look with wonder upon the political tyrannies endured in former generations, when only one man held the whole world in awe, so shall the future look with amazement upon the American people bearing with meekness the yoke of plutocratic tyranny at the end of this nineteenth century. We must have better economic conditions, better homes, purer air, and, someway, somehow, in this garden of the world, willing, honest labor must not be compelled to beg daily bread. And above all we must have equality of opportunity for the children. Call it not equality of opportunity when thousands of young children must earn their daily bread on the streets and in the factories, must live perpetually in the shadow of drunkenness and vice and all moral uncleanness. This thing must be done, call it socialism if you will; let us not be too

mindful of names or overscrupulous in conforming to existing methods.

The influence of perhaps the greatest reforming power of the world fails to reach the masses—I mean the Church of the living God. She has done in the past and is doing to-day, a noble work among men, but She is too ethereal. The New Jerusalem has not yet descended. Oh, Church of the Nazarene, war less over creeds and heresies; visit the hovel, labor with the mob, fight harder to get sin out of the world,—it matters not how it got in,—teach men how to live as well as how to die—this do in remembrance of Him, and the promise of a new day shall brighten along the horizon and God's sky shall be aflame with its dawning. Religion for any one class is irreligion. Missionaries hunt the lone barbarian on his desert isle to bring him to Christ, but neglect the dens of vice and crime at their very doors. I say better the savage in his hut, chanting in weird strains his fear and terror, than the commonalty of this nation without a religion, without a God.

The Saxon race is nearing the end of a long process of social evolution, and men are saying, lo, here! lo, there! breaks the new day. Some men see only the coming disruption of society, the present order ending in chaos; others proclaim a state without a Dives or a Lazarus, a state in which there shall be no competition, where individual enterprise shall be lost in the love for humanity. The former conception is an impeachment of Deity, the latter but an iridescent dream.

We proclaim no millennium. From the uncalendared ages of the past till now, evolution has been the law of human progress, and while man walks this green earth he shall rise through competition to a higher plain. No millennium, indeed, but yet a society in which accumulated wealth shall wield its mighty power in the spirit of the law of love, a society

in which the plutocrat shall be unknown; his name shall be written and remembered only among the deposed tyrants of history.

A little more than a century ago, through the carnage of revolution, America achieved civil equality, became the hope and model of mankind; and now, as the twentieth century swings wide its gates, shall she not free herself from another tyranny, win again the plaudits of the world, and mount this new step

> "Upon the world's great altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God"?

INTERNATIONALISM

James H. Mays

First Honor oration in 1895. The League contest was held at the State University of Iowa. Mr. Mays, the successful contestant, was the representative of the University of Michigan.

The nation is composed of individuals, as the mass is composed of atoms. In the beautiful discovery of Newton, we learn that the same law which governs the smallest atom, governs also the largest mass, even to the universe of planets and suns. Individuals, bound in fellowship by one great rule of right, consent to have the fierceness of their nature restrained for the common welfare. They are constrained to live with common purposes, strive for common advancement, rejoice in common blessings, suffer common disasters; in common they glory in mutual happiness, and in the victories of peace, "no less renowned than war." So nations, after squandering their resources upon the art of destruction, after ages of dreadful warfare, are likewise coming to realize the awful folly of continual discord. They, too, are beginning to appreciate the significance of moral laws; to beware lest they disregard the divine command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself"; to observe the same great rule of right that binds individuals in fellowship.

This growing spirit of mutual helpfulness we call Internationalism. What is the origin, the development, the mission of this bond of fellowship among the nations?

With our savage forefathers, the family was the nation. Apart from actual kinship, there was no brotherhood. Every

man outside this petty circle was an enemy to be slain as the wild beast of the jungles. Beginning to realize the strength of united action, families formed into tribes under chiefs to wage more relentless warfare upon all other tribes. As the rays of civilization penetrated deeper into the gloom, these tribes, stirred by the same restless energy, united into larger communities and settled upon fixed habitations. Land, instead of kinship, became the basis of society, and was occupied by petty lordships and communities, separate and distinct. At first they professed no common interest, cultivated no friendly relations, recognized no rights claimed by members of other communities, and treated all men outside the narrow limits of their province as enemies. Each held it to be the great aim of life to carry on successful warfare, and jealously maintained, as do nations now, the right to make war on every other community. Their association was for mutual destruction. Every principality was intolerant, bigoted, selfish. Within their own border lines, the people were enjoined to recognize the brotherhood of man; outside these limits, they were licensed and encouraged to pilfer and murder without restraint. Within their borders, they lived in harmony; outside, they roamed the seas as pirates, ravaged the land as bandits, annihilated villages, gave no quarter, sparing not even women or children. It was one continuous story of dreadful warfare from the time

> "When man walked with beast,
> Joint tenant of the shade."

Gradually it dawned upon the minds of men that there was nothing in political lines to make them foes; they began to realize that they were men who had much in common. They said one to another, "We will further unite for common defense and mutual advancement." Just as the smaller bodies

by degrees had been drawn into fellowship, these larger bodies were fused into nations. Primitive Rome was formed by the union of small communities. The countless principalities of Great Britain were gradually merged into seven kingdoms, and then united into one *great* kingdom under Egbert, the Saxon. In France we see Roman, Iberian, Teuton, and Celt, once stirred by angry passions, now blended into a powerful republic. Spain, a composite of numerous races of different religion and government, became a nation in the fifteenth century by the union of Castile and Aragon. Germany, once consisting of more than three hundred distinct principalities, each in bloody strife with the others, now presents a mighty empire, united at home and respected abroad. And on this side the seas, many great states, inclined at first to be indifferent to the common weal, disposed to be independent sovereignties, united their interests, and to-day present a typical example of what brotherly spirit may do for the nations of the world. Thus, with the gradual association of tribes and communities, great nations were formed, each invoking the blessings of united, friendly action upon its numerous principalities. The torch of the incendiary was extinguished, the license of the robber revoked, the red hand of the assassin arrested, the mad fury of the mob restrained, and the once hostile factions were welded into great nations.

Such was the result of fellowship of communities. Consider the development of this spirit among nations. Internally, each rejoiced in the mutual friendship of its numerous provinces; but, strange to say, toward its neighbors, assumed a hostile front. This attitude of the nations caused Burke to declare that friendly international relations would afford a pleasing theme for the historian, but "alas! such history would not fill ten pages." These cordial relations between

states of the modern world had their beginning in the Peace of Westphalia, which was confirmed by the principal nations of Europe. Permanent legations were then first securely established. Since then, says Emerson, "all history is the decline of war." Since then, says Sir Henry Maine, "a moral brotherhood in the whole human race has been steadily gaining ground." Twenty years ago, Gladstone declared that there had been reserved for England a great and honorable destiny in promoting internationalism. Since these words were spoken, thirty-eight powerful nations have united their moral forces, by the treaty of Geneva, as a safeguard against the excesses, miseries, and ferocities of war. They have bound themselves to use every means to relieve the suffering of sick and wounded soldiers; to discourage war, as the best means of attaining that end; to encourage international good will; to mitigate international calamities in time of peace, and to place international concord on a more enduring basis.

This spirit of mutual fellowship is fast pervading all human society. From the family circle to the tribal community, from the village clan to the broader province, from jealous statehood to national commonwealth, the great rule of right is becoming broad enough and strong enough to embrace all mankind in the general harmony. In recognition of this unity of interest, the Pan-American Congress assembled at Washington with the highest motives that ever actuated international movements. Representatives of half the civilized world met, not to arouse bitter prejudices, but for better mutual understanding; not to obtain unfair advantages, but to promote the general welfare; not to cultivate the art and terrible amusement of war, but to form closer commercial relations; not to witness the parade of military forces, but to obviate all necessity for the maintenance of navies and great

standing armies, such as are now crushing out the life of Europe. Let those who would sneer at the growing spirit of internationalism, remember that never before did there convene a congress of nations with the common purpose of agreeing, not upon military plans, not to incite their people to tumult and carnage, not to foster cruelty and superstition, not to do homage to the God of Battles, but to adopt the motto of peace and fellowship, and thus secure enduring prosperity in the western world.

Brief as has been the history of these great movements, certain principles and methods have been clearly defined. What, then, is the mission of internationalism? Though slow in development, its spirit has long been appealing to the better nature of the individual man, and is now beginning to pervade the councils of nations. What is there in boundary lines to convert a brother man into a deadly foe? Ought the conduct of nation toward nation to be less humane than that of man toward man? Shall nations still retain barbarous methods of determining justice, while judicial tribunals by exercise of reason adjudicate the rights of individuals? Shall we execute a man for committing a single murder, and glorify a nation for slaughtering its thousands? Is that voice of thunder, "Thou shalt not kill," prolonged and reëchoed throughout the earth by Christian churches, to have an awful meaning to individuals, and signify nothing to nations? By what reasoning can the crime of the individual become the glory of the nation? Must man put forth every energy against pestilence and famine, while nations upon the slightest pretext "let slip the dogs of war"? Must he revere and cherish his religion, and yet allow the state to profane it? Must he continue to extol virtue to the skies, and yet permit nations to dethrone it? Must he strive for knowledge, while nations

misapply and pervert it? Oh, why must man continue to toil, and permit the product of his hand and brain to be squandered upon the means of destruction? If it has proved well for individuals, families, tribes, communities, and provinces to strive peaceably together, should not the larger masses of men profit by such example? It is the mission of internationalism to answer these questions, and to say to governments, into whose hands the welfare of mankind is placed,—

> "Therefore take heed
> How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
> In the name of God, take heed."

Man may yet be blinded by prejudice, nations may yet be lacerated by war, but of this we may be assured: that in the distresses which mankind must suffer, ignorance will never again be so potent a factor, for men are now heirs to the wisdom of the ages; difference in religion will never again so arouse the spirit of intolerance, for man must be left unfettered to obey the dictates of his conscience; difference in race and language will never again be so strong a barrier to friendly intercourse, for all nations are coming to recognize the brotherhood of man; distance will never again render international interests so vague and remote, for the messengers of intelligence and of commerce, like shuttles, are rushing to and fro over the earth, "weaving the nations into one." Stupendous political movements, which in times past would have brought havoc and carnage, must in future be conducted through quiet deliberations. Questions, which a few years ago would have been sure heralds of war, must be determined before a supreme court of the nations. Already it is the law of nations to do in time of peace the most good and in time of war the least evil. Arbitration is the rule; and when war does occur, it is divested of its most atrocious cruelties. Nations begin

to realize that disaster needs no aid nor encouragement from the government; that humanity will suffer enough at best; that governments are the servants of men, and not their masters; that they are institutions for man's benefit, and not for his torture; that they are builders and not destroyers; that they are means to an end, and that end, the advancement of civilization.

This, then, is the mission of internationalism:—that the nations instead of imitating the fierceness of the tiger, shall render good offices one unto another; instead of rejoicing in the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," shall tender support in public distress; instead of invading, bombarding and pillaging their neighbors, shall afford relief in general calamities; and that instead of the clank of arms and the cannon's roar, instead of the crash and jar of artillery, the tramp of the war horse, the glare of hungry flames, the pitiless scenes of death, decay, and famine, we may behold the nations of the earth, of every religion, language, and race, firmly bound by the threads of commerce and the stronger ties of brotherly feeling; behold them flourishing together in the arts of peace, striving with common impulses, combined in common enterprises and tendering mutual returns of kindness and civility.

THE WANDERING JEW

Rodney A. Elward

Second Honor oration in 1895, the author representing the University of Wisconsin.

Out of the darkness of the feudal ages comes the strange, weird tradition of the Wandering Jew. The legend tells us that Jesus, while on his way to Calvary, bending beneath the heavy cross, stopped to rest before the house of a Jewish shoemaker, who thereupon pushed him away, exclaiming, "Go on, go on." Jesus looked at him and said, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go on to the end of time." The shoemaker straightway became a wanderer, unable to rest, unable to die. This haggard, wayworn pilgrim, forlornly roaming the earth, is the type of the Hebrew race, wandering, sorrowful, deathless; driven on from land to land, from age to age, by human hatred, human scorn.

The survival of the Hebrew race is the miracle of history. The mighty nations of antiquity rose, ruled, and, one by one, crept away to sleep in the mists of time. Their noble cities and fertile plains are dreary wastes of sand. Where throbbed the pulses of great civilizations now roam the wild beasts of the desert. Each nation for its little hour held aloft the torch of light and the sword of dominion, only to have them snatched from its grasp by a newer and a stronger Egypt. Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome—the stately procession has passed forever. But one people, one nationality, comes down in the integrity of its language, race, and religion, from the very dawn of history. This venerable contemporary of Egypt

and Chaldea survives to-day in youthful vigor. The Jew alone has defied time!

The history of the Jew is the story of a glorious day followed by a drear and dreadful night. Seated in the valley of the Jordan, ever deepening the lines of nationality and drawing closer the mantle of his religion, proud, stern, fanatical, the Hebrew builded a national and religious life that has successfully resisted the storms of the ages. But, blinded by his fanaticism, the Jew refused tribute to Cæsar. The Seven-Hilled Mistress of the world drew the fatal circle of her legions around the doomed city of David. True to the traditions of their race, the Jews made a last stand in the Temple. There, amid the burning walls, legionary and Jew, fighting, fell, until the sacred floor was deep in human blood and the dead were piled against the very altar. Thus, in a sea of slaughter, her streets a charnel house, her Temple a shambles, fell Jerusalem, never again, while Rome ruled, to be trodden by a Hebrew foot.

Was the story of the Jew ended; his cities in ruins, his land a desert, himself an exile, an outcast upon the earth? With every nation, but of no nation, among every people, but of no people, the Jew, clasping in his arms the Talmud and the Torah, comes down his long pathway through the centuries. It was a pathway of horror, beset with all the obstacles the hate and greed of man could devise; a pathway of infinite toil, infinite suffering, infinite humiliation. A pathway lit by the glare of incendiary torches, and here and there the sullen glimmer of the candles in the chambers of the Inquisition. It was a pathway where the light of happiness was as the cold and fitful gleam of winter stars among the flying clouds. It led from desolation unto desolation. At the one end were the tramp of the legions, and the blood-washed streets of Jerusa-

lem; at the other, the rush of Cossack cavalry and midnight massacres in Russia. Eighteen creeping centuries of woe and agony lie between.

Of the suffering endured by the Jew during his exile little can be known. He, who was without the pale of the church, and beyond the protection of the law, was the prey of all. Sometimes the darkness lifts a little, and reveals fleeting glimpses of the tragic scene. It is a holiday in a European city. A Jew ventures to leave his prison pen, the Ghetto. He is seen. The rabble raises the ominous cry "Heep, heep!" A rush, a single shriek, and for one Hebrew more, eternal silence. It is an evening at Madrid. There is to be a burning of Jews. The victims are brought forward and bound. The king himself stoops and lights the faggots. A monk exclaims, "In the name of Christ." A little while and there is only a heap of glowing coals, above which gleam the lights of the city, lurid, as if kindled at the fires of hell.

This, in the fierce ages of feudalism, was the lot of the Jew. Look now, in our century of light and liberty. It is a winter night at Moscow. To the north of the city lies the Jewish suburb. The people are asleep. Around stretches the frozen forest. Out from the city steals a band of Cossacks. The little suburb is surrounded. With whip and saber the helpless people are driven from their burning homes. Gathering in the woods the Jews kindle a few branches to keep from freezing; the soldiers follow them and stamp out the fires. In the cold light of the morning, among the white stones of the Christian cemetery, lie the frozen bodies of the dead. And this in the twilight of the nineteenth century!

> "The sad eyes from the cross see only this
> After the lapsing of two thousand years."

Hunted, tortured, exiled, the Jew has survived all. No

fire could burn, no sea drown, no church convert, no force destroy this immortal race. Armies have power, governments have power, human hate has power, but there is a greater and a more powerful than these—an unshaken faith in an Almighty God. Well might the Jew defy all the fires, and hate, and scourges of the world; his hand in God's hand as trusting as a little child, he has been led through every danger, over every obstacle, past breaking empires, falling civilizations, and he alone has outlived them all.

Denied all means of development, the Jew became stunted, narrow, fierce, revengeful. The proud Hebrew was beaten into the attitude of a suppliant. Christianity grasped the scepter and meted out the savage law of destruction until the whole world became a hell of torture to the despised Jew. Eighteen centuries of such grinding tyranny left the marks of their fetters on his soul. Proud, he learned to endure the indignities of all men; passionate, he cultivated patience and humility; warlike, he taught himself to bow to physical force and succeeded through the subtle power of his mind. With the avenues of every occupation barred to him as with gates of brass, from a farmer and a shepherd, he became a trader and a cunning money lender, the product of a hundred generations of repression and wrong.

Love begets love, hate begets hate. Meeting only hatred and scorn, the Jew returned hatred for hatred, scorn for scorn. Among the immortal figures of literature stands the great hater, Shylock. Rooted in his heart, nourished and fed by insult and outrage, is the hatred of the Christian. Well he knows the law—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." All the passion of Asia is in his nature; the accumulated wrongs of centuries are burning in his heart, as he reaches greedily for Antonio's breast. He stands there the type of his race, a

money changer, grasping, avaricious. But all the gold lying hidden in the rocks that seam the globe weighs not as one small scruple in the scale against his revenge. As he stoops to whet the knife upon his shoe, his mind is thronged with all the wrongs of his sacred race. He hears the world-old cry, "Dog of a Jew!" He sees the flame-encircled stake, hears the wild yells of the mobs, and the shriek of Jewish women. He looks about him and sees only hating eyes. From every corner of the world Hebrew wails of agony beat in upon his brain, and he cries in his passion, "Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, senses, affections? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you poison us, do we not die? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

Imprisoned within the walls of the Ghetto, what has the Jew accomplished? Can this little band of outcasts have done aught of noble note? Among the master minds of the world the Jew stands forth in the full splendor of achievement. Lassalle, Marx, and Ricardo, the economists; Auerbach, the novelist; Spinoza, the philosopher; Heine, the poet; Rachel, at whose bidding great audiences laughed or wept; Herschel, the astronomer; Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, the composers; Disraeli and Gambetta, the statesmen; this is a roll of glory to dignify the proudest race. Through all the centuries of mediæval barbarism, when the world was bent only on destruction and consumed with the lust of slaughter, the merchant Jew kept alive the little spark of ancient civilization. Driven into a corner, he made that corner the monetary center of the world and taught men the secrets of finance. When over all Europe drew the dark cloud of ignorance and

superstition, when brutal kings forgot their stewardship, when a debased church forgot its God amidst the march of plundering armies and all the chaos of the dreary ages of darkness, when Europe seemed to have lapsed forever into barbarism, the Jewish scholars, lone as a lighthouse in a stormy sea, kept alive the lamp of learning. During all his history the Jew proclaimed the oneness of God. From the childhood of humanity he has brought us the unspeakable boon of a spiritual faith. At the touch of Hebrew hands the faiths of continents became as a story that is ended. The son of a Jewish woman sits enthroned in the hearts of men, and from every land where there is Moslem or Christian rises the worship of Jacob's God.

These were God's chosen people, for never did a nation lay the hand of violence upon them but Divine vengeance overtook it. Egypt enslaved them, and lies buried in the sands of the desert. Babylonia and Assyria ravaged this little people and are lost in the dreary limbo of names. The last grand effort of Rome was the destruction of Jerusalem. The Roman church struck the children of Jacob, and her arm withered in the blow. Spain drove them from her shores, and within a hundred years, in the boom of Drake's cannon, the clock of her history struck twelve. She sits to-day a sheeted skeleton among the governments of Europe.

The tragic story of the wandering Jew is drawing to its close. In the dawn of a century the bright star of human fraternity burns clear with the promise of a better time. Humanity is shaking off the stupor of uncounted ages. Breaking the fetters of prejudice and hate, man stands to his full stature and begins to learn the meaning of the commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Above the sullen mutter of discontent, rings clear the call for human unity. The minds

of men are all aglow with the dawn of peace and noble brotherhood. The walls of the Ghetto are being broken down. The bitter cup of sorrow, so long pressed to the lips of the Jew, shall be dashed aside. The Jew shall be an outcast no longer. The son of a hundred generations of hunted men shall walk the ways of life with the free sunlight of heaven above his head. Suffering and wrong still live, and will long give battle in the darkened places in the world; but God rules, and truth and justice and the love of man for man shall triumph at the last.

GETTYSBURG

FRED L. INGRAHAM

FIRST HONOR oration in 1895. The League contest was held at the University of Chicago. The winning orator was the representative of the University of Michigan.

A century ago this world was a slave-holding world. Throughout the earth there was not, and never had been, an important nation where the crack of the slave whip was not heard. To-day there is not a civilized nation on the globe where man can own his fellow-man. Not only has the toiler in all civilized lands been made free, but society is educating and uplifting the laborer, is recognizing more and more his worth, his rights, his dignity. This is a great revolution, one of untold meaning to humanity. It has cost years of violent political contest. In this cause martyrs have died, armies have striven in bloody conflict, and nations have been rent asunder. The turning point of this revolution was reached in our Civil War, and the decisive hour of that war occurred when the Southern army struggled in mortal combat with the Union forces on the field of Gettysburg. What were the principles there at stake? What was the history of that battle, and what its influence?

The forces in conflict on that field were the product of ages. Slavery is older than history. Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, were all founded on slavery. And even when Christianity had assumed sway from Jerusalem to the farthest isles of Scotland, her sculptured saints looked down from the spires

of a thousand cathedrals upon a population of abject slaves, crushed down by feudalism.

But among the Anglo-Saxons there appeared a force destined to be the mortal enemy of slavery. The Magna Charta was its first fruit; the destruction of feudalism, serfdom, and absolute monarchy, its later results, and at last in America it proclaimed the freedom and equality of all men. The world listened and pondered. Gradually the thoughtful in all lands came to realize that by the same great principle of right which they invoked in support of their liberties, the freedom of all men was established; that there was nothing in national, religious, or race differences to make one man the rightful subject of wrong and injustice from his fellowman. This broadening spirit of democracy had proclaimed equality as its fundamental principle. Slavery asserted that men are not equal. A conflict was inevitable. In 1808 the United States and England began to oppose the slave trade. In 1834 freedom was proclaimed throughout the British Empire. Ten years later the nine million bondmen of India were made free. Meanwhile other nations of Europe became interested in the cause of the slave, and combined effort almost drove the slave ships from the sea. At the close of the first half of our century free labor was supreme over one fifth of the world. Over the remainder slavery still held sway. Democracy had made great progress, but could she continue her advance?

In America the course of events was alarming. It was the winter of '60 and '61. The nation was crumbling into ruins. Every day brought news that another state had seceded. The Confederacy was formed, taking from the Union eleven populous states with a territory greater than that of Germany, Austria, France, and Italy. Even at its birth the Con-

federacy was a great nation; but its future promised augmented power. Slavery was its corner stone; accordingly its leaders declared that the slave trade would be reopened. They planned for the annexation of slave-holding Cuba, chafing under Spanish rule. Mexico, weak and torn with faction, might also be made a part of the new empire. The slave states of South America might fall into her power, or follow her leadership in international difficulties. England and France forgot their debt to democracy, and stood ready to ally themselves with the South. Prospects were bright, and the result would be a splendid power, mighty as an example, tremendous in international affairs, extending the interests of slavery, opposing progressive democracy.

It was a critical moment in the history of freedom. Cast off by England, deserted by France, the Union prostrate, where should democracy look for aid? Were the splendid principles of the Declaration of Independence without a champion? Was self-government to become a mockery? From the pine forests of the North, where every breeze murmurs of liberty; from the rolling prairies of the West, dedicated to freedom since creation's dawn; from proud New England's rock-ribbed hills, where first was heard the roll of the Revolutionary drums, millions of voices rose in one grand battle cry: The Union forever! Slavery must perish! On to Richmond!

The War was on. It was a struggle between slavery and free labor, aristocracy against democracy, caste against equality. The one would rule with slave pens and whipping posts; the other, with schoolhouses and temples of worship. The one smothers lowly genius; the other nurtures it, opens the door of opportunity to the rail splitter, and lo, there steps forth a Lincoln; makes way for the humble tanner, and his-

tory feels the iron grasp of a Grant. The future happiness of earth's toiling millions depended on that conflict. In breathless suspense the whole world awaited the outcome.

Months dragged on into years, and the North seemed no nearer success than at first. The disasters of Bull Run, the Peninsular Campaign, and Manassas, followed one upon the other, and the Confederate flags floated in triumph before the gates of the Capital. Antietam served to check the Southern advance, but the foe retired with the glory of a successful campaign. Then came defeat and slaughter at Fredricksburg and Chancellorsville; and the Confederate leader, flushed with his many victories, gathered a splendid army of eighty thousand veterans, and swept down the Shenandoah, across the Potomac, and through the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania. One victory there would give him Washington, Philadelphia, or New York. Judging by the past, his triumph was certain.

Inspired with the courage born of repeated victories, the Southern army is at Gettysburg. After two days of hard fighting comes that eventful third of July. The Union cause has met with defeat. One fourth of the army has been destroyed. The Federal troops have taken their last stand on Cemetery Ridge. Across the valley may be seen the Southern forces. Noon approaches, and the sounds of battle die away. An ominous stillness broods over the valley. Suddenly, from a point in the Confederate line, there comes a puff of smoke—the loud report of a cannon breaks the Sabbath stillness and rolls echoing and reëchoing down the valley. Instantly the long line of Southern cannon bursts forth with flash and roar. The Union guns make answer, and the eternal hills tremble to their base. Three miles of Confederate batteries are aimed at the Union center. Here

destruction unutterable reigns. Defeat stares the North in the face. One by one the Union batteries are silenced; sullenly the Federal troops withdraw to shelter.

Across the valley the Southern line of attack is forming,—a splendid column three miles long, their silken banners unfurled to the breeze, a bristling mass of bayonets glittering in the sunlight. With majestic movement the veteran army advances on the Union line. Their cannon cease firing. Instantly the deserted Union guns are manned. The whole line of Federal batteries pour shot and shell into the advancing ranks. Awful gaps are made, but quickly closed, and the long line comes swiftly on. The Union infantry have hurriedly reformed along the summit of the ridge. Up the slopes come the Southern ranks. Their lines of glistening steel sweep on like waves of death and destruction. They hurl back the Union advance. On they come toward the main line. A flash of smoky flame, a deafening roar, and twenty thousand Union guns pour forth a flood of leaden death. The Southern ranks go down under that awful fire like fields of grain swept by the tornado's blast. Flesh and blood cannot face such carnage. Whole companies rush into the Union lines and throw down their arms. The remnant of that splendid eighty thousand hurries in full retreat back across the valley, shattered and broken. The Confederacy has reached its height! Slavery has fallen! Victory is with democracy!

The Confederate forces had suffered terrible loss. Pettigrew led into battle twenty-eight hundred men. Of those gallant heroes only eight hundred and thirty-five returned. One third of the army had been destroyed, and those splendid veterans could never be replaced. This victory broke the long succession of defeats, gave the North hope, and saved the Union cause from political defeat at home; it delivered

the Northern forces from military disaster, turned back the tide of invasion, saved Washington, snatched the raider's torch from our great commercial centers, and ruined the Confederate army. Gettysburg was the decisive battle of the war.

The defeat of the Confederate army was the most fortunate event of the century. Do not misunderstand me. I have no slurs to cast at the Southern people. About their unworthy cause they drew the glorious mantle of a splendid patriotism. Who can doubt the honesty of such devotion? Who can doubt the motive of that magnanimous Southron, that gallant hero with heart as tender as woman's, courage as bold as the lion's,—that valiant soldier, that prince of generals,—Robert E. Lee? Before the memory of that noble man, malice is stricken dumb, and friend and foe alike bow the head to do him reverence. But we deal with principles, not with men, and the verdict of history is unmistakable. The whole thinking world admits that the triumph of the Southern cause would have been a curse to the human race.

But the South lost, and Gettysburg spoke freedom to four million slaves, and forever dried the fountain of secession and sectional strife. It meant that the Union was saved; the Mississippi should gather its mighty commerce and sweep on to the Gulf, not under the muzzles of hostile guns, but forever free and untrammeled; America was not to become, like Europe, an armed camp; the encroaching powers of the Old World should meet here not jealous intrigue and petty war, but one united and harmonious nation, devoted to the arts of peace, yet upholding with justice and dignity the rights of the whole Western Continent. More than this, democracy was strengthened in other lands. Gettysburg proved that government by the people and for the people

meant not anarchy but glorious strength, and all nations, encouraged by our success, are giving their poor and unfortunate greater freedom and higher rights. Gettysburg brought hope to the downtrodden everywhere. It meant that the slave trade would not be reopened, that slavery was not to have a powerful champion in international councils. On the contrary, the slave ship was driven from the remotest seas. All Europe united to stop man hunting in Africa, and that dark continent, for forty centuries the nursery of slaves, at last found relief. Emancipation progressed. Portugal liberated her slaves, Brazil and Cuba followed, and the whole civilized world was free.

Gettysburg raised millions of bondmen to the rank of freemen. It replaced the thorns of disgrace on labor's brow with a garland of honor. It brought the whole human race nearer to that golden age when union shall prevail among the nations, as now among the states; when government shall be for the masses, not the classes; when priest and lord and despot king, already tottering on the seat of power, shall fall to rise no more. There it was proved to the world that the fires of patriotism can burn as bright in cottage as in castle. There breasts were bared to angry steel and hissing bullet that the God-given principles of the Declaration might not become a hollow mockery; there poor, weak man, lifted for one brief moment to the heights of the divine, gave up his life for the liberties of his fellow-man. Around that sacred spot will burn the altars of the centuries. Into the wreath of her glorious memories, along with Marathon and Salamis, Runnymede and Marston Moor, Yorktown and Bunker Hill, democracy will weave the name of Gettysburg.

THE TURK MUST GO

HARRY F. WARD

SECOND HONOR oration in 1896, the speaker representing Northwestern University.

The closing years of this century witness a remarkable scene. Before the eyes of the civilized world, a helpless, innocent race is being mercilessly annihilated. Over the revolting details of this scene even callous indifference must draw a veil, and for very decency the tongue is mute. Blood has flowed like rushing floods in spring, and the dead have strewn the hills like autumn leaves; gentle women and tender children have suffered nameless outrages, and men have been compelled to look upon the agony of their loved ones before they were permitted even to die.

It is established beyond controversy that this work of destruction has been either directed or connived at by the Turkish government, to whose atrocities history is no stranger. A few years ago it was Greece, until the fiery courage of a poet's soul stirred the slumbering sons of heroes to resistance, and Greece once more was free; then it was Bulgaria, until the burning indignation of freemen's hearts leaped into a glowing eloquence that melted her chains; to-day the dumb earth, long burdened with Armenia's woes, cries out to tell us that this age of peace should have no place for a power whose only mission is to slay—that the sword, which for centuries has run red with blood, must forever be sheathed. In the interests of civilization, in the name of God and of humanity, the Turk must go.

The title deeds of power are written with the sword. The

Turk pleads that what the sword has won the sword must guard. The tribunal of modern thought, however, cannot admit this plea. The power on trial here must show that it is performing the functions of a government in accordance with the righteous principles of progressive thought; that it is bestowing upon its conquered peoples the benefits of liberty, law, and order; that it is enabling them to share in the common progress of mankind. If it is not doing these things, it stands condemned: it has no right to be. If, in addition, it is obstructing civilization; if it is withholding it from others; if it is wronging and oppressing its subjects, then its immediate removal becomes the imperative duty of the powers that lead our civilization.

The Turk first made his way into European history with fire and sword. Like a pestilential wind, his breath went through the land and left it desolate; beneath his tread the fairest vales of earth have withered to a sterile waste; under his touch the proud spirit of ancient civilizations has become a restless phantom, wandering among the crumbling ruins of historic cities.

The destroyer is often the builder, but the Turk has replaced nothing. He has held sway over the very birthplace of civilization, the cradle of history, the infant home of culture and religion; and to-day his subjects see men of kindred blood marching in the vanguard of progress, only to know that for them the hands of Time are stayed. Theirs it is to stand and watch the march of mind pass by them in the distance; the mighty growth of commerce and industry they dimly see, but to their eyes it is a mocking vision of the night; of the extension of individual liberty they hear, but to them it is an idle tale; for Turkish rule rests on them like a pall—the ghastly emblem of a living death.

Again, there is absolutely no hope for the subject race, un-

less the conqueror himself be susceptible to improvement. The Turk remains incapable of progress. The tide of civilization has turned back from his serried ranks as from the silent cliff falls back the baffled sea. After five hundred years in the midst of civilization, surrounded by nations enjoying the benefits of modern institutions, the Turk can show us none of the signs of progress. He stands to-day without art, science, literature, or invention. Where are his roads, his factories, his workshops? Where are his common schools, his hospitals, his benevolent institutions? He teaches his children to repeat a few verses of the Koran, and calls it education; he bids men plow as they plowed when the world was young, and calls it agriculture; he lets them barter as men bartered in the childhood of the race, and calls it commerce. He has watched the nations of Europe slowly exchanging their native savagery for a humane kindliness, but he still retains all the ferocity of his barbaric ancestors, unredeemed by their courage and chivalry, and rendered more deadly by the foul treachery of distinctive contribution—some invaluable invention, some conscious impotence. He has seen the nations of the earth each bringing to the glory of our common progress some epoch-making discovery, some ennobling reform, the uplifting influence of some heroic, sacrificing life. And what has been his contribution? In European soil he has planted the vilest curses of Asiatic life. Civilization has decreed that men shall not be bought and sold: the Turk still trades in flesh and blood. Civilization has exalted woman to a throne, and crowned her queen: the Turk still holds her the slave of his lust. Under the shadow of Christian powers he tramples in the dust the liberty of man and the honor of woman; then he mocks his writhing victims and scoffs at the inherent rights of man—rights he has so foully violated.

Neither can the Turk plead a righteous administration of government. He has never attempted to perform the elementary duties of a ruling power. He has never administered justice between man and man; he has never protected the life of man or the honor of woman. His constitution is written in the Koran and applied with the sword. In place of a government it has produced an organized system of spoliation, whose one object is oppression, whose one function the collection of revenue. This system combines all the abuses of power known to the long history of oppression. It is at once despotic, unjust, cruel, rapacious, and faithless. Under it law becomes extortion, justice a mockery, and liberty a lie. It has made of faith in man a snare to ruin, of man himself a soulless serf, and of woman a hopeless slave who ever prays for death to ease her of the bitter burden of her life.

Further, the history of the Turkish government shows that, enfeebled by its own vices, tottering beneath the weight of its own iniquities and crushed by the sheer force of its own persistent barbarity, it would long since have fallen to its doom, had it not received external aid. To-day, it would be but another example of the law that no nation can stand long in the path of the world's advance—that no government can permanently sustain itself by misrule and oppression—had it not been supported by those very governments whose manifest duty it was to hasten its natural dissolution.

These powers tell us that the Turk has promised reform. They know, however, that to rely upon his promise is to lean upon a broken reed. There are dead Armenians to bear testimony to the value of Turkish promises. They were promised protection and religious freedom in solemn treaties. There is the spirit of Brogadino to tell us how Turkish faith is

kept. He capitulated on promise of life and liberty, and was flayed alive as his reward.

And then, even were it so minded, the Turkish government cannot reform; for the Koran, with its imperative command for the extirpation of the infidel, is the very foundation of government. Those in authority can no more offer the needed resistance to the forces of religious frenzy and fanaticism that ever threaten destruction, than a child can stem the wild rush of a mountain torrent. In all the land there can be found no vital regenerating force—no men of stout heart and strong hand; no sturdy stock to bear aloft the banners of a righteous revolution; nothing but decay and death. For Christian nations to continue this government under the shameless excuse of reform, is a foul blot upon the honor of our civilization, a living reproach to our common humanity, a blasphemous insult to eternal justice.

Lord Salisbury tells us "the great powers have resolved that, for the peace of Christendom, the Ottoman Empire must stand"; which means that Turkish trade is profitable, that Turkish bonds are held by Europe and that the removal of the Turk might endanger the integrity of British dominion. As if there were no greater things than gold and territorial domain; as if it were not infinitely better for a nation to die fighting on its last foot of soil than to live supporting such corruption! This, however, is not a question of national politics; it is wide as mankind and deep as human nature. Only in those lands where man is free and woman honored, is it of the most vital import; and upon the giants among the nations the responsibility that comes with power places its heaviest burden. Timid statesmanship prates of impossibility, but it is just as possible for the powers to abolish Turkish rule as to sustain it. Its continuance on such excuses

brands our boasted civilization as a mockery and a lie. And it were well to remember that the gleaming sword of eternal justice has traced across the centuries in letters of fire the warning that lies cannot endure.

It is time for action, be the consequences what they may. In the hour of dire necessity, when right is plain, men must not talk of results; they must *do*. Have selfish greed and slavish fear so gripped the hearts of men in this commercial age that none dare stand for right and freedom's sake? Is there no chivalry of nations to impel the strong, like knights of old, to lay lance in rest in common cause and go forth to the succor of the weak? What though the removal of the Turk does mean for some nations the loss of wealth and territory? Blood is worth more than land, and manhood is not bought with gold. What though it mean the horrors of war? There are even worse things than this; for after war comes rest and growth, but after dishonorable peace comes moral decay and death. What though jealousy and greed obstruct? The bond of a common humanity will bridge the chasm of international jealousy; and the sense of international duty, once aroused, will throttle all base desires for commercial gain and territorial acquisition. What though difficulties like mountains grow to meet the sky? Do men forget that Omnipotence has never left the right unaided; and that, while the thunderbolts of God's wrath have been slow to heat, yet have they ever fallen as a consuming fire upon those civilizations that suffered the downtrodden to cry unheard?

These warnings of the past must be heeded. They tell us that, at any cost, the Turk must go. From the tombs of all the heroes who have lived and fought and died for humanity, there come a myriad voices bidding men be worthy of their heritage. By all the achievements of the past, they call upon

men to unite with desperate determination in another crusade —a crusade to rid the earth of this tyrant power, which stands condemned as the destroyer of civilization, the obstructor of progress and the oppressor of weakness; a crusade to lift the pall of death that so long has rested upon this earthly paradise, and to the saddest, the neediest and the most despairing of earth's peoples, to bring the day of peace, of plenty, and of liberty.

CASTELAR

Bayard H. Ames

First Honor oration in 1897. The League contest occurred at the University of Michigan, Mr. Ames representing that institution.

I am to speak to you of a man who has wrested popular rights from tyrants, and, under the scepter of absolute monarchy, has made Republicanism dominant; a foreigner, by birth, by race, and by allegiance, but an Anglo-Saxon and an American in his passionate devotion to popular rights—Emilio Castelar. Castelar has lived in one of the most troublous periods in the history of Spain. Since 1808 his country has experienced nearly every form of government known to man; absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy, elective monarchy, republicanism, regency, civil dictatorship, and military dictatorship. The royalty of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain have worn the crown. Conspiracy, insurrection, rebellion, not lawful methods, have been roads to power. The bayonet has displaced the ballot; the army has superseded the Cortes. At every political crisis has been heard the inquiry, "Which party has the cannon?"

The earlier of these disturbances, however violent, have been but the ravings of a troubled dreamer, sleeping in the darkness of mediæval night. Drugged by ignorance and superstition, enervated by clerical and royal leeches, Spain has slumbered in apathy. But within the last quarter of a century, at the call of Castelar, she has risen from her couch, and, shielding her eyes from the dazzling light of progress, comes halting and stumbling along the track of modern civilization.

The story of Castelar's life is the history of the growth of popular liberties in Spain. In 1854 the indignation of the Spanish people, long accumulating under the careless injustice of Isabella and her licentious court, burst forth. Madrid was the hotbed of insurrection, the theater of resistance. Suspicion spread its contagion far and wide. Through the streets charged riotous mobs.

On the night of September twenty-second, a public meeting of electors was held in the Oriental Theater. Demagogic leaders poured out invectives against the existing government, and lashed the discontent of the people into a frenzy of rage, but presented no designs for organized, lawful efforts at amelioration. Wearied of words, the excited populace began to move out of the hall to possible deeds of slaughter and rapine, when a university student, in whose dark eyes burned the enkindling fire of enthusiasm, pushed his way through the crowd and mounted the platform. The audience turned from him in disgust, but the stripling began with the voice of a master. A student of history, a political genius, his opinions were formed, his plans ready, his sentences incisive. Order, not anarchy, evolution not revolution, was the burden of his message. The audience paused, wavered, turned back to their seats, and surrendered themselves to the charm of his voice and manner. Every face reflected the sentiment of the speaker, and death-like silence alternated with deafening applause. On the morrow his speech was read in every hamlet of Spain. In one brief night he had leaped to fame. He was no longer Castelar, the unknown, the student, the recluse, but Castelar, the leader, the statesman, "the glory of the Castilian rostrum."

At this time began his career as a political reformer. Called in 1857 to serve his *Alma Mater* in the chair of Philosophy and

Literature, he soon afterwards founded a republican newspaper, "La Democracía." From platform and classroom and press, his voice rang out not only to ignorant, priest-ridden, royalty-cursed Spain, but to "debt-oppressed, conscience-enslaved, class-dominated Europe," calling for republicanism and the overthrow of monarchy, for abolition of slavery, for freedom of speech and of the press, for untrammeled schools, for liberty and equality in religion, for the separation of church and state. Before its awful thunder prince and grandee quailed; priest and pontiff stood mute. It pierced the licentious frivolity of the court, and stung the conscience of Isabella, seared and blackened with lust. But he paid for his aggression. Courtier and queen struck back, and Castelar was no longer the honored professor of Madrid.

His humiliation did not decrease his effort nor dampen his enthusiasm. Rostrum and press were still the engines of his genius. The leaven he scattered did its work. In '66 the soldiery of Madrid raised the standard of insurrection. Charged with complicity, Castelar fled to France, and for two years traveled over England and the continent, while the newspapers and magazines glowed with the heat of his philippics. Down from the Pyrenees rolled the molten torrent of his rhetoric, consuming the fabric of sophistry and hypocrisy woven by his opponents, and purging the mind of the Spanish people of the superstitious and hereditary reverence for pontiff and king. By the rebellion of '66, Isabella became the exile; Castelar, the conqueror. Banishment had been his apotheosis. His return was a triumph. He lacked only captives to equal Roman pomp. Spoils he had in the fruits of his agitation, and among his firm supporters he had the whole of Republican Spain.

Entering the Cortes of the Provisional Government, he exerted all the forces of his heart and brain to amalgamate the scattered factions of the Republican Party against the Monarchists. In part he succeeded. Republican feeling ran high; the "Viva la República" of his followers met and rolled back the "Viva la Monarquía" of his opponents. But conservative Spain was not yet ready for democracy. Castelar's eloquence might charm and thrill, but it could not convince the deputies of the practicability of a federal Republic. Under the proud title of Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, a son of Victor Emanuel ascended the throne, only, after two years of confusion, misfortune, and anarchy, to abdicate and leave Spain, known to the scornful hate of a recalcitrant people as "King Macaroni I."

Castelar's opportunity had now come. Constitutional monarchy, even under a mild and beneficent ruler, had failed to restore harmony and peace. Party strife had been increased. Family hates had been deepened. The national pride had been outraged by foreign insolence, and anarchy had reared its horrid front. "The great problem," said Castelar, "is to ally order with liberty." The result was the Spanish Republic of his dreams. Its birth was heralded by no clash of arms. It was the offspring of circumstances, the protégé of peace.

Tranquil as has been its beginning, the course of the Republic is not to be smooth. Unforeseen difficulties arise. Hungry pensioners, snarling with disappointment, leap at the throat of the government. To the masses, the Republic does not bring the expected Utopia. Figueras, the first president, remains in office four months, then leaves his country an exile; Margall and Salmeron resign after short tenures. National affairs are merging into chaos. The Republic is approaching dissolution. A leader is called for who can sway

the minds of men. The mantle of dictatorship falls upon the shoulders of Castelar. Great are the difficulties that confront him,—Priest and Carlist, Monarchist and Federalist, a serried array of opposition; the colonies writhing in revolt; a depleted treasury; jealousies and hates cleaving his own party into factions; the army, the instigator of sedition rather than the guardian of order; a people so unschooled in popular government that they think of the suffrage as a decoration to be distributed by the government at the bullfights! No human power could have saved that Republic! But Castelar's struggle in the face of adverse fate was heroic. Against the lowering gloom of disaster the star of his genius gleamed even more resplendent, and when the Republic tottered to ruin before Pavia's guns, the sympathy and admiration of the world were with Castelar.

Declining to coöperate with demagogues, he departed, a voluntary exile, to France. The Republic was crushed. Constitutional monarchy succeeded. A scion of the degenerate Isabella mounted the throne. What must have been the grief of the illustrious exile to view the ruin of his hopes? Alas, for his eloquence! How often had Spain trembled with its electric thrill! Yet, like the spirit in her ruddy wines, like the light in her maidens' eyes, it could only arouse and excite; it could not restrain and control!

Were his labors vain? Was it vain to inject into the withered body of Spanish civilization, deformed by superstition, benumbed by bigotry, dwarfed by ignorance, the quickening spirit of progress and reform? Was it vain, when anarchy had supplanted order,—and license, moderation,—to accomplish revolution without blood? Was it vain, in the face of bitterest opposition, with feeblest resources, with uncertain support, to preserve the freedom, the honor of his

country, to leave it a Republic in essence, if not in name? The sympathy and admiration of every liberty-loving people on earth answers, "No!"

What Castelar has done, no other man in Spain could do. Why? Because a great man, the peer of statesmen, he is also the greatest orator of his age. His mental endowment and his physical conformation accord with the ideal equipment for eloquence. Of medium height and robust figure, his naturally erect carriage emphasizes the manly curve of his chest. A neck of taurine proportions, jaws square cut, great, dark eyes glowing with earnestness, the dome-like forehead of Shakespeare—this is Castelar. His voice ranges from the softest whisper to the fiercest thunder of rage. Clear, resonant, melodious, thrilling—it sweeps the gamut of human passion and draws within its thrall even those unacquainted with the Castilian tongue. His speech is sonorous and poetic, instinct with fervor and rhythm, majestic as Homer, musical as the splashing murmur of his native streams. To him every age yields its secret. Before the eyes of his auditors, Rome and Egypt, Palmyra and Carthage, live again. The policies and diplomacies, the histories and literatures of every European state, fused by the magic of his genius, are poured forth with inimitable fluency, in colors of fiery brilliancy, with an appalling outburst of passion.

Combining such gifts of eloquence with preëminence in statesmanship, Castelar's genius is written in the glory of Spain *re*formed, *re*ënfranchised, *re*vivified. 1808 saw a Bourbon and a Bonaparte wrangling over the Spanish throne; saw a divided people sunk in ignorance and superstition; saw Spain at the feet of France. 1888 saw the nine ministers, the president of Congress, every prominent man in the ascendant party and many in the opposition, sons of the people, and

indebted for their eminence, not to royal favor, not to patrician birth, but to brilliant abilities, to democratic ideas of government, to a representative constitution. 1808 saw Spain in penury; 1888 saw her in prosperity. 1808 saw her barbarously fanatic; 1888 saw her liberally civilized. 1808 saw her enslaved; 1888 saw her free.

England boasts her Gladstone, but the great statesman could not wrest Irish autonomy from Britain's Parliament, the modern home of Civil Rights! Castelar planted the seeds of liberty in the heart of despotism and nursed them to successful fruition. France boasts her Gambetta, Germany her Bismarck, but Gambetta wreathed his country in mourning, and Bismarck bathed all Europe in blood. Castelar has given to the world the noble example of revolution free from the carnage of war.

A poet, every speech is an ode. A scholar, he is a marvel of versatility. An orator, he is the Demosthenes of the present age. A statesman, he has restored Spain to her ancient place among the nations, and made her a Republic in form. A patriot, he has dedicated his talents and his life to his country. A hero, he has survived and surmounted crushing defeat. A man, he wears no mark of avarice, no brand of crime, no stain of infamy, no stigma of sordid ambition. Rising far above the level of prejudice, of self-interest, of deception, he towers into the altitude of liberality, of philanthropy, and uncompromising truth. Sincerity, earnestness, manliness, courage—these are the foundations of his character. And when future ages shall gaze down the galleries of time, and pause before the statues of the illustrious dead, standing in the van of the nineteenth century, and holding in one hand the torch of liberty, in the other the olive of peace, will they see the colossal figure—Castelar.

THE AMERICAN JINGO

Robert Wild

Second Honor oration in 1897, Mr. Wild representing the University of Wisconsin.

America is lavishly endowed. Nature, with loving hand, has given her an immense area, with valleys and plains teeming with fertility, and mountains that are mighty repositories of inexhaustible mineral wealth. This vast central tract, stretching across a continent, furrowed by mighty rivers, and dotted with inland seas, is a domain more magnificent than has ever cradled any other race. More than this, Nature has severed this New World from the Old by the ocean of Atlas, and so America, in her isolation, is made mistress of her own fortunes, sovereign of herself.

Look at the powers of the Old World. Each of them is uneasily watching every other. Conflicting interests and ambitions cause new and ever increasing anxieties. Armed to the teeth, they pile expense upon expense and tax upon tax, to multiply their instruments of destruction. And yet, in spite of their bristling armaments, their sleep is ever troubled by dreams of interests threatened, of hostile combinations formed, of peace broken, and of Titanic struggles resulting in ravage and ruin.

And then, O Americans, look at this Republic! Stronger than any nation in Europe in the number, intelligence, vigor, and patriotism of its people, substantially unassailable in its great continental stronghold, with no dangerous neighbors to threaten its borders, with no outlying and exposed posses-

sions to make it anxious, it is the only great power in the world that has no need of vast armaments on land or sea to maintain its peace or protect its integrity. America is the arbiter of her own destinies, and all her political traditions point to a policy of peace and good will among men.

Upon a natural reason, then, has been reared the structure of our foreign policy. "Peace, commerce, honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none,"—these were the words of Jefferson, and the messages of every succeeding president have echoed his sentiment. It has shaped all of our relations, all of our intercourse with the outside world. Conceived in the golden age of American patriotism, when there were but thirteen states in the Union and a national domain of only 800,000 square miles, this sentiment has been operative throughout our amazing increase in wealth, our vast growth in population, our mighty enlargement of territory, and all the revolutions of our society.

But now, alas, after a century of its successful operation, it has become fashionable for the Press and for Congress alike, to question this great system of nonintervention, and to counsel the abandonment of this established principle of independence by the adoption of a so-called "vigorous" foreign policy—a policy, not of conciliation and peace, but of arbitrary interference and arbitrary aggression. This new policy is advocated even on the floor of the national Congress. Popular passions are stirred by appeals to public prejudice, while any incipient war sentiment is fanned almost into flame. In a time of unparalleled governmental crisis, of unsettled business, of chronic trade depression, the nation's Congress, indefinitely postponing the necessary legislation, has wasted the precious hours in the abuse of foreign governments and in lurid war declamation. This it supplemented by frantic en-

deavors to pass enormous appropriation bills for the construction of additional ironclads, for the construction of a vast and elaborate system of coast fortification; forgetting all the while that our strongest, most effective, most trustworthy, and infinitely cheapest coast defense consists in justice, common sense, self-respect, and in that universal good will embodied in our recent Anglo-American treaty of arbitration.

The American Jingo is a survival, an anomaly in the Christian civilization of the twentieth century. War intoxicated, bristling with antagonism, animated with the spirit of barbarism, he is blind and passionate and prejudiced. Looking backward, not forward, his ideals are mediæval, not modern. Meddlesome and aggressive, covetous and unscrupulous, his spirit is that of conquest, his reason is force. Envious and suspicious of other nations, he cherishes all the animosities of the past. The change of generation, the flight of time, the mutations of circumstance, do not lessen his hatred. The England of to-day is to him the England of George III. He sees in her a traditional enemy, an hereditary foe. She hovers over Hawaii in the middle of the Pacific, and looks down with greedy eyes upon Cuba, as points of vantage from which to wage war upon the United States. Thus, mistaking bigotry for love of liberty, insolence for diplomacy, partisanship for patriotism, with his motto, "My country by whatever means extended and bounded, my country right or wrong," the Jingo advocates indefinite territorial expansion, stands for the "Faustrecht" of the past, typifies the love and lust of war; and in his feverish Anglophobia would make every schoolboy a cadet, every citizen a soldier, every ship a man-of-war, every seaport a Gibraltar. Flouting the lessons of history, ignoring the laws of nature, he would regulate the Western Hemisphere, and incidentally the world.

Why this nativism? Why this fanatic hostility, especially against England? England, our traditional enemy, our hereditary foe? And do we not both belong to the same race, the race that has extorted from kings the Magna Charta of its political rights, and has won from the powers of nature the "unlimited franchise of beneficent material progress"? And did not our Republic spring from the sturdy defense of English liberty, in English colonies, by men of English blood, whose descendants still proudly speak the English language, cling to English common law, use the English jury system, cherish English traditions, and glory in English achievement? Despite all estrangement and all hostility, despite the alienation of the Revolution, despite the misunderstanding and jealousy of the second war, England is still the mother country of this our independent Republic, the mother of our law and liberty. Shall not the countryman of Washington look with pride and enthusiasm at the land of Cromwell, and Milton, and Shakespeare; and shall not the fellow-citizen of the great Emancipator turn with sympathy and admiration to that land whose soil, long before our own, "was too sacred for the footsteps of a slave"? She is not like Rome, the Niobe of nations, but the mother of the greatest political descendants known to history. England, the founder of commonwealths, the pioneer of progress, the stubborn defender of liberty, this is written "all over the globe, to the utmost isles of the sea, and upon every page of civil and religious and commercial freedom." Ah, we may flout her a hundred times; we may antagonize her principles; we may regard her system unsound, her policy unwise; but we must remember the debt we owe her, must remember that though classical antiquity has contributed her priceless heritage, though Hellas gave us her art and Rome her law, yet in the kindred blood that she has given us, the

blood that "beats within our hearts and throbs along our veins," 'twas England, England that gave us liberty.

And yet we are no blind admirers of the "imperial system" and the "great empire" created by the vigorous foreign policy of Palmerston and Beaconsfield and Salisbury. We rather point for instructive warning to England's Jingo policy. It was through Jingo instigation that Great Britain was dragged into that awful Crimean war, a war that cost her five hundred million pounds, doubled the armies of Europe and yet effected nothing. You remember how thousands upon thousands of England's bravest soldiers laid themselves down and died in the swamps of the Danube, by the icy waters of the Euxine, in the wild defiles of the Balkans, at the Alma, at Inkerman, at Balaklava, and before the dull red mounds of Sebastopol. The world will never forget the brutality, the savagery of that war: Russians in their frenzy shooting Englishmen who would have offered them water to quench their agonizing thirst; Englishmen in crowds rifling the pockets of the men that they had slain, finding often among the plunder of those stiffening corpses images of the Virgin and the Child. Human nature revolts at the horrors of a Crimea, revolts at the enormities of a Sepoy rebellion; and yet all this was what a Christian government, through Jingo influence and Jingo instigation, recklessly carried on, and what her Jingoes thought it patriotic to applaud.

England's intervention in European wars was as calamitous as it was unnecessary. She has incurred a debt of a thousand million pounds, and dominion has sapped her strength by destroying her insular security. Had England a hundred years ago adopted the principle of nonintervention, except where her interests were directly and obviously assailed, she would have been saved from much of the pauperism and

crime by which her government and people have been alike disgraced. That island home might have been a garden, every dwelling might have been of marble, every person who treads its soil might have been educated. England might, indeed, have had less of military glory; she might have had neither Trafalgar nor Waterloo; but she would have set the high example of a Christian nation, free in its institutions, courteous and just in its conduct towards all foreign states, and resting its policy on the unchangeable foundation of Christian morality.

And do we not also, O Americans, belong to a great Christian nation? Do we not profess that we draw our rule of doctrine and of practice as from a well, pure and undefiled, from the divine oracles of God, from the direct revelations of the Omnipotent? We are engaged in the magnificent project of illumining the whole earth, even to the remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the New Testament, on whose every page are written forever the words of peace. Within the limits of this land, on every Sabbath, 50,000, yea, far more than 50,000, temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace." Is this a reality? Or is our Christianity a romance, our profession, a lie? It cannot be. Let us hope that we shall see, at no distant time, savagery no longer lingering in the midst of civilization, and sound moral principles spreading more widely among our people, so that awaking, as it were, from our slumbers, and girding up our loins to more glorious work, we shall labor earnestly for the fulfillment of the prophecy that there shall come a time, a blessed time, that shall last forever, when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

What of the world's to-morrow? The power of prophecy dwells no more with men; yet the straining eye ever strives to pierce the secrets of the future. Look forward and see. There, suffused in the softened streams of the dying day, as mellow as the morning light of peace, resting upon a green-sward, its wheels half sunken in the earth, lies a cannon. Its threatening mouth is choked with roses; over its cumbrous form a trailing vine clambers and creeps, chaining it to earth as if 'twould bind it down forever. What does it symbolize? It symbolizes banished earth's great armaments, a vine at every door, roses on childhood's cheeks, a song on woman's lips, no heart without its home, no soul without its hope.

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace.'

"Peace; and no more from its brazen portals,
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies;
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

JOHN BROWN

Charles C. Simons

First Honor oration in 1898. The League contest occurred at Northwestern University; Mr. Simons was the representative of the University of Michigan.

Ideas are not temporal, they are eternal. They move onward through the ages shaping the destiny of worlds. Towering shafts and sculptured granite mark their course; the cross, the stake, and the gibbet are milestones in their progress. No Prophet of Nazareth now treads the shores of Galilee, the world no longer trembles at a Pope's decrees, and the clanking of the bondman's chains is heard no more: but the message of the cross dwells in the hearts of millions; a grateful world has sanctified the martyrs who, at the stake, delivered it from the bondage of fanaticism; and, in the age to come, the children of a liberated race will turn their gaze backward toward that gibbet which preaches to the world the brotherhood of man.

Every great movement has been consecrated by the blood of symbolic martyrs. So, in an age when men had willfully shut their eyes to right and their ears to the reproving voice of conscience, then, breathing forth the spirit of Puritanism, exalting Justice above Law and Humanity above Patriotism, came a simple, brave old man, to throw himself against a continent for the sake of a principle and sanctify a gibbet by a death that was sublime. Who was this man who, in opposition to a nation, dared to be right? What was his life work? And what his message?

It was at the dawn of a new century, that in the little village of Torrington, Connecticut, John Brown was born. A descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers and the grandson of a Puritan patriot who gave up his life in the Revolution for the cause of liberty, John Brown was by heritage destined to be a champion of freedom. His boyhood was passed in the backwoods of Ohio, where he became inured to the hardships of a pioneer life. He was of a naturally loving and sensitive disposition, and his mind early revolted at the thought of cruelty and suffering. When he was twelve years old, he saw a negro boy who had been kind to him, brutally whipped. All the compassion and resentment in his generous nature was aroused and, actuated by his sympathy for the negro, he swore, "eternal war with slavery," a vow which was to determine the course of a life and the fulfillment of a destiny. Youth ripened into manhood. Compelled to give up studying for the ministry, Brown engaged in various occupations. But through all the vicissitudes of a restless career, one idea, one motive, one purpose, kept growing within him. Slavery was wrong—slavery must perish. It was opposed to his religion, his ancestral traditions, his worship for the Revolutionary heroes, his reverence for justice, and his love for his fellow-man. He felt that to oppose slavery was right, and for the right he stood ready to sacrifice his own life and the lives of those dear to him. Destiny had chosen him as a warrior for freedom. The conflict was inevitable. The sooner it came, the less disastrous its results and the more glorious its end.

Such was John Brown, when, in 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law. The struggle had begun. All eyes were turned toward Kansas. The South was determined to win the state for slavery. Slavery was the basic rock of its pros-

perity. Freedom was fanaticism. Armed bands from Missouri marched into Kansas, the polls were seized, a proslavery legislature elected, and the infamous Missouri statutes adopted. Free speech was made a crime. To assist a slave to escape meant death. Innumerable depredations were made under the guise of law. Men were brutally murdered. Towns were sacked. Whole families were driven from their homes, and soon throughout the North rang the startled cries of "bleeding Kansas."

Those were the conditions when John Brown appeared upon the scene. The free state men had found a leader, and the border ruffians were soon to learn that freedom had both heart and hand. The sun, rising over the banks of the Pottawatomie, revealed the dead bodies of five notorious border leaders. The proslavery ruffians were terrified and the whole state filled with horror. The deed was attributed to John Brown. Men whispered then that the act was murder, but posterity must judge differently. Consider that a state of actual warfare existed, that armed bands acting under authority from a usurping legislature had committed the most atrocious brutalities, and that the petitions of Kansas to the President and Congress had been slighted. Consider that these men had sworn to exterminate Brown and his sons, that justice was unheard of, and that the law afforded no protection. Consider, finally, that the act was necessary; that to secure to hundreds of free state settlers the safety of their lives and property, the border ruffians must be checked and taught to fear with their own weapons. Consider, and then judge whether this act of self-defense and vindication was murder. William Tell, killing Gessler to protect his family, is a national hero. Oliver Cromwell, beheading a tyrant king to preserve the liberties of a people, receives the plaudits

of posterity; and shall we deny a just verdict to the brave man who dared strike to defend himself and his sons, to save Kansas, and to deal the first blow for the liberty of a fettered race?

That the act was necessary was shown by its results. The border ruffians were taught that outrage has its limits. Depredations ceased. Kansas became a fit habitation for freemen. Under the leadership of Brown, the proslavery men were defeated at Black Jack and Ossawatomie. Settlers flocked in from the North. The state was saved to freedom. The northward march of the slave power was checked, and the first blow struck for the liberty of a downtrodden people.

But John Brown's work was not yet ended. Slavery remained. It was stretching its monstrous arms outward. It was reaching toward Cuba. Mexico was to come into its awful embrace. It sat enthroned at the capital, and from the bench of the Supreme Court, instituted to maintain justice and promote liberty, had gone forth the infamous decree, denying to four million Americans the rights of men. The slave trade had been revived, and from the dismal hold of the slave ship went up the cries of wretched creatures, torn from their native soil and doomed to servitude in a foreign land.

But slavery had reached its zenith. Its triumphant advance was to be checked; the vow made in youth to be fulfilled. With the grim determination of a man of destiny and with a purpose hardened by a lifetime of unflinching devotion to a great motive, John Brown steals forth, in the dead of night, hurls himself against slavery, against government, against law, and strikes the blow which is to mold the future of the nation and "shape the history of the world."

The news of Harper's Ferry flashes out upon the startled

South. Virginia hurries her troops to the scene of action. The little band is shot down. John Brown, wounded and bleeding, is captured. Trembling for her safety, Virginia hurries the old man to his doom. Witness what monsters slavery can make of brave men. Dazed and weak from his scarcely healed wounds, the old hero is carried to the court room. There, lying on a pallet, unable to conduct his defense, he is tried, convicted, and sentenced. This, not under the shadows of a despotic throne, but in the Commonwealth of Virginia! Listen to the simple eloquence of the old man as he lies prostrate before the court, that eloquence which, showing to the world the motives for the deed, was to justify the doer. "I believe that to have interfered as I have done in behalf of God's despised poor was not wrong, but right. And now if it is necessary for me to mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, I submit."

Virginia, trembling with Jefferson at the thought of God's justice, surrounds the scaffold with her martial array. Upon that scaffold, stands John Brown, calm and erect. He has opposed the enactments of the State and must suffer death; but he has obeyed a higher law and his conscience is clear as that of a child. His plans have failed, but he knows what his death means to the cause of fettered millions, and is content. Virginia gives the signal, and the man who at Harper's Ferry was a madman, fanatic, traitor, becomes a martyred saint, consecrating a glorious cause.

Such is the story of John Brown's Raid and the vengeance which Virginia wreaked on him who had threatened her institutions. What was the message which this man gave to the world from Harper's Ferry and the scaffold? He taught the South that a new era had begun, that not by persuasion,

threat, or rant, but by force was slavery to be exterminated. He showed to the North the weakness of slavery. An old man had thrown himself against it, and the whole structure had trembled to its base. He tore aside the deluding veil of compromise and revealed the spreading ulcer which was destroying the Union. He made the whole North blush and hide its head for shame at the picture of an old, gray-headed man, yielding his life without a murmur for the uplifting of a downtrodden race. He taught the world that man is the equal of his fellow-man. He fanned the latent fires of conscience, smoldering in a million breasts, and they were soon to burst into a mighty conflagration. Slavery would be consumed. The Nation would be purged. The states would be welded together in the white heat of civil war. Then should Freedom be more than a name, and Union no longer a mockery.

To the mournful music of tolling bells the body of John Brown was conveyed to its resting place in the heart of the Adirondacks. Wendell Phillips pronounced the funeral oration. Whittier sang his praises. Emerson and Thoreau exalted his motives, and all men, North and South, bore witness to the firmness of his purpose and the simple nobility of his character.

The South had slain the man, but the spirit which animated him was beyond the reach of earthly power. The body of John Brown lay moldering in its mountain grave and mingling its dust with that of the eternal hills, but his spirit went marching on. It swept from ocean to ocean. It mingled its breath with the whispers of every breeze, with the surge of the Atlantic as is beat against Plymouth Rock, and with the mountain echoes as they reverberated through a thousand caverns. It joined its voice to the sound of the woodman's

ax, to the clang of anvils in the armories, and to the ring of hammers in the gun shops. It recruited armies. It blazed from the hot throats of the Union cannon. It stormed Vicksburg, it hovered over the field of Gettysburg, it swept up Lookout Mountain and over Missionary Ridge, and went with Sherman to the sea, and when at Appomattox it had fulfilled its mission and taken its flight heavenward, the lowering clouds of slavery and oppression parted, and forth, in radiant glory, burst the clear sun of *emancipation.*

ANTONIO MACEO

George T. Nesmith

Second Honor oration in 1898, the author representing Northwestern University.

I wish to tell you the story of a man who rose from an obscure position to become the leader of armies, the terror of tyrants, the liberator of the oppressed; a man with the blood of a slave, the brain of a genius, the heart of a martyr—Antonio Maceo.

In the fall of 1868, Cuba, weary of the tyranny of Spain, revolted. In the province of Matanzas, a youth was impatiently driving his father's mules over a lonely mountain road. An intense longing to join the insurgents possessed him. His hands clenched when he saw the slaves working by the roadside. The red tinged his swarthy cheek when he beheld the degradation of his native land. In his veins flowed the mingled blood of black and white. Two races called upon him for vengeance. He had pleaded passionately with his father, but Marcus Maceo, though secretly sympathizing with the insurgents, decided to maintain strict neutrality. But one night, when the father and his elder sons returned from a distant village, they found their home a mass of blackened ruins, the mother tied to a tree and moaning with pain, the six boys lying on the ground, bleeding and senseless, the two girls half dead from agony and shame. The Cuban moon never looked down upon a sadder scene. Amid the ruins of this outraged home, the father gathered his nine sons, and made them solemnly swear that so long as a drop of blood

remained in their veins they would not rest until Cuba was free and the last Spaniard was driven from the land.

Having placed his wife and daughters in the care of friends, the father and his sons attached themselves to a squad of guerrillas commanded by General Gomez. Longingly they waited for the day of revenge. At last it came. Word was received that a troop of Spanish cavalry was entering the valley, and the insurgents, eager for battle, galloped out of their retreat. In the rear rode the Maceos. Impatiently they kept in line until the command came to charge, and then, forgetting all discipline, they rushed to the front. Far ahead rode the father, his long black hair streaming in the wind, his eyes burning with vengeful fire. The Spaniards, bewildered and terrified, tried to escape; but above them, around them, upon them, rushed this Cuban whirlwind. Seizing the dismayed troopers caught in its resistless grasp, it tore them and twisted them, heaped them in quivering masses, then scattered them in terrible fury. In the clouds of dust gleamed flashes of steel. Above the shrill neigh of riderless horses rose the victor's cry, "Cuba libre!", while far over all shone the triumphant star of the insurgents. But when the Maceos went back to camp that evening, their father was not with them. He was dead.

The whirlwind recklessness of this charge characterized every battle in which a Maceo fought. There could be but one result. Brother after brother fell, until Antonio was left alone, and yet no Maceo fought more daringly than he to fulfill his solemn vow. From an awkward private he rose to become the most brilliant figure in the campaign. In him was concentrated the spirit of his father and of his eight brothers. No work tired him. No danger daunted him. No bullet harmed him. By his magic power defeat became vic-

tory. The Spaniards began to dread the sound of his name. The galloping of his horse's hoofs disturbed their dreams at night. His presence routed them by day. The best generals, the bravest soldiers, were sent against him, but all in vain. At Ramos he cut to pieces the forces of the renowned Campos. At Guaimaro the boastful Weyler fled before him, leaving his soldiers to be slaughtered like sheep. At Santa Maria de Halguin he charged and dismayed Spain's veteran battalion before it could fire a shot.

So marvelous was his success that Spain, panic-stricken, sued for peace, and Cuba determined to give her mother country a final trial. This compromise grieved Maceo, who was fighting, not for autonomy, but for liberty. To him this was only a lull in the conflict, for he knew the perfidy of Spain. Already he saw on the horizon the shadowy outlines of another war—a war the battle cry of which would be "Liberty or Death." The sixteen years that intervened he spent in planning for the struggle. Having read all the books upon war that he could procure in Jamaica, he set sail for New York, and secured a place as hostler at West Point. The cadets never dreamed that the dark-skinned laborer, who watched them drill so eagerly and read their text-books so studiously, was the hero of the Cuban Rebellion. Several months later he returned to the Antilles to mature his plans for the revolution. Costa Rica, Hayti, and Central America, listened to his passionate pleadings for aid. Juntas were organized in the cities of the United States, and correspondence was opened with the leading Cuban patriots.

Spain, relieved of her anxiety, soon forgot her promises of reform. Cuba, broken-hearted, desperate, girded herself for the final struggle—independence or annihilation. The time had come to strike, and with a spark of his own magnetism

Maceo exploded the mine that again shook Spain upon her tottering foundation. Ten years of experience had made him a conqueror. Sixteen years' study of the art of war now made him invincible. Heralded by crackling flames, he swept across the island, writing the doom of Castile in letters of blood and fire. Spain stood aghast. In the lurid conflagration she saw her own funeral pyre. Against the lowering gloom of disaster she saw with deeper hatred the heroic figure of the avenger, Maceo. Seven times she announced his death to calm her panic-stricken soldiers; seven times he proved it false by some bloody defeat for Spanish arms. But, fair or foul, Maceo must die. A price was set upon his head. And, finally, to Spain's everlasting dishonor, the brave general was lured within the enemy's lines by a flag of truce, and shot in the back by a troop in ambush; his naked body was tied to the tail of a horse, dragged for several miles, until it was mutilated beyond recognition, and then abandoned to the vultures and the wolves.

In Spain the news of Maceo's death was received with joy. A holiday was proclaimed, and bullfights were given in honor of the event. The queen summoned the wife of Maceo's slayer and kissed her in the presence of the court. In America the nation had not been so stirred since the assassination of Garfield. Sympathy for Cuba, indignation for Spain, filled the hearts of the people. Volunteers came from every quarter to join the insurgents. Clergymen put aside their rituals and prayed for Cuba. Old soldiers cursed their crutches and wished that they were young again. White-haired senators forgot their conservatism and pleaded for intervention. Thousands marched through the streets of New York crying, "Maceo shall be avenged!" In Cuba army and people were, for a moment, prostrated with grief,

but the reaction was immediate. Spain thought that the death of Maceo was the death of the revolution, but Spain mistook—it was the life. The body had perished, but the spirit could never die. It penetrated every Cuban breast. Maceo's name became the battle cry of the army. Maceo's vow became the vow of the soldier. Maceo's policy became the policy of the trocha. And, to-day, after an interval of more than a year, Cuba is animated by this same high resolve. The man who dares mention autonomy dies with the words on his lips. And America and all Europe know that Spain has lost forever the Pearl of the Antilles.

Cuba has other heroes, it is true, but it was the personality of Maceo that inspired the rebellion. He had the sagacity of Masso, the generalship of Gomez, the fearlessness of Garcia. And, far above all, he had the qualities of leadership; for in form he was tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with a bulldog jaw, and eyes that flashed fire. Added to this was a personality that drew all men to him, that made them willing to bear any privation, to endure any suffering, to march into the jaws of death, unflinching. Fertile in expedient, he taxed Spain's resources to the utmost. Brave to prodigality, his very recklessness won many a wavering victory. Unselfish to martyrdom, he accomplished in death what he could not in life. Simple, erect, fearless, steadfast, sublime—this was Maceo.

America boasts of the fathers of the Revolution, but she is also proud of the child of the Revolution. For America recognizes that, whether she will or not, Cuba's history is her history; that the Cuban war is not an insurrection, but a revolution; that Maceo is not a leader of guerrillas, but the father of his country. Never has love of liberty inspired greater heroism. Washington had three millions of Anglo-Saxon pioneers to whom he could appeal, the sturdiest blood of

Europe, men accustomed to English rights and men who were fighting for English rights. Maceo could rally around his standard only a few ragged men, whose weapon was the corn-knife, whose training was servitude. And yet, in the face of all this, Maceo dared to fight. The persuasion of Franklin brought France to our aid with money and ships. Cuba looked across the blue waves, expecting to see the outstretched hand of a friend, only to be disappointed. Then, without a friend, nerved by her desperate crisis, inspired by the fiery genius of Maceo, she still dared to fight. Spain, seeing that arms were of no avail, determined to annihilate the native population. Accordingly, half a million were driven from their homes and shut up in Spanish trochas to die. The oath of allegiance that would have given them life and liberty they spurned, and soon, where hundreds had been killed by the sword, hundreds of thousands were murdered by starvation. And yet, in the face of all this, Cuba not only dared to fight, but persisted. Then, the United States, placed in power over this Western Hemisphere, arose in her might, and, hurling back the Spanish bloodhound, Weyler, proclaimed to the world that Cuba should be free. And, to-day, she fears not, knowing that

> "The right is with us; God is with the right,
> And victory is with God."

The nineteenth century is near its end. There are some who say that it shall ever be known as the century of Napoleon, the conqueror. But one hundred years hence, when the refining fire of time shall have separated the gold from the dross, it shall be known as the century of Liberty—a century, whose dawn ushered in the black republic of San Domingo, whose noonday saw the emancipation of the Russian serf and

the American slave, whose eventide bathed in immortal glory the liberty-loving island of Cuba. And, in future ages, when the Recording Angel shall write in the eternal blue the heroes of the nineteenth century, she will put Gladstone for England, Lafayette for France, and Castelar for Spain; then, dipping her pen in golden light, she will write far above them all, beside the name of Abraham Lincoln, that of the soldier, the hero, the martyr—Antonio Maceo.

LINCOLN'S DEBATES WITH DOUGLAS

WILLARD L. LONG

FIRST HONOR oration in 1899. The League contest was held under the auspices of Oberlin College, and Mr. Long, the winner of the contest, was the representative of that college.

A nation has only a few events that are treasured as memories. Enduring interest attaches merely to the little list of deeds and scenes made luminous by heroism. The field glorious with the splendor of great achievement, the spot where wise words were spoken, the lives that left to the world their high ideals, and the martyrdom in whose torturing anguish those ideals were hallowed—these are what a people remember. Without the storied traditions of that April morning, Lexington is only a wayside village among the New England hills. Harper's Ferry possessed no interest four decades ago. But there a conscientious, brave, old man flings himself against a system, one vision-wrapt soul makes known its message, and the quiet little Virginia town is henceforth famous forever. Of events like these that are growing in prominence with the years, gathering about them the charm of a heroic personality and weaving their simple story into the history of the times, is that greatest forensic contest ever held in a western state, Lincoln's debates with Douglas.

What circumstances made these discussions memorable? In the summer when the debates occurred, slavery was the regnant power in the nation. Before that giant crime politicians and clergymen, ambition and reverence alike, bowed.

Presidents were the subjects of its authority; parties bent humbly before its will. Howling mobs, lashed to frenzy by its leaders, were ruling the halls of eastern cities and tormenting men for a humanity that sympathized with those in bonds. Eloquent reformers it was calling traitors; the real traitors it was calling statesmen. Whole sections, where lingered the glory of struggles for freedom, it was changing into hunting ground for slaves. On the plains of Kansas, its marauding bands were seizing the polls. Freedom of speech was becoming a crime. Towns and cities were being burned, and the sunny western prairies were reddened with the blood of murdered men. There, under the cloudless skies, immigrants were compelled to guard in terror the rights their fathers bought with the sword. The ruffian had become the arch hero, arson and pillage the laws of the land.

In the legislation dealing with these vexing conditions one senator stood conspicuous. This man, when the trying slavery problem seemed solved, had again opened the flood gates of discussion. With his Kansas-Nebraska Bill he had annulled a compact nearly as hallowed as the Constitution, and opened to bondage a district in the west as large as the first thirteen states. All the lawless turbulence of border warfare, the rifling of ballot boxes, the burning of cabins, the mad strife of interests and the clash of opinions, were but the natural workings of his doctrine of popular sovereignty. This statesman, caring not whether slavery was "voted up or down," ready to admit the cancerous system into the new territories, in 1858 was nominated in Illinois for reëlection to the national senate. Was there no one to oppose him? The time so chaotic, with its great truths demanding utterance, demanded a great truth-teller, and, while the call arose, blending the serenity of the South with the enlightened pa-

triotism of the North, appeared this strange debater. Himself a candidate for the envied office, he challenged his rival to seven discussions before the people on the questions of the hour. The challenge was accepted; the campaign opened. Slavery was the issue; the senatorship the prize.

Such was the mingling of circumstances that drew attention to this contest in the West. The momentous importance of the question discussed, the celebrity of Douglas, kindled an interest that seemed unbounded. Farmers took their families and drove to the towns the night before the discussions. Long cavalcades, with bands and flags, marched to the debates through clouds of dust and under the blazing sun. Banners and mottoes inspired the crowds,—"Abe the Giant-Killer," "Edgar County for the Tall Sucker." Everywhere the contest roused an interest that was intense. Intelligent voters saw in the discussions more than a campaign incident. There, under the elms in Illinois, ideas were met, rather than individuals. Slave labor and free labor, caste and equality, selfish ambitions and outraged justice,—these were the contestants. Civilizations were at war. No one could witness the struggle unconcerned.

To such a contest there seemingly could be but one outcome. Douglas apparently had every advantage. Winning in personality, chivalric in manners, resourceful and self-confident, he seemed to have a genius made to rule the jostling throngs. He had a voice that was imperial. In its rich orchestral tones oratory combined her music and her rugged strength, her virtues and her charms. His was a majestic presence. He was a man robust, broad-shouldered, with massive head and flashing eye, and he walked as if there flowed in his veins the blood of kings. Short, like Curran, he was yet a colossus like Webster, able to crush a disputant

with a single glance, the embodiment of power, before whose sovereign impressiveness

> "Confusion heard,
> And wild uproar stood ruled."

Never had he been beaten in debate. Artful and shrewd, he could entangle an opponent like Corwin or Choate. He was a master of sophistry. Points that he could not answer he could so becloud that it was nearly impossible to see the error. Wily in forensic maneuvering, in denunciation severe, gallant in attack, adroit in defense, he was the idol of his party and the most illustrious figure in the discussions of the day.

What wonder the friends of Douglas boasted that their "'Little Giant' would demolish 'Old Abe'!" Lincoln apparently had neither experience nor training nor genius nor the graces of speech to fit him for a tribune of the people. In reputation he was as yet hardly more than a teller of stories. But somehow in his strange, unique personality the ludicrous united with the lofty, the lowly with the sublime. With his native sagacity, facts and tendencies were seen by him that the famous Douglas failed to see. His keen perception beheld the iniquitous curse of slavery. The aggressions of the South, the growing sensitiveness of the North, he saw what these might mean. With his statesman's vision he beheld the result of these contending forces—brother against brother, the frenzy and the pain, all the horrible carnage and wild red fury of war. Schooled thus by observation, taught by nature, one conviction kept burning within him—slavery should extend no further. Flaming with this idea, he felt in his veins the assuring strength of an unconquerable cause. All the deathless sentiments of the human heart he knew were on his side. Weak and obscure, he yet felt that arrayed with him was an immortal principle; that his finite power was

linked with the infinite. Fit American, armed with truth, to meet the greatest American armed with error!

Thus equipped, this western attorney meets the illustrious Douglas. The surging crowds awake his genius; opposition but arouses his resistance; his own impassioned convictions drive him to the fray. No charming witchery of tones is his with which to win the throngs. He has no presence, knightly and beautiful, like that of Phillips. He lacks the sonorous thunderings of Patrick Henry, the lissom ease of Clay. But a native eloquence is his in which all the hatred of an odious system finds its fullest expression. Rising to the occasion, the tall figure straightens, the gray eyes sparkle, the sad face kindles with high resolve, and judicious, natural, all intense, he stands before the sweltering throngs the master of the hour. No scathing personalities are there; no antislavery ranting. But artfully, silently, he wins the crowds by just concession; he startles them with pat expression; he surprises them with apt illustration; he compels them with his logic. Hear him reaffirming his prophetic message: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." Hear him disposing of his rival's Popular Sovereignty idea: "It means if one man chooses to enslave another, no third man has a right to object." Hear him asserting that his opponent, in saying the negro has no rights, is "tearing from the soul the love of freedom." He is God's man exalted in a nation's need to illuminate a principle. He refutes his rival's allegation that "this government was built on the white basis," shows that slavery is a gigantic crime, and appeals for a constitutional amendment that will forever prevent its further extension into the territories.

Such is the story of these debates. What were their effects?

The election occurred; Lincoln was beaten. But glorious above the defeat of the messenger rose triumphantly the message. More than any other agency these debates of Lincoln directed the antislavery sentiment inflamed by the Abolitionists. In their judicious arguments appeared for the first time both the depth and the prudence that could gather people into an organization. Spreading from the groves in Illinois, their candid statements flashed hither and thither, recruiting the rising party of Freedom. Their trenchant expressions went from lip to lip. In every country store they became the subject of conversation. Carried by newspapers to the farthest hamlet, they roused thought and shaped opinion wherever people gathered. They struck the keynote in every discussion. Going from man to man they became proverbs. They out-argued argument. They formed mottoes and were flaunted before crowds on gaudy banners. In the contest of 1860 they became campaign literature. They appealed by their lack of the rashness exhibited by Abolition orators. Their candor attracted; their style charmed; they convinced by their masterful handling of facts; and so, grasping the antislavery sentiment hitherto lying undirected, they forged it into the party power that dashed the bondman's chains to pieces.

They revealed the politic Douglas. Dividing the forces that he led, they ruined the proslavery organization. They lifted Lincoln into prominence. "They marked an era," says James G. Blaine. In them an unknown, uncouth Westerner stayed the ongoing tide of caste. There he fought heroically for the principles afterward defended so heroically on the field. There it was made possible for Garrison, standing by the tomb of Calhoun, to exclaim, "Down into a grave deeper than this, slavery has gone." There the solid North

was brought face to face with the solid South. The discussions there made neutrality impossible, left partisans for or against slavery extension; and the spirit of Liberty and Union, there rekindled, spoke once more in the grim Puritanism of the volunteer, in the martial songs of Northern armies, in the thrilling pulse of fiery battles, and in the iron-armed tumultuous fury that cleansed a nation and changed the status of a race.

Only a simple story is the story of these debates, but about the famous discussions will linger the interest of the years. Other things in our antislavery struggle will be remembered, it is true. Age will not dull the siren-sweet tones of Phillips, nor dim the luster of Garrison, the printer boy, who toiled over his dingy types, friendless and alone. But in the coming times, when Patriotism tells her children of that troublous, stormy epoch, no event will have more interest than these debates in Illinois. To them scholars are to-day repairing to study that feverish era; about them is gathering the picturesqueness of romance; at the spots where they were spoken, memorial tablets are being reared, and out of these historic scenes will rise forever the memory of the somber man, the masterful statesman, the unrivaled debater, who there crystallized opinion, shaped policies, and left a nation holding in the sunlight up to God the broken fetters of three million slaves.

WENDELL PHILLIPS THE AGITATOR

Arthur E. Bestor

Second Honor oration in 1899. The orator was the representative of the University of Chicago.

History is made by thought, not by victorious arms; its periods are marked by advances, not by monumental granite. Men die, but their influence goes on forever. Their thoughts, marshaled by Truth, drive bigoted Error from the temple of Religion, and strike from the limbs of bondmen the chains of oppression. A Roger Williams, driven from the fireside of Puritan piety, establishes on the bleak shores of Rhode Island a colony which has for the rock of its foundation freedom of conscience. John Brown hurls himself against the institution of slavery, and the startled South sends him to the scaffold. But his spirit "goes marching on" before triumphant armies, until they bivouac amid the gleaming watch fires of emancipated freemen.

So, the century upon whose threshold we are standing, as it measures movements by men and actions by purposes, will give credit for the freedom of the negro, not merely to the power of Lincoln and the genius of Grant, but also to the unwavering devotion of the Demosthenes of Freedom, the abolitionist orator—Wendell Phillips.

Phillips was born amid historic surroundings. His baby eyes fell upon the tower of the old North Church, which had flashed its message to Paul Revere. Bunker Hill loomed daily before his boyish vision. There was Faneuil Hall, the birthplace of liberty, so soon to be the cradle of universal

freedom. Growing up among such surroundings as these, it is no wonder that his youthful mind inhaled with every breath the love of freedom. Entering Harvard at the age of sixteen, he received all the advantages of a liberal education. He was the idol of his class, the orator of the college, the leader of the university aristocracy. In him, the proud young patrician, there was scarcely a flavor of democracy. Indeed, by his wealth, his social position, his versatile genius, he seemed predestined to be the champion of New England conservatism.

Graduating from college and the law school, he opened his office on a prominent Boston street, and awaited the coming of his first client. On October 21, 1835, the client appeared. During the afternoon of that memorable day, Wendell Phillips beheld a spectacle which turned the conservative into the radical, the brilliant young lawyer into the despised advocate of a downtrodden race. On soil consecrated by the blood of the first Revolutionary martyrs, in the very street named for the immortal Washington, he saw an American citizen mobbed for declaring with James Otis, "A man's right to liberty is inherent and inalienable." As Garrison was being dragged through that street, he little thought that the cause for which he suffered was in consequence of that very act enlisting its most powerful champion. But as that evening darkened the streets of disgraced Boston, a shackled race was winning its case in the brain and heart of New England's brilliant son. Forever gone was his hope of professional distinction and his life of luxurious ease, and in its stead lowered a cloud of blighted prospects and unrequited service. Yet Wendell Phillips had found his client at last. It was wronged and oppressed Humanity.

Look at the situation when this brave young lawyer took

up the cause of the negro. Slavery no longer, as in the days of the Revolution, begged permission to exist. It was fast becoming the arrogant tyrant. With its scourge of social prestige and political influence it drove before it the subservient press and pulpit. Slave markets were opened under the very shadow of the capitol. The flag, whose shelter was free to the oppressed of the Old World, had no place under its ample folds for four million human beings of the New. Slavery was insolent and defiant. It was intrenched in the Church, in the State, and in the Constitution. Each year from the legislative hall and from the tribunal of justice came forth its mandates. With increasing activity it was dictating the policy of government and crushing out the spirit of liberty.

Such were the conditions when there flashed over the country the news of Lovejoy's murder. The South was measuring her strength, and forging her bolts of hate in fires of passion. The North heard the rumbling of the volcanoes beneath the nation's feet, and caught a glimpse of that unquenchable fire which smoldered under apparent peace and quietness. Boston was startled by the insult to personal liberty; the people gathered in a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall; prominent citizens denounced the monstrous crime. Then the attorney-general of the commonwealth, pushing his way to the front, amid shrieks of approval, compared the drunken murderers with the tea spillers of Boston harbor, and declared that Lovejoy died "as the fool dieth." The mob took up the cry; the foes of liberty and justice had captured the hall. Just at that moment, when it seemed as if the spirit of Bunker Hill had fled and that Boston had forgotten Concord and Lexington, Wendell Phillips sprang to the platform. He was greeted with hisses; but as his marvelous voice rang through the hall, the turbulence hushed into silence:—

"Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead." Even as he spoke, the miracle was wrought; for that young Demosthenes was himself the very embodiment of the spirit of the Revolution. Through his words John Hancock and James Otis, Josiah Quincy and Samuel Adams, again thundered against tyrannous error, and struck for the manhood of the North the keynote of a new battle hymn of freedom.

Wendell Phillips had made his choice, and allied himself with the hated abolitionists. Henceforth, until the Civil War crowned with garlands "the saviors of a race," he was the outcast of society. Culture and refinement sneered at this new John the Baptist, and gathering up their robes of Pharisaical indifference, went on their way. The doors of Beacon street were closed in his face, although he was of the bluest blood of New England. He was no longer a welcome guest within the halls of his own Alma Mater. To the altars of the church he brought no thank offerings, for her priests had not yet realized the enormities of slavery. The state could not claim his allegiance, for it sanctioned the sale of men and women. He could not even swear to uphold the Constitution, for he believed it to be "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Therefore he closed his law office, sacrificed his early friendships, threw away his prospects, all, to become the advocate of the lowly, to be branded as traitor, to be threatened with death. We can never know how much it cost that young man, born in the purple and dowered with genius, to brush aside the allurements of society and shut his ears to the siren voices of political preferment. But if Luther,

nailing his theses to the cathedral doors when the Church was all powerful in Europe, was courageous; if John Hancock, putting his name to the Declaration of Independence when a halter hung over his head, was heroic,—then Wendell Phillips, as he battled against slavery when slavery was the arbitrary monarch of America, was sublime.

For twenty-five years he carried on the struggle. If men opposed him, he met their opposition and crushed it with uncompromising resistance. If the mob refused to hear him, he turned to the reporter's table and said, "Howl on, I speak to thirty millions here!" Did Rufus Choate throw the mantle of his genius over men stealers, and refuse even to discuss the question of slavery? Listen to the indictment of Phillips: "Suppose we stood in the Pantheon of the great jurists of the world, let us see what part New England would bear in the pageant. Rome points to a colossal figure and says: 'That is Papinian, who, when the Emperor Caracalla murdered his own brother and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went cheerfully to death rather than sully his lips with the atrocious plea.' England says: 'That is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed,

> "Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free."'

Then New England—Puritan, educated, free New England—shouts: 'This is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves ask before they begin to steal.'" That was bitter language, but as Phillips himself said: "It needed with us an attitude of independence that was almost insolent; it needed that we should exhaust even the Saxon vocabulary of scorn to fitly utter the righteous and haughty contempt that honest men had for man stealers. Only in that way

could we wake the North to self-respect, or teach the South that at length she had met her equal, if not her master."

Thus, year by year, Wendell Phillips was marshaling his forces and carrying his banner ever nearer the stronghold of the enemy. The South trembled before his bitter arraignment, for she heard a voice stronger than her own—a voice clear, resolute, and fearless. Under his burning words the North was being welded into a thunderbolt of righteous wrath. To the Senate of the Republic Charles Sumner carried that message, and the next day he was struck down by a cowardly assailant. John Brown heard the call to duty, and answered it with his crackling rifles among the hills of Virginia. And when the first cannon boomed over Charleston harbor, Phillips had anticipated the opening struggle by arousing the slumbering patriotism of the North. For, at the nation's call, from farm and countingroom, from mansion and cottage, came forth her valorous sons, who battled for four long years in the struggle for freedom. When the hand of Lincoln loosed the shackles from the limbs of four million slaves, Wendell Phillips had won his case. As the eloquence of Samuel Adams blossomed in the Declaration of Independence, so had the eloquence of Wendell Phillips flowered in the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Thirty years have healed the wounds of Civil War. From the ashes of disaster the South has reared a new civilization, and into its walls she has built no ignoble hatred or prejudice. The North has extended to her fraternal confidence, and together they have gone forth as a nation united by ties of love and sympathy. As we look back upon that struggle, let us measure Wendell Phillips with the other great leaders and see how grandly he towers among them all. Give all due credit to the perseverance of Garrison, but fail not to remem-

ber him whose Amphion voice, pealing forth for thirty years above the tumult of party strife, gave to America the bulwark of universal freedom. Do you call John Brown self-sacrificing? What, then, will you say of him who, in his prime, the cause for which he pleaded successful, and any honor within his easy grasp, deliberately pushed aside the crown and again took up the cross, dedicated his marvelous powers and ripe experience to the cause of humanity, and gave up his life in his effort to elevate mankind?

Every age finds its embodiment in some great character. Paul, stoned from city to city and dying courageously in a Roman dungeon, is the incarnated spirit of early Christianity. In an age when despotism strode resistless and defiant over all Europe, the exiled Prince of Orange, William the Silent, by his indomitable will, united the forces of liberty and fearlessly withstood bigoted tyranny. As the twentieth century looks back upon that struggle from which emerged a re-created Republic, she will find its germinal principles, its irresistible development, its glorious consummation, embodied in "the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips."

THE AMERICAN INFAMY

Percy E. Thomas

First Honor oration in 1900. The League contest occurred at the University of Wisconsin; Mr. Thomas was the representative of Northwestern University.

It is noontime in a quiet Southern town. The habitual, languid life is roused to commotion, as deputies lead a dusky prisoner to his trial. They are followed by a constantly increasing crowd, until, when it reaches the courthouse steps, it has grown into a mob crying for the privilege of killing the culprit. True, he has confessed his crime; it is true there is no possibility of escape, yet they clamor for his blood. The chief of police, impotent before the demands of the people, surrenders the criminal. Pulling upon the rope which they have thrown about his neck, the frenzied men drag him through the city streets to the brow of a neighboring hill. Some bind him to a sapling, while others kindle a fire about his feet. As he raises his head above the curling smoke to plead for his life, the half-uttered curse pauses on the lips of his torturers, but only for a moment. Then, giving vent to their primitive passions, they begin to taunt and torment their writhing victim. His cries for mercy are silenced by blows: his eyes are torn from their sockets; and as the flames bite at his quivering flesh, men and women howl and dance in ecstasy, children gleefully feed the fires, while babes are held on parents' shoulders, to clap their tiny hands at the novel sight. And when the midnight moon looks through a rift in

the angry clouds, she reveals these fiends still prowling about the smoldering ashes for relics of the carnival!

And this less than six months ago in a state of our own Republic! A land wrested from the savage and wrought into a commonwealth of justice; the birthplace of Lincoln and the home of Clay,—this is the land across whose fair fields the gibbet casts its lengthening shadow, and against whose evening skies the burning stake still throws its lurid glare. Nor does the shame rest on Kentucky alone. From the cotton fields and canebrakes of the whole South come the shrieks of the helpless, and answering cries of other victims go back from Western plains and Eastern slopes. Nor are the actors in these tragedies mere mobs of restless idlers. Citizens of unsullied reputation engage in these orgies, and, confident of their safety, defy even the publicity of the press.

The Inquisition gave its victim at least the form of a trial; the Turk commits his outrages in the name of the sacred Koran; but for this crime our nation stands before the tribunal of mankind with no extenuation. Since all our powers of government are in the hands of white men, the world refuses to condone this barbarity, and lays the shame at the door of the nation. European editors speak not of the local guilt, but of the "American lynching." When, a few months since, we denounced France for her mock military tribunal, her press flung in our teeth the stinging retort, "Stop the lynchings in your own land before you send your protests abroad!" And what could we answer, when in the last five years we have lynched more than we have lawfully executed in the whole country? Our total of more than sixteen hundred illegal hangings in the last decade is surely enough to justify Christendom in calling this "The American Infamy."

And yet there are apologists for the crime of lynching!

They maintain that by this means alone virtue gets a hearing and crime its just reward; that society is avenged, and that an unjust pardon becomes impossible. Now, the conscience of to-day cannot wholly admit this plea, for in order to justify lynch law, its advocates must show that this is administering justice according to the principles of nineteenth century civilization; that it tends to the betterment of society, and that it is in accord with the highest principles of government. Unless this can be shown, the American people must make no further compromise, and this grewsome relic of barbarism must be abolished forever.

In the social evolution of the race, the right of an impartial trial before punishment has been granted to every man, and that right has been sealed with blood. But lynch law mocks at the idea that its victim has any rights in common with the members of the mob. Trial at the hands of a competent court, the privilege of counsel and witnesses, and the presumption of innocence until guilt is proved,—all these are denied, and in the place of a judicial mind, men are swayed by unhindered passion. And what is the result? The innocent have suffered with the guilty. With the fury of an inexorable whirlwind, lynch law has swept at will, strewing its pathway with unholy dead, and from the year now slipping into eternity come stifled cries from guiltless graves. In its mad attempts to obtain a swifter vengeance, life and property have been placed at the mercy of furious caprice, while lynch law has stained the hands of respectable citizens with innocent blood.

Again, the defenders of this cruelty maintain that it is justifiable in behalf of society, and seek to palliate the deed by drawing a picture of the criminal and his crime. Thus, last April, *The Atlanta Constitution* said: "When the picture

is painted of the ravisher in flames, go back and view that other picture of the woman being outraged." And when we remonstrate, we are taunted as traitors to womanhood. But of the one hundred and eighty-six negroes hanged or roasted alive in the last two years, not one sixth were even charged with criminal assault. But let us grant that public protest has sometimes served to check the flow of crime; wherein does that admission serve to vindicate lynch law? Where are the communities made wholesome by its agency? The annual recurrence of lynchings tells us that the crime which inflames the mob has not decreased, and that against brutish nature this vaunted remedy has spent itself as do the baffled waves against the stubborn cliff.

But we are told that lynching is warranted by the negligence of courts and juries. On this ground Americans participate in these orgies with the complaisance of Turks. They tell us that a criminal's body, swinging like a hideous pendulum, registers perpetually the certainties of punishment. This means, of course, that the official hesitates to enforce the law, that the criminal stalks at liberty, and that the abolition of this form of restraint would throw the community into a paroxysm of fear. And this is a plausible plea. But the people who for any reason allow the mob to trample on the court are themselves committing social suicide. Have fear and corruption so intimidated us that none dare execute the law? Has vigilant justice been supplanted everywhere by blind prejudice? Is there no longer an appeal from Cæsar drunk to Cæsar sober? Surely, to compromise with this savagery on these grounds is to confess that the forces of civilization are not able to cope with those of barbarism, and that our legislative methods are a failure!

And even if it should succeed in crushing bestial acts,

lynch law cannot permanently ameliorate society, for its basic principle is the abolition of restraint. In his progress from barbarism to civilization, man has substituted lawful punishment for private vengeance; but the advocates of lynch law scout that great principle as a daydream of the visionary. Last year they bade their thousands come to see a negro burned to death, while a Texas mayor proclaimed a holiday that the school children might witness the mutilation of a human being. By thus sowing the seeds of cruelty and revenge, they hope for a harvest of peace and security! Scorning the dictates of reason, they call such exhibitions an education for the future! For an enlightened people to tolerate such deeds on the infamous plea of reform is a travesty on justice and a reproach on our civilization. In a system which jeers at the spirit of restraint, there is no promise of reform. On the other hand, every shot fired at a mob-tortured man, every fagot lighted beneath his cringing form, every noose holding his dangling body, is an insult to that majesty of law without which society cannot endure.

We stand, then, to-day, before the bar of Christendom indicted with this national crime of lynching. We cannot plead that it protects the individual, for it has slain the innocent. We cannot maintain that through it we better society, for it has spread abroad the spirit of lawlessness. We dare not claim that it is based upon justice, for it violates every principle of justice. We are guilty and without defense.

The dawning century calls to duty. From the innocent graves of the victims of brutalized mobs come mute appeals for the eternal banishment of this crime. What shall our action be? Deport the negro? These nine million souls are woven too closely into our national life. Marshal the Federal bayonets? The responsibility rests upon the state until she

has proved herself unequal to the task. Legislate? The helplessness of our laws against private vengeance has demonstrated that there is no relief in mere legislation. All these suggestions are simply makeshifts. The problem is wider than any state, and deeper than any spasm of indignation. It is a problem for mankind, and reaches to the depths of human nature. There is only one solution, and that is in an awakened national sentiment. The majority, both North and South, know that lynching is an evil; but this insight must be heated to action which shall restrain the less thoughtful minority. We must have a sentiment that guarantees a trial to the accused before a judgment bar uncorrupted by the gangrene of prejudice; we must have a sentiment that visits upon the guilty punishment as swift and unerring as the hand of God; a sentiment that restrains the shirking sheriff from washing his hands in innocence before the mob; a sentiment that is desperately determined to lift the law in its majesty far above the maddened judgment and revengeful spirit of the rabble; a sentiment that will effectually say: "Killing by the mob is murder; the reign of lynch law, anarchy; and by the help of God, this American infamy must go!"

NATIONAL APOSTASY

Clarence E. Macartney

Second Honor oration in 1900. The author spoke as the representative of the University of Wisconsin.

On the battlefield of Saratoga stands a towering obelisk, commemorative of that decisive struggle of the Revolution. About its base are four deep niches, and in these are bronze figures of the generals who commanded there. In the first stands Horatio Gates, in the second Schuyler, and in the third Morgan. But the fourth, alas! stands empty. The soldier who won that niche of fame has forfeited his right to be remembered. But below this empty niche, cut in the stone, there is a solitary name, and as the eye falls upon it, a vision rises. I see a young colonial officer leading his troops one wintry morning against the battlements of Quebec. Again I see him charging the British lines at Saratoga, and yet, again, crouching at the midnight hour by the murmuring Hudson, bartering his soul to Satan. The scene changes. I see a lonely room in London, and an old man dying, friendless, homeless, Godless—Benedict Arnold, hero, patriot, traitor.

The wreck of a human soul is always pathetic, but most sad when, like an angel, it plunges as a star from its zenith down into utter darkness. So Benedict Arnold fell from the fairest heights of human glory, from Quebec and Saratoga to the deepest gulfs of infamy and shame: and that empty arch shall ever stand for fallen manhood, for power prostituted, for genius soiled, for faithlessness to a sacred trust.

There are Benedict Arnolds among men; there are Bene-

dict Arnolds among nations. Treason is infidelity to principle. A man who forsakes high ideals is a traitor; and a state, if it forsake its principles, ignore justice, and squander its liberties, is recreant to humanity. Yet this is an old story in the world. That empires should rise and fall, that civilizations should flourish and decay, is the law of history. The oppressed become the oppressors; the haters of despotism become its slaves; and the liberties for which the fathers died, bequeathed to degenerate sons, soon sink into licentiousness, and are trampled under the foot of a despot. Freedom, glory, wealth, corruption, barbarism,—these are the five stages in the history of every nation of the past.

Is this to be the fate of our nation? Are we, after having fought our Quebec and Saratoga, to betray our holy cause? Is our beacon light to be quenched? Is this republic, whose banner has been the star of hope and promise to the oppressed, now to forsake justice, forget its mission, and go down in darkness and shame,—a Lucifer among states?

The ideals of a state are far more important than its statutes. When the poet-philosopher said: "Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who writes their laws," he meant that the destiny of the state, like the destiny of the individual, is determined largely by its aspirations. As a nation thinketh, so is it. The Greek loved life and art. The Roman loved war and conquest. The founders of America loved liberty. They established a government whose foundations rested upon the eternal principle of justice to all men. Recognizing the solidarity of the race, they proclaimed that before the law all men are equal, and that every man, Saxon or Malay, has certain "inalienable rights." The declaration was more than a statement of grievances; it was a crystallization of all the great truths for which men have fought, to

which they have aspired, since Christ proclaimed fraternity and equality nineteen centuries ago.

Such, until recently, has been the gospel of the nation. Our proudest boast has been that we were the lovers of freedom, and the friends of the oppressed. These principles are echoed in every speech, embodied in every constitution. We have chiseled them in our marble; we have stamped them on our coin.

But to-day there are unmistakable signs of a change. Our ideals, our moral conceptions, are losing their force, and no longer determine our actions. We follow our inclinations rather than our principles; and the great Declaration itself is sometimes openly repudiated, or regarded merely as the vision of a dreamer. Commercialism threatens to dominate our national life as it already dominates our private life; and as the nobler ambitions of the soul are stifled, and the higher ideals are forsaken, so the moral vision of the state is blinded by the glamour of gold and power.

Nowhere is this spirit more regnant than in our national councils. Too few are the voices in our Senate to-day that strike a moral note; too seldom do we hear those old American words,—"honor," "justice," "right." We are counseled to hold conquered territory, because there is gold and coal there, because of commercial advantage; but we forget that there are *men* there, and that, in the scale of God, souls are more than things! We need to-day the poet, the prophet, the man of vision. Where are those voices that once rang throughout the nation, the voice of a Seward, a Sumner, or a Lincoln,—men who were leaders because they proclaimed the ideal, the right; who desired to do God's will, not man's; who bent not the ear to the ground to catch the murmur of the rabble, but who harkened for the voice that cometh from the clouds?

Once before we forsook our ideals, and put the dollar above the man. Four million negroes endured a shameful servitude that the greed of a few might be satisfied. The cry of the downtrodden and the warning voice fell alike on deaf ears, but at length Justice lay bare her arm, and "every drop of blood drawn by the lash was paid by another drawn by the sword."

> "Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
> Lest we forget."

We are called to these islands, let us not forget it, not for commercial gain, but to make men free; and if, "drunk with sight of power," we enslave where we should liberate, and debauch with saloon and brothel where we should ennoble, we shall answer for our perfidy, and shall pay the penalty to the uttermost.

The founders of the republic feared that these days of apostasy would come. For them the curtains of the future were drawn wide. They saw that in the hour of prosperity and glory men would deny the underlying principles of the state, and would seek to lead it astray; and high in heaven they set beacon lights, to which we might look for inspiration and guidance. They would avoid the dangers that have wrecked the republics of the past; they made no provision for colonies; they aimed to establish a democracy resting on consent.

We are in danger of forgetting one of the basic principles of the fathers. When Thomas Jefferson wrote, "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," he uttered a profound truth, a law of nature and a law of God. Make this principle, this brotherhood of consent, the code of the nations, and there would be no need of

arsenals or forts, and the day of federation sung by the poet would soon dawn. True, this is ideal, academic, a far away vision, but only through the ideal can we make progress toward the heights. We must lift men through love; impel, never compel. Such growth may be slow, but it is sure. Evolution, not revolution, is nature's law.

This, too, was the spirit of the Galilean whose gospel we are now advised to load upon a gun carriage. He found people stubborn and hostile; He was reviled and rejected of men, yet He never forsook His divine ideal. He might have drawn a sword and drenched the earth with blood as did the prophet of Islam; but He chose a nobler, a truer way, and the world to-night throbs with love and hope because one man was true to the best that was in Him. There is no man so base that love cannot transform; no race so degraded that it cannot regenerate. We have forgotten the true spirit of the Nazarene. We have confused Mars with Christ, and the Koran with the New Testament. We are putting trade above liberty, civilization above humanity. There is something higher than stocks and bonds, higher than the glitter of an external civilization, and that is the Law of Love. For this Savonarola died at the stake; for this Saul of Tarsus witnessed in the deserts of Arabia and in the dungeons of Nero; for this Christ died on Golgotha's brow, and this it is, and this alone, that shall at last subdue and harmonize the world.

Among nations America marks the nearest approach to this ideal. Let us not be recreant. Destiny requires no man to sin. Our future is what we make it. God needs no man nor nation; neither Saxon nor Slav are necessary to the destinies of the race. The same laws that Nineveh and Tyre broke are laws to-day. Men's opinions change; constitutions are made and unmade; nations rise and crumble again into forgotten

dust; but the Moral Law endures forever. What was unjust two thousand years ago is unjust to-day.

Mistaking the whisper of temptation for the call of destiny, drowning the cry of conscience with the beating of drums, we may exterminate our brothers in the name of civilization, but justice shall in the end be done, and the broken law shall have its penalty. Above the cry of the rabble and the shouts of the money changers, above the roar of battle and the tumult of victory, there comes persistent, insistent, the demand of an offended God, "Cain, where is Abel thy brother?" No nation dare avoid this question. If we would be free, we must be just. The dulling of a nation's conscience heralds its decline. With the state as with the individual, the noblest thing is character. The greatness of America lies not in her brilliant scholars nor in her enlightened citizens,—these Greece had;—not in her vast domains, nor in her mighty armies,—Rome had all these;—but in her character, in her lofty ideals, in her moral pride. If you would know for what the nation stands, go back with me to Bunker Hill, stand with me on the shell-rent sod at Gettysburg, or on the hill of San Juan, and there drink in the spirit of the fathers. There men laid down their lives, not for greed nor conquest, but for right, for justice, and for man. These are our principles! They are ageless and deathless, and with them the republic stands; without them, falls.

The hour of our temptation is at hand. Like Hercules, the young republic stands to-day at the parting of the ways. Empire and military glory lure us on; but above their siren songs methinks I hear voices of the past, mournful and prophetic, crying to us across the ages. From the shattered columns of the Parthenon, from crumbling Rome, and from the dust of Carthage, they speak to us. From dungeon, from martyr's

stake, from all the battlefields that scar man's upward path, countless voices adjure us to be faithful to our trust. If we are faithful to the end, if we are true to the declaration of the fathers, true to ourselves, true to God, then, when at length civilization is consummated, and a grateful world rears on the Saratoga of the past some memorial to the nations, no empty niche shall record this nation's apostasy. No; in one arch they will put a figure of the Jew, child of faith; he taught the world religion. In another, the Greek; he gave deathless art. In another, the Roman; he gave law and government. But fairer and more majestic than all, is the figure of Columbia; at her feet are broken chains, and on her brow the diadem of peace,—*she made men free.*

THE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY

Carroll L. Storey

First Honor oration in 1901. The League contest took place at the State University of Iowa. The winner of the contest was the representative from the University of Michigan.

Two years of our Civil War had passed and the cause of the Union seemed to have lost ground. Defeat had followed defeat in quick succession. Bull Run, Cedar Mountain, and Fredericksburg were the steps by which the Confederacy was rising to recognition among the powers. Louis Napoleon, taking advantage of our weakness, was busily preparing his scheme of Mexican colonization. The memory of the Trent affair still rankled in the bosoms of Englishmen. Many blockade runners were building in foreign ports. Everywhere hostility to the North was growing. That continued union was impossible, that the North was sure to be defeated, were current beliefs. From the beginning of the struggle the South was accorded belligerent rights, and now France, Germany, and England were about to recognize its independence.

But the Continental governments dared not risk the responsibility of initiative. When Great Britain, the dominant force in Europe, should declare the independence of the Confederacy, the intriguing concert of the powers stood ready to rush America to her doom. England, however, hesitated. Her interests were divided. On one side stood the aristocracy, the press, and Parliament, which openly sympathized with the South and clamored for its recognition. Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, even Mr. Gladstone, upheld the Southern

cause. On the other side was arrayed the non-voting but powerful laboring class, which, from the opening of hostilities in America, had steadfastly supported the North. The upper classes were becoming radical. The masses had remained conservative. The voice of the toiler and artisan was raised in protest against official recognition of the seceded states, and, as long as that voice asserted itself, Great Britain dared not ignore its warning. The populace dominated England, and, dominating England, it determined the policy of the Continent on which hung the fate of three million slaves.

But conditions were rapidly changing. With the establishment of a blockade of Southern ports, importation of cotton ceased. Factories were closed; wages fell. The protest against slavery was supplanted by a cry for bread. Misery and want prevailed. Discontent was growing, the ranks of the workingmen began to waver, and the only barrier to positive, hostile legislation was about to be swept aside. With the ruling class already in favor of secession, a change in the views of the masses would have been disastrous to the maintenance of the Union. The fatality of increasing the power of the radicals was clearly foreseen. But how was this to be prevented? The time, so critical, demanded one who should recall England from her unnatural course. All eyes turned to Henry Ward Beecher, then sojourning on the Continent. Of all the great orators of the North, he seemed best fitted to reveal to Englishmen the cancerous system of American slavery.

When Beecher arrived in England, he found that his fame had preceded him. His "Star Papers" were known the world over. The reports of his utterances in America, clothed in the phraseology of the *London Times*, had created in England an animosity against him which knew no bounds.

When it was known that this intrepid speaker was to appear in Great Britain in defense of the negro and the North, excitement became intense. Southern sympathizers availed themselves of every opportunity to thwart this threatened exposition of Northern views. Placards bearing hostile and venomous statements were scattered everywhere. A Liverpool poster read: "Henry Ward Beecher is the man who said that the best blood of England must flow for the outrage England had perpetrated on America. He proposes to address the people of Liverpool. Let Englishmen see that he gets the welcome he deserves." Another read: "Men of Manchester! What reception can you give this wretch, save unmitigated disgust and contempt?"

Such were the conditions. Beecher's heart sank within him, but, urged on by his convictions, he determined to face these conditions. A champion of the North, he appeared, not as the official representative of his country, but as a humble citizen of the United States, come to plead with the poor and humble of a foreign land in behalf of liberty and outraged humanity. Unacquainted with English audiences or their temper, he yet realized that to fail might ruin the cause of freedom and Union. He felt that he stood between a hostile nation and his own, and with him his country must rise or fall.

At Manchester, as he gazed at the struggling, tumultuous throng of six thousand people, he thought to himself, "I will control you. I have come here for victory and I will have it by the help of God." When the mob seemed utterly uncontrollable, he exclaimed, with a show of pluck which Englishmen admire: "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every principal town in this Kingdom.

My country shall be vindicated." He appealed to their respect for fair play, and what man of Anglo-Saxon lineage could resist the appeal? The vulnerable spot in the Englishman was discovered, and against it was directed all the power of which the orator was capable.

But wild and turbulent as was the Manchester mob, stormier times were yet to come. At Liverpool, Beecher sees within the hall anarchistic placards in blood-red letters scattered about to lash the people into frenzy and insanity. Four or five storm centers are boiling at once. Thieves and cutthroats, hired for the purpose, are everywhere present, armed with clubs, brickbats, and knives, and only await an opportunity to change the scene into one of lawlessness and murder. We tremble for the personal safety of the speaker. Will he not abandon his perilous course? How dare he oppose this mad, raging, desperate crowd? He is attempting to force back a Niagara! Can any man face that mob and live? I answer, "None but Henry Ward Beecher!" Had it been Sumner, his hot temper, his rash impatience, would have met with failure, disaster. He would have goaded the turbulent mass beyond the limits of self-control, and who knows what would have been the consequences? But Beecher is ever patient. By artful compliments to Great Britain and her citizens he wins a hearing. He speaks to them from the English point of view, discusses the disadvantages of slavery to the English workingman, shows the interest England has in freedom from a manufacturing and commercial standpoint, and proves to them that Southern sympathizers are foes of British prosperity.

Soothed and placated by these appeals to its selfish interests, the vast mob becomes attentive, respectful. Beecher sees signs of victory. If at first he seemed to ride the storm,

he now faces it. He takes advantage of his position, and in the full height of his giant power utters such invectives against the attitude and policy of Great Britain that we marvel at the daring of the man. As Holmes says, "When the lance has pricked him deep enough, when the red flag has flashed in his face often enough, then his intellectual sparkle becomes a steady glow and his nimble sentences change their form, and become long drawn, stately periods." Amidst a thunder of cheers and hisses he declares that every man who forges the iron for Southern ships is forging a manacle for the slave. "Every free workingman who is laboring to rear up iron ships for the South is laboring to establish on sea and on land the doctrine that capital has a right to own labor." He denounces the British horror of American war as hypocritical and inconsistent, when in all the vast domain of peopled lands, in the wilds of Africa, the jungles of India, the islands of the sea, everywhere, the native heart stops beating at the sound of martial music leading British soldiery to new conquests. He rebukes that nation, which, posing as the disciple of peace, at the seizure of two Confederate envoys had dropped its work, rushed to arms, and called for vengeance. To the charge that the North is insincere in this conflict he exclaims: "Has the love of country run so low in Great Britain that the rising of a nation to defend its territory, its government, its flag, is a theme for cold aversion in the pulpit and sneers in the pew? Is generosity so dead in England that she will not admire in her children the very qualities which have made her children proud of the memories of their common English ancestors?"

These are the blows which make the English recoil as from a thunderbolt. The thug has dropped his weapons. The murderer has forgotten his mission. The mob is transformed, electrified. Cheers have long since replaced hisses. Hear

him assert that the same love of liberty that impelled heroic men to sacrifice their all at Naseby and Marston Moor, still rules wherever beat Anglo-Saxon hearts. Hear him affirm that the spirit of Runnymede still lives. And in the name of those heroic men and the principles for which they died, in the name of popular liberty, the inheritance of the past,—he declares that the North is determined "to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost." Anglo-Saxon America, entangled in the meshes of slavery, will be free or perish.

Thus grandly, eloquently, Beecher pleaded for his country. Through him the misconceptions concerning the North cleared away like April clouds. The Union cause became the cause of humanity. The sympathetic heart of England's noblest poor was won.

If oratory is to be judged by its results, the English language can boast no greater effort than this. Burke's masterpieces were delivered to empty seats. Pitt's magnetic voice rarely changed the vote of the house. Patrick Henry spoke to sympathizing audiences. Webster, Sumner, Phillips, were eloquent, but their influence was the result of years of labor. But here was a man who was known to Englishmen as "The Avenger of the Trent," "The Clown Preacher," "The Arch Insurrectionist," whose sermons and speeches as reported by the English press had proved him to be the greatest of heretics and criminals, but who, in spite of overwhelming odds, by five speeches reversed the whole trend of English sympathy; who captured the guns prepared for his own destruction, turned them against the enemy, and in the hour of his country's peril beat back the oncoming tide of European recognition. While the royal courts of Europe were heaping upon us their contempt, while the magnates of industry plotted

against us and the English laborers were told that their poverty was our fault, at the call of Beecher, the united voice of the lowly rose in its grandeur and proclaimed to the government, "Thou shalt not." Parliament heard that voice and quailed at its power. Napoleon heard, and his wild dream of western empire faded into nothingness. That voice echoed across the Atlantic, carrying to Southern camps consternation and despair. It inspired Union leaders to greater efforts and nobler deeds. It rejuvenated the hopes of Northern armies. It dispelled the expectations of rebellion and secession. It spoke to Lincoln in the president's chair, to Sherman and Grant in the field, stirred the soul of the volunteer, gave to the slave a glimpse of freedom, and revealed to the world the future of a reunited people.

THE WORLD'S ORATOR

BERTRAM G. NELSON

SECOND HONOR oration in 1901, the speaker representing the University of Chicago.

The human voice has been a factor most deeply significant in the development of the race. It has commanded on battle-fields and inspired men to deeds of heroism. It has risen with incense from the altar and drawn men nearer to divine ideals. It has championed truth, and the truth has made men free. Of the innumerable voices that have come to us from the past, some have been sweet and rhythmical. We call them singers. Some have been strong and persuasive. We call them orators. Of these orators some have spoken to one age, some to one people. But one there was who spake to all ages and to all peoples.

In presenting a study of the life work of Jesus of Nazareth from an oratorical point of view, it is not claimed that oratory was the great and essential fact of his life. Oratory is not a fact, it is an incident; not an end, but a means. A man is an orator because he is something greater than an orator. Webster was a great statesman; incidentally an orator. Phillips Brooks was a great preacher; incidentally an orator. And just as we study the oratory of Webster or Phillips Brooks, fully conscious that above that mere incident are the great facts for which their lives stand in the history of our nation, it is possible for us to study the oratory of Jesus, fully aware that above any such superficial discussion lies the great fact for which the Christ life stands in the history and develop-

ment of our race. If, then, it is possible to consider this subject without misunderstanding, it may be of interest, on such an occasion as this, to consider the teachings and methods of one who, if we can substantiate his right to the title of orator, straightway becomes the model of all true eloquence.

Was Jesus an orator? It will be said that not enough of his discourses survive to permit us to judge. But everyone admits that John the Baptist was an orator. Yet the surviving discourses of Jesus exceed in number and power those of the Baptist. There are old Greek poets not one word of whom has survived. Yet our Greek scholars tell us of the glories of these men, not a line of whom they ever read. Alongside these hearsay reputations I place the Sermon on the Mount, the invective against the Pharisees, and the final words of the Master to his disciples.

The true test of oratory is the effect produced upon the hearers. How did Jesus impress those who actually heard him? "All bear him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." "And they were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power." "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way?" "The common people heard him gladly." After Jesus has spoken to the multitude, we find them saying: "Art thou Elias?" And again: "Of a truth this man is a prophet." John the Baptist stands as the greatest orator of his time, the "voice crying in the wilderness." When the reputation of Jesus reached the courts of Herod, what did he say? "This is John the Baptist." They associated him with the greatest orators of their history, with their prophets, and with John the Baptist.

The severest test of an orator is to convince an audience of unpleasant truths. Demosthenes spoke to his own country-

men against a foreign invader. Cicero championed the interests of the best classes of Rome. Webster and Lincoln voiced the popular sentiments of victorious political parties. This man came at a moment when Jewish life and civilization were founded upon the law, and from first to last his entire effort was to destroy—not the law, but, what was even worse, their conception of the law. Yet "the multitude heard him gladly." And more than this: even his enemies acknowledged his power. For when the high priests sent their officers to arrest him, they returned empty-handed, and their only excuse was: "Never man spake as this man."

Now, what is the definition of oratory? When Cicero spoke, the Romans went forth, saying: "What a voice! What gestures! What language!" When Demosthenes spoke, the Athenians rushed forth, shouting: "To arms! Let us fight Philip of Macedon!" The orator is not he who uses fine language, but he who makes you forget language, voice, gesture, everything except the truth he is teaching. The orator is he who makes you believe what he says? Yes. But greater is he who makes you do what he says. Eloquence is the ability, by the spoken word, to make truth a living, vital force in the lives of the hearers. Was Jesus an orator? He came upon this earth at a time when truth was lost. Greece had sought for it, but the brilliancy of her orators, her poets, and her philosophers, had succeeded only in producing a civilization upon whose altars was inscribed "To The Unknown God." Rome had sought for it, but the republic of Cicero, of Cato, and of Brutus, was becoming the plaything of a Nero. Israel had raised her temple to the God of truth, but the highest inspiration from her sacred mount was a series of "Thou-shalt-nots." Into this atmosphere Jesus came. He went below the sophistry of the Greek, the legalism of the

Roman, the hypocrisy of the Pharisee, and deep in human nature he revealed eternal truth. And we live to-day surrounded by church and schoolhouse, by railroad and factory, by hospital, asylum, and social settlement, not because Cicero inveighed against Catiline, not because Demosthenes thundered against Philip, but because a Galilean peasant delivered a sermon on the mount. Oratory is the power, by the spoken word, to make truth live. No voice has imparted so much of living truth to the race as that of Jesus of Nazareth. Judge him by the impression made upon his hearers, his ability to convince of unpleasant truths, the testimony of his enemies; judge him by the highest ideals of oratory, and far above Greek philippics or the invectives of Rome is the eloquence of him who made truth live.

What an incentive, then, for us who gather annually in friendly oratoric rivalry, to strive to learn the secret of Jesus' power. Surely it is not to be found in the mechanics of voice, gesture, or rhetoric. For however these may aid the orator, however they are mistaken for oratory, they are at best incidental and external. What, then, are the great essentials which lie at the heart of true oratory as manifested by a study of the teachings and methods of Jesus?

"He taught them as one having authority." Here is the first essential of the orator: eighteen years at the carpenter's bench; eighteen years of self-mastery; eighteen years of character building; and when at last he came forth, he taught them as one having authority, because he first had obtained authority over himself. Character is the foundation of oratory. When he said, "Let him that is without sin first cast a stone," it was the character of the man, the pure life, behind that statement that gave it authority. What preparation shall the orator make? It is the character we build to-day

that thirty years hence will plead at the bar of justice. It is character that will rise from the pulpit with tongue of fire. It is not what we say, but what we are in the depths of our lives, that speaks to our audience. "He taught them as one having authority," and "no man durst ask him a question." Character is the first essential of the orator.

If there is any other essential than character, it is purpose. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." Jesus was on fire with a purpose. Every act, every word of his life, was subservient to that purpose. You say the orator must be dignified, earnest, direct? "Give me a thought," says Emerson, "and my hands and legs and voice and face will go right." Jesus himself voiced this principle when he said, "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Never until some purpose gets hold of us that sweeps us out of ourselves, never until we can look our audience in the face and say, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" can we be truly eloquent.

Not only did Jesus have a purpose, but he was true to that purpose; absolutely sincere and honest. Never did man have such temptation to be false to his purpose. Standing before Pilate and the mob, when one flash of eloquence, one brilliant proverb, gathering into itself the traditions of priest, prophet, and patriarch, would have turned those yells of hatred into the hosannas of the triumphal entry, shall he save his life, shall he forget his cause, shall he be falsely eloquent?

"No, Pilate, 'My kingdom is not of this world;'" and he gave to the orator the greatest example of all time—absolute fidelity to a lofty, pure, immaculate cause. He never said, "Listen to me"; but always, "Listen to my cause." There are no parables in his oratory so brilliant that they outshine the

truth which they were meant to teach. It cost him followers to be true to his purpose; for, after one of his discourses, "many of his disciples walked no more with him." But he could afford to speak to small audiences. Nicodemus would hear him while the multitude slept. The woman at the well would find him out while the rabble were ignorant of his presence. Mary would sit at his feet while Jerusalem was seeking his life. The orator must please his audience? No. The orator must be true to his cause.

Eloquence is not the inspiration of a moment nor the training of a day. It is not the application of rhetorical principles nor the result of a course in a school of oratory. It is the flash of an eye that has looked deep into the problems of life. It is the thrill of a voice made merry by laughter and softened by grief. It is the sympathy of a heart that has felt the agony of the fight of right with wrong. It is the outpouring of a human soul that has been up on Sinai and seen the lightnings flash and heard the thunders roll. It is the result of a lifetime in the desert with the meal of locust flesh and the cloak of camel's hair. It is the agony of Gethsemane crystallized into words. It is character thrilling and throbbing with a purpose. This was the oratory of the Nazarene peasant.

Countless are the voices that have enriched our air of earth, but they have grown faint with the centuries. Circumstances, change, and the truths they uttered, have lost their deep significance for mankind. Languages die, and they are heard no more. But to-night, above the tumult of ages, safe from the wrecks of time, above the decay of language, come to us the words of the Master. They have lived because through them shone a divine character, and because behind them was the resistless power of a purpose.

THE MARCH OF THE CONSTITUTION

EDWIN K. BROWN

FIRST HONOR oration in 1902. The League contest was held at the University of Chicago. Mr. Brown, the successful contestant, was the representative of the State University of Iowa.

Governments are not created; they grow out of the past. Constitutions are not struck off in a single convention; they are the slow, deliberative work of ages. They are not put together by mere measure and rule; but, like the products of nature, derive their qualities from the soil which produces them and from the elements which sustain them. The fabric of human institutions is a texture which can be woven only in the loom of time. The Twelve Tables were not compiled in a day; they were the outgrowth of the usage and the lore of countless generations. So the American Constitution—splendid monument of constructive genius though it was—did not originate with the great convention; it was the product of centuries of Anglo-Saxon development. But even then, when the convention had performed its work, the Constitution was only half completed. National life did not come at once as the result of revolution. The spirit of union, the sense of common interest, grew slowly. The Constitution, its greatness, its sacred obligations, its divine purpose,—these must be realized before it could become the supreme law of a mighty nation and blend into one perfect whole the destinies of five and forty states.

When the Constitution was first presented to the people, it was entirely satisfactory to no one. Many regarded it with

disfavor; all acknowledged it to be an experiment. Through mutual concession only had it been given its final form; and it barely ran the gauntlet of public opinion to its adoption. It is not strange, then, that parts of it should have been made uncertain; for by vagueness alone could the prejudice of opposing ideas have been overcome. One problem, purposely left undecided, stood paramount: How much power did the central government possess and how much had been reserved to the individual states? Upon the answer to this question hung the nation's entire future. State supremacy meant national depth; while constitutional supremacy meant national life.

But causes, deeper than the vague words of a political document, deeper than mere state jealousies, were already creating an antagonism of interests. Sections, schooled to different pursuits, under different geographical, social, and economic conditions, demand different laws and develop different institutions. States, impelled by conflicting motives, frame measures and interpret constitutions from opposing standpoints. A crisis in the nation's history was approaching. The North and the South were entering upon a protracted discord. One paid for its labor; the other owned its labor. One made slavery, the other made freedom, the corner stone of its industry, its wealth, its strength. To the South slavery was indispensable; to the North it was intolerable. Every movement of the South centered on the preservation of this system—slavery must not perish. The growing sentiment of the North would purge the nation of this iniquity —slavery must go.

There was but one method of escape. The Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof must be binding upon the states only at their discretion. The state, not the nation,

must be sovereign. Thus came the theory of nullification. This ingeniously conceived doctrine was, then, the direct outgrowth of slavery. It was made possible, however, only through the uncertain ideas prevailing as to the purpose of the Constitution—the nature of its terms and the extent of its authority. This principle of state rights, upheld by able men, enthroned in the minds of a powerful minority, approached nearer and nearer its realization. Frequently and violently had the South protested against the acts of Congress; and in 1830, goaded on by an offensive tariff, she was again striving to assert her doctrine of state sovereignty. She had prepared for a supreme effort.

The very existence of the nation hung trembling in the balance. Two civilizations, two irreconcilable forces, stood face to face. A triumph for the South meant that the states, after half a century, must return to the basis of the old confederation. It meant that union must give place to disunion; that loyalty must give place to secession. It meant that a constitution supreme over the general welfare of states united must become a constitution subordinate to the petty whims of states dissevered.

But in the midst of chaos a savior appeared. In that dark hour, when the fate of the nation and the doom of democracy seemed sealed, one master spirit dared to strike the blow which alone could avert the impending calamity and save the Union. When Robert Y. Hayne, with mastery of subtle logic, had made in the Senate a full exposition of the cause which had inthralled the minds of mighty statesmen; when he had proved to the delight of one half the Union and to the despair of the other half, that nullification must become the policy of the future; then, with matchless eloquence, came that champion of the Constitution, Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, to

reply in the name of the fathers whose sacred work had been assailed, in the name of the Union he loved so well, in the name of liberty, law, and humanity.

The reply to Hayne, silencing all debate, was the central point in the rise of nationality. Division lines were forming; opposing interests were already clashing; but there was needed the crisis of a great event to crystallize and prepare the public mind for the conflict to come. Webster's reply was that event. He voiced the growing sentiments of the American people as no other had ever done. No longer could the South gain her point by logic; her only appeal was to force. The great battle of the Constitution had been fought in the Senate,—the champion of that Constitution had triumphed. To those basic principles of nationality, which he clearly and unmistakably defined, Webster gave a new impulse, so that they continued to expand and deepen until thirty years later they had become so imbedded in the mind of the nation that she could withstand the shock of civil war. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," thundered down from the United States Senate, echoing above the fall of Sumter, reverberating through the roar of Gettysburg, to resound triumphant from the field of Appomattox.

But beneath all the arguments of Webster, slowly, silently, but surely, was operating the force behind the throne. For thirty years there had come forth from the Supreme Court the teachings of a master, binding into a perfect system of jurisprudence the chaotic facts and principles of American law. John Marshall sat upon that bench. Through all the issues which arose and fell during three decades, through all the bitter, burning strife aroused in the excitement of the passing day, the great chief justice went steadily onward to the settlement of that paramount problem: "Do the United States

form a nation?" Realizing that the future of the Union depended upon the answer to this question, he dedicated his life work to its final solution. His teachings form the basis of our political system. He found the Constitution weak, wavering, almost nullified; he left it strong, unswerving, supreme.

But the reply to Hayne, the precepts of Marshall, all the learning of the Senate and the bench, could not prevent a final resort to arms. In the clash of truth and error mere argument has seldom conquered. An appeal to blood and iron has ever marked the triumph of a great idea. Yet, while the forces of war may sweep the battlefield victorious, the long years of slow development through patient instruction make that victory endure. The war came. The armies of Lincoln beat back the oncoming tide of nullification, but the teachings of Webster and the precepts of Marshall made that triumph a lasting fact. All were necessary. The work of one was useless without the work of the others. To the victory of logic and debate was joined the victory of arms. The Constitution stood forth supreme; the Union, triumphant.

Welded together by four years of civil war and four decades of reconstruction, that Union emerges from a new conflict with added luster and untarnished integrity. When North and South, Federal and Confederate, beneath the Stars and Stripes, marched side by side to victory, success had crowned at last the great struggle for national life. But from that conflict come new problems—problems of a deeper and a graver nature—problems upon whose solution rests the progress of man. The first era in the march of the Constitution is completed; the second lies before us. The first was internal; the second will be external. The first decided the relation of the states to the nation; the second will decide the relation

of the nation to other nations, to our colonial possessions, to world politics. We are entering upon new phases of constitutional development. New conditions are confronting us. The Constitution, says the Supreme Court, does not of its own force follow the flag. What limitations, what protection, then, has the Constitution over a people under our control whom we do not intend to incorporate into our domestic system? In this age of political and industrial competition, the markets of the world must be kept open. We, as a nation, then, secure in our political and industrial supremacy, must act our part in the great dramas of the future. The glory of our coming greatness envelops the globe. Destined to become the dominant power of the civilized world, isolation would mean suicide and the abdication of our supremacy the colossal crime of history. Confined no longer to a single hemisphere, we move onward. Outgrowing the Occident, we scan the Orient, then boldly pass through the Golden Gates to liberate, to enlighten, and to civilize the peoples of the Pacific. The policy of our martyred chief, already outlined and begun, let it not be forsaken. We belong, not to ourselves alone, but to the world.

The past at least is secure. The supremacy of the Constitution, the perpetuity of the Union, is assured forever. When the trials of time came upon the fabric of the fathers; when the new Constitution was construed, now this way and now that; when the siren song of state rights was luring the republic on to the rocks of disunion,—there came a Marshall to expound, a Webster to defend, and a Lincoln to preserve. Behind us, then, is a decided past; before us rises an untried future. What lies beyond the impenetrable veil which conceals that future, we cannot tell. The course of coming events, however, rests largely in our keeping. Whether we

act wisely or rashly, whether we aid or antagonize the principles of justice and right, must determine whether posterity will bless the name of our generation or curse the memory of its existence. Let us not fail in the hour of temptation. As the uncertain years of the nation's infancy and childhood were confided to faithful, unerring hands, so may her maturity be molded by like wisdom and integrity. Meeting every issue squarely, solving every problem correctly, using every opportunity justly, replete with yet nobler and higher possibilities, let us from this auspicious dawning of the twentieth century press ever onward, ever upward to a consummation, not of anarchy and riot, but of law and order; not of corruption, of militarism, and of oppression, but of justice, of peace, and of liberty—a triumphant realization in the grand, unceasing *March of the Constitution.*

THE GENIUS OF PATRIOTISM

Thomas D. Schall

Second Honor oration in 1902, the author representing the University of Minnesota.

The Church of Rome has recently added to its list of illustrious saints, the name Joan of Arc, and by so doing has given new life to the interest which for ages has centered in that unique figure. For neither literature nor legend is so dark, so strange, but that life can show its darker, stranger counterpart; and throughout all history, no story is sadder, stranger, more picturesque, than the story of Joan of Arc,—a girl who, after the test of five hundred years, stands shoulder to shoulder with the world's greatest military heroes.

France was about to lose her identity. She was invaded by her ancient foe, the British. Paris, Rheims, Rouen, and more than fifty other cities and departments had fallen. Orleans, the last hope, was besieged and on the point of capitulation. The Duke of Burgundy, followed by nearly half the nobles of France, having sworn allegiance to England's King, was marching his forces through the few departments which remained loyal, intimidating by devastation and murder. Almost conquered by the English from without, menaced by dissension from within, France presented an expanse of wasted country, inhabited by a discouraged people and despoiled by party feuds and princely spendthrifts. Her embryo-king, indolent, pleasure seeking! Not a leader among all her dissolute nobles or demoralized generals with a patriotism great enough to unite her discordant factions. So desolate

and unprotected was France that hungry wolves prowled the streets of her very capital, devouring bodies strewn there by war and pestilence. At this crisis Frenchmen were not Frenchmen, they were Burgundians, Bretons, Aquitanians.

Who shall deliver France?

History is the handwriting of God; men the instruments with which he writes. On the banks of every nation's Rubicon he stands a Cæsar; on every Marston Moor he triumphs a Cromwell; in the snows of every Valley Forge he kneels a praying Washington; at the call of every French Revolution he answers with a Napoleon; at the sound of every Sumter's gun he sends a Lincoln; at Orleans, from the quiet shades of Domremy, he raised a Joan of Arc.

God's creative force is manifest in all ages, but in different phases at different times. He that detects the particular force of his own age and uses it, is master of his age. The paramount force at the time of Joan was superstition. Her intuitive mind saw it, and, inspired by the courage of her own convictions, she dared to use it.

Joan believed France was fighting in a just cause; she knew God was just, therefore God must be with France. She was but seventeen years old, the youngest general the world has ever known; brought up in solitude, she had never seen any army before she placed herself at its head. The men whom she gathered under her banner were absolutely without hope and cowed to the soul. Her generals, the most cultured men of the time, were cynical to the heart. Yet, this girl, wholly unlettered, had so placed herself in the current of truth, that she fired this most unpromising material with an enthusiasm, devotion, and daring that have never been equaled by those commanders acknowledged most able, most skilled, most magnetic, and trained in the best military schools of all time.

Joan, throughout all history, has figured as a special agent of God, but just as well might all great leaders of all times be called special agents of God. So they are, because they, too, have discovered the keynote of their age and have used it. When Joan's generals disobeyed her in her march towards Orleans and defeat was imminent, she prayed for change of wind that her troops might cross in safety. Yes, she prayed, but she sent the main body of her troops back up the river where they could cross in safety. With a few troops and a store of provisions she landed in Orleans. Here she wrought an enthusiasm that breathed valor into the seeming dead body of the army within the city. She raised the siege, and historians say, "She was ignorant and that it was luck." Cæsar won in such ways, and the world says that it was Cæsar. Napoleon won by just such lines of reasoning, and the world, despite its censure of the man, says it was Napoleon. Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, won by like means, and the world acknowledges that it was Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln. Why not Joan of Arc? Let us admit that she was a genius as we admit the others were geniuses, and not attempt to explain how or where she received her training—for in a lesser degree we should be baffled to explain just what it was that fitted Lincoln for his great work, or Cromwell for his.

Note again the condition of France. All hope in human aid gone; her only chance,—a miracle. The French people for over a thousand years had believed this legend, "By a wicked woman shall France be lost and by a pure maid saved." France had been lost by the wicked Isabella; Joan was pure, she would save it. She would be the miracle. This mighty force—superstition—was waiting for some one to wield it. She would wield it. She dared to believe in herself, she dared to stand by herself, exactly as other great leaders

have done, and she won exactly as they have won, by making herself the instrument for the utilization of the right force at the right time.

Joan recognized the force of her age as superstition. Cromwell saw the force of his age in Puritanism and opened the fight against "the divine right of kings." Washington was the exponent of the force of his age in "Taxation without representation is tyranny." Four hundred years after Joan, on the same French soil, the force was equality. "The Man of Destiny" saw it and on it rode to such dizzy heights of triumph as no other man has ever reached—Austerlitz. In opposition to the force of his age he fell to such utter defeat as no other man has ever fallen—Waterloo. In Lincoln's time the world was ready to learn that the individual should be subordinated for the good of the whole, and "the rail splitter" came to teach that a state shall not wreck a Union. "The Shepherd girl" kindled the fire that made possible all this—patriotism. Joan of Arc is the genius of modern patriotism.

The strictest examinations of the French ecclesiastics had failed to show, even to themselves, Joan unfit to be the messenger of God. Then the Dauphin Charles, believing his cause already lost, did give her command of a few troops; from that time on she became the dread and scourge of the British. By strategy she gained access to Orleans. Her speech aroused the people to a frenzy. To the English she sent this message: "In God's name cease your strife. Let French and English Christians unite against the enemies of God and do the noblest thing for Christendom that has ever yet been done." It was the twentieth century plea for the brotherhood of man. They could not comprehend such broad humanity, and replied with slander and abuse. She then challenged the fierce

warrior, Lord Talbot, to single combat, on horse or on foot, with any weapon he might choose, for the possession of the city. He sent word for her to tend her sheep and milk her cows, and leave him to foemen worthy of his steel. The soldiers were eager to vindicate her. But her newly arrived troops needed rest, so she curbed their eager spirit and delayed the battle.

'Tis a sunny afternoon. Joan is sleeping. Her generals, hoping to triumph through the enthusiasm she has aroused and rob her of the glory, order an attack. Suddenly, starting from her slumber, she cries, "My arms! My arms! French blood is flowing!" and swiftly mounting, she seizes her banner, forces the gate, and darts to the thick of the fight. The British are everywhere victorious. The French are breaking. Above the din, the groans, the roar of the cannon, there shrills the battle cry, "Long live the Maid of Orleans! Long live Joan of Arc!" Her presence has inspired the soldiers. The retreat is checked. Frenchmen become iron. The British are forced back; back into their ditches; back into the very gates of their ramparts. Here the French falter. Joan, seizing a ladder, scales the wall; is pierced through the breast by an arrow; falls backward into the ditch below; is carried bruised and bleeding to a place of safety. The battle rages on. Hark! what shout is that? It's the victorious cry of the British. The French are repulsed! they break! they run! Breathing a short prayer to God, Joan again springs to her horse, shoots to the path of the retreating men. "What! Frenchmen, fighting in God's cause and flee? Back again: Remember that when my banner touches yon wall, it is ours." Spurring her horse, she dashes toward the wall; her soldiers eagerly follow. On she goes through shot and shell, through arrows and missiles, over barricades and dead men. Her

banner touches the wall! Through window, through porthole, over trenches, over Englishmen, the invincible Frenchmen pour. Never did Frenchmen overcome such odds; never did Englishmen suffer such defeat. A girl has conquered the proudest troops of the world, and won the victory that made France a nation.

In successive campaigns, wherever her banner rose, there followed victory. In a few months she had led France from chaos to nationality. She now conducted the Dauphin to Rheims, where he was crowned. Her mission ended, she wished to return to her pleasant home, but the monarch's entreaties prevailed against her own convictions and she remained with the army. Because of her power with the soldiers and people, the generals envied, and the King and nobles feared, her. At the close of a battle she was betrayed into the hands of the Burgundians; by them sold to the English, who, in mock trial, convicted her of being a sorceress and a heretic. King Charles, whom she crowned, could have saved her, but he raised not a finger.

See the sinister face of the Bishop Beauvais light up with a grin of sardonic triumph, as he asks Joan if she is in a state of grace. To answer either "yes" or "no" would be self-conviction. The reply of this seventeen year old girl shows matchless diplomacy. "If I am, please God to keep me in it; if I am not, please God to put me in it." The shame and torture which she endured for months before she was said to be convicted, may not be spoken. Suffice it to say that if there are gradations to shame and suffering, Joan of Arc was dragged to the depths.

Her infamous sentence, "Burned at the stake," was passed in the name of the Church and the God of Justice. Her last breath was a prayer for those who slew her. Inspiration?

Yes, the inspiration of high resolve; the inspiration of a patriot; the inspiration of one who dared to die for her fellow-men.

The world distrusts the great while living and ever tries to crush them, but persecution only makes them greater. The cross, the bullet, the stake, glorifies them. Living, they are rivals; dead, they are benefactors; living, they are human; dead, they are divine. Savonarola, Servitus, Huss, were burned at the stake, and even Christ was crucified, but the work they did lives on. Ignorance, arrogance, jealousy, bigotry, cannot murder thought. They kill the body, but they cannot harm the soul. The work that the soul did goes marching on; and in the great summing up of things, what matters it that the body suffered?

"For humanity sweeps onward, where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands.
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

AN EXPONENT OF CULTURE FOR COMMON HUMANITY

Frank J. Milnes

First Honor oration in 1903. The League contest occurred at the University of Minnesota. Mr. Milnes, who was awarded first honor, was the representative of Northwestern University.

Culture arises from the love of perfection; progress is the creature of high ideals; great works spring from the ruins of greater projects; above the life that is, hang eternal models of the life that is possible, and the measure of man's greatness is the quality of his aspirations.

A better exponent of these principles the world has never known than John Ruskin, the reformer. No dreamer has advanced loftier ideals, no champion fought more fiercely to defend them, no devotee toiled more incessantly to make them current than did this fearless Scotch-English iconoclast.

But high convictions are not obtained without effort. They are the costly trophies of a war in which conscience dethrones ambition, in which true manhood becomes the wounded victor. Born child of genius and heir to great wealth, at twenty-one Ruskin was society's idol: London drawing-rooms were eager to lionize him; literary circles became his namesakes; artists everywhere knelt for his benediction; high honors and laurels were his, if only he would confine his genius to the criticism of modern painters, architects, and sculptors. For the moment ambition prevailed. Fascinated by the charms of art, Ruskin became assiduous in the restora-

tion of its neglected styles, in making fond collections of paintings, stones, and relics.

But the harmony of these delights soon became discord. The industrial environment was out of tune. Glance at commercial England as it appeared fifty years ago: the rich clutching at the workmen's bed of straw, to weave it into cots of ease; the London slums resounding with cries of hunger and sobs of suffering; at Whitechapel, motley gangs of men, women, and children, toiling fourteen hours a day for a beggar's wage, within walls which ooze filth and poison at every pore; along the city docks honest idlers imploring work, half clad, faint with hunger, exhausted by the noonday heat, but impelled by the pinched and sallow faces of starving loved ones; over all a canopy of eternal smoke, the very air reeking fumes of stifling gas; no trees nor grass nor sunshine; "birds come not here."

The time was opportune for a man of ideals, and in that hour Ruskin beheld a vision. Gradually the vision became an idea; the idea fast shaped itself into a conviction; the conviction grew to be an irresistible power, compelling a reluctant decision in an agitated life. Two contending motives strove within Ruskin's soul like opposing armies in deadly conflict. On the one hand lay his enticing field of art, with its birds and trees, mountains and castles; on the other, moral reform associated with all that is ugly and repulsive. On one hand a profession in which he was the world's recognized master; on the other, an undertaking against which he knew that the whole materialistic age would be arrayed with caustic scorn. The battle was fierce but pitiful. A hero again wrestling with an angel. Ruskin struggled, trembled, wavered; and then, yielding to the voice of an enslaved people, cried from the depths of a despairing soul: "Alas, I can neither

paint nor read nor look at any beautiful thing for the human misery which I see around me!"

Henceforth England's workmen had an eloquent voice, and culture had an exponent; for the development of men's higher qualities necessitated that days of manual labor be made shorter. More leisure, cried Ruskin, that men may have a chance to live "in the higher lobes of their being!" The moral and spiritual forces of the world must be recognized; the utility of beauty must be appreciated. Sunsets are as useful as smokestacks; music and architecture are worth as much as cotton or wool; the human soul is as valuable as steel rails.

Against the prevailing gospel of materialism Ruskin protested with his gospel of humanity. To the philosopher he said: "Think on until you can explain all the secrets of existence, but ultimately you shall learn that reason can determine only what is true; that it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize and appreciate the good." To the political economist he said: "Continue your theories, but know always that men are not governed by the laws of steam or gravitation, but by the laws of the affections." To the chanting saint: "Pray long and devoutly, but erect your altars among the bleeding hearts of the industrial poor, and there learn from those who spin and weave and dig and grind that there is no true church save where one hand helpfully meets another." To the artist: "Mix deftly your paint and your genius until you reproduce the world in golden tints and lure the traveler from every attraction of competing beauty! But be sure that every picture you exhibit involves a noble conception of man. It is not the love of frescoes that we want,—it is the love of God and His creatures; it is humility and charity and self-denial; it is a total change of character."

But Ruskin's contemporaries sneered at these beautiful

conceptions as the dreams of a primitive mystic. They saw only his weaknesses; and these were made more obvious by contrast with the tendency of his times. It was an age when scientific accuracy was new and fascinating; an age of figures and facts, of the scalpel and the laboratory. But Ruskin, say his accusers, ignored these facts, disregarded conditions as they were, and committed the crime of exaggeration. It was an age when the new school of political economy was hailing competition as the life of trade; but Ruskin's social propaganda was a form of co-operative feudalism. It was an age when the stagecoach was giving way to the locomotive, when the weaver's loom was being displaced by the tireless whir of machinery in factories that never closed. But Ruskin would banish every railroad in England, allow the factory walls to crumble into picturesque ruins, and turn the world backward into the idyllic life of the village smithy and the cottage loom.

In the judgment of the nineteenth century, then, Ruskin's life seemed worse than useless. A real artist, indeed, but of such profound concept that men mistook the frame and canvas for his true picture. He loved men better than dogma, and the church cried heretic; he defined wealth as life, and the political economists clamored about insanity; he sought to humanize art, and his critics called him dreamer, idealist, enthusiast, madman!

But in the light of a new century we demand a reconsideration of this view. We ask whether this dreamer, this extravagant enthusiast, did not have a place and play a vital part, even in an age of facts and materialism. It is true that Ruskin failed to appreciate the value of machinery; but he gave to his age a wholesome warning lest it should become blind to everything else. It is true that he exaggerated; but exaggeration

is an unavoidable concession to expediency; it is the price which genius pays for leadership. All great reformers have been enthusiasts; the only biography that men will read must glow with the overdrawn merits of flattered heroes.

But in estimating a positive power we are not concerned with negative defects. It is sufficient to know that Ruskin possessed the rare and paramount virtue of sincerity. Unlike Burns or Byron or Shelley or Goethe, what he taught he lived. If Channing raised his voice for culture, if Arnold lent his pen, Ruskin gave himself. If Lamb sacrificed ambition for an unfortunate sister, Ruskin laid the service of a greater genius upon the altar of London's poor. Rich with great wealth, inherited and acquired, he gave it all to the cause he loved, and died in actual poverty. But how much did he improve the world? What did he accomplish? It is peculiarly unfavorable to Ruskin's fame that he lived in a period of great men. For his title and rank he must contend in the arena of the greatest intellectual giants that history has ever produced,—men who could point to the tangible evidence of their industry: to countless inventions, to the free ports of England, to better laws and better paid labor, to a system of education entirely revolutionized, to the greatest political and religious organizations the world had ever known. But Ruskin's evidence of greatness is not so obvious or tangible. The power of the man who deals with moral and spiritual forces always lies hidden behind the concrete fact. The merchant can display his industrial accumulations; the inventor can show his machine; the soldier can point to his glorious campaigns; the explorer can reveal a continent. But Ruskin's work cannot be measured in terms of the market, nor related in the historian's narrative of war and machinery. Unlike those heroic men whose greatness is determined by the life

they destroy, Ruskin is remembered for life enhanced and beautified, for life made rich with work and love.

Gradually the world is learning to recognize the beneficent influence of his great heroic life. Scarcely a generation has passed, but already the caustic scorn of his former accusers has been changed into eulogy; the very sneers of yesterday have become the praises of to-day. Yesterday the world ridiculed Ruskin for condemning the evils of the factory and the smokestack; to-day child labor and the smoke nuisance have become preëminent problems in every great municipality of the civilized world. Yesterday men railed with bitter contempt at Ruskin's social endeavors; to-day, rising from the crumbling expression of his Guild Societies, Ruskin's humanitarian spirit is going forth, carrying university culture and refinement into the slums; uniting, through settlements, Chautauquas, extensions, and correspondence, the educated and the common people.

It is yet too early to venture a comparison of Ruskin with the great men of his age. Not until the atmosphere has been cleared of the smoke and clamor of war, competition, and strife can we appreciate the message of this great prophet of peace. But in far and future ages, when the world shall cease to worship money and shall more highly prize its men, when nations shall train up fewer armies of warriors and greater armies of scholars, when governments shall cease to make implements of torture and shall give some attention to the fine arts,—the benign and tacit influence of John Ruskin will be recognized, not only in the rarest descriptive prose of literature, but sprinkled upon the floor, hung upon the walls, carved upon the stones of our most colossal architecture, and, paramount to all, in the artistic taste and refined souls of an uplifted common humanity.

HAMILTON AND THE CONSTITUTION

EUGENE MARSHALL

SECOND HONOR oration in 1903. Mr. Marshall represented the University of Michigan.

Stability of government is essential to the preservation of liberty. Without a substantial administration to crown the success of a revolution, law and liberty degenerate into anarchy and despotism. With brilliant eloquence, a Castellar may rouse the people to action; with broadsword and battle-ax, a Cromwell may overthrow the absolutism of tyrants; but after the din and crash of arms have ceased, the statesman must be summoned to construct a government superior to that which has been destroyed. Just as the Italian revolution brought forth Cavour, and the birth of the Dutch Republic evolved William of Orange, so the war for American independence produced a character whose brilliant struggle for the preservation of republican institutions created a nationality, and whose efforts to construct a strong, centralized government, were most potent factors in establishing the Republic of the United States. That man was Alexander Hamilton.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the political condition of this country was deplorable. The treasury was empty, the army demoralized, the commerce ruined, the government an object of contempt among the nations of Europe. Congress had neither the support nor the confidence of the people. Public credit was debased by a worthless paper currency. States which had formed a phalanx against Great Britain

were at war with each other, while poverty and disorder were driving them into open rebellion with the general government.

The primary cause of this condition was the inability of the Confederation to govern the thirteen original states. Though called the "United States," they were, in the words of Washington, "one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow." Congress could borrow money, but could not repay it; it could declare war, but could not levy troops; it could make treaties, but could not enforce them; in reality, the Confederation was no more than a makeshift for a government. When the bonds of English tyranny were broken, the colonies thought their work was finished; but there still remained for solution one of the most difficult problems in statesmanship that history has ever presented, that of building a government of states in the midst of provincial chaos and endowing it with all of the elements of enduring life and imperial power. Such was the condition of America when the political career of Alexander Hamilton began.

Never has the world beheld a higher type of constructive statesman than Alexander Hamilton. Although a mere youth when he entered political life, his extraordinary abilities raised him to a prominent position among the men of his time. Instead of being moved by the sectional spirit that influenced Hancock, Adams, and Randolph, Hamilton was imbued with the idea of nationalism. He saw that there was a greater task to be accomplished than that of promoting the interests of individual states. It was the establishment of a strong, centralized government. Without an institution capable of protecting the liberties of the masses of the people, what would become of the fruits of the American Revolution? How long would the tottering Confederation guard the rights and privileges of the people? Would states envious and jeal-

ous of one another support a national militia, create a national credit, or develop a national commerce? What the colonies needed was a government which should rest upon the consent of the governed and be strong enough to curb the power of the states. Long before the Confederation began to crumble, Hamilton was preparing to supplant it by a strong, centralized government. He had heard the ablest men of his time discuss its feasibility. He had studied the best governments of Europe and the adaptation of their systems to America. By his writings and speeches he had schooled his countrymen in the doctrines of republicanism, and when the hour came for America to choose either a constitutional republic, plastic beneath the influence of popular passion, or a democracy, turbulent, excitable, and uncontrollable, this powerful advocate of constitutional liberty entered the political arena to grapple with the doctrine of state rights, and to wrest from the hands of thirteen jealous states enough power to build a Federal Union.

We, who live under the benign influence of the Constitution, seldom think of the opposition directed against it one hundred years ago. When that immortal document was presented to the people of the several states, they did not receive it as a masterpiece of statecraft. They were human, excitable, and suspicious of the true character of its provisions. Fearing that it was drafted solely to rob them of their liberties, they did not hesitate to employ any means to prevent its ratification. Howling mobs burned copies of it on Boston Common. News of its adoption by leading states was followed by wild demonstrations and violent party encounters. In Pennsylvania, it was denounced as the handiwork of political knaves. In Virginia, it was ranked with the Stamp Act and the Boston Port Bill. But of all the states

which opposed its adoption, none offered a more stubborn resistance than New York. Only seven states had ratified the Constitution when the Poughkeepsie Convention was called. New York became the pivotal point in the contest, and when Hamilton boldly declared that he "would storm the citadel of the opposition and make it a bulwark for the defense of the Constitution," excitement grew intense. Conscious of the importance of that convention, every state from Massachusetts to Georgia watched with restless expectancy the coming conflict.

On the morning of June 22, 1788, the long expected struggle begins. It is a spectacle grand and inspiring. The convention is thronged with eager spectators, but as Hamilton rises to address the assembly, a profound stillness reigns. Courage and determination are written in every line of his countenance. His flashing eye denotes nervous energy and firm resolve, while his dignified bearing commands instant attention. Before him sits Governor Clinton, firm and energetic; on the right, the powerful Anti-federalist, Melancthon Smith; on the left, a hundred delegates pledged to defeat Hamilton at any cost; behind him, a mere handful of Federalists. It is a contest where the political power of a state is directed against the spirit and eloquence of a single man. For two weeks the great debate rages without the change of a single vote. Time and again Hamilton charges the opposing forces only to be beaten back by an overwhelming majority. When the last day of the convention arrives, every town and hamlet in New York is awaiting the news of the convention. Will Hamilton fail? Will New York ratify the Constitution, or will America add one more to the long list of fallen republics? These are the questions to be settled. But, undaunted by the forces arrayed against him, the "Little Lion" makes his

final attack upon the unbroken lines of the Anti-federalists.

Hamilton shows the necessity for the Constitution by describing the condition of the country under the Confederation. To the charge that the large states would coerce the smaller ones, he says: "That doctrine is the maddest political folly ever conceived. It never has been and never can be exercised over an enlightened people." A plea for a conservative upper house meets the claim that the Senate would be aristocratic. Hear him refute the charge that the instrument has monarchial features: "Sirs, can it be supposed that the Senate will become the oppressors of the people? Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow-citizens? God forbid! The idea is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity!" With consummate skill he exposes the fallacy that two supreme powers, one state and the other national, cannot exist, and when he has demonstrated the evils in the doctrine of state rights, Hamilton closes with these words: "As too much power leads to despotism, too little leads to anarchy. The states cannot lose their liberties until the people are robbed of theirs. They must go together. They must support each other, or the life, the liberty, the very existence of three million people is endangered." The effort is heroic; the effect, startling. The leader of the Anti-federalists openly acknowledges defeat, the entire opposition follow his example, and with the cry, "Long live the Constitution!" sweeping over the assembly, the debate closes with the convention in the hands of the "Colossus of the Constitution."

What was the effect of this victory? It inaugurated a new era in our political life. It silenced the cries of the Anti-federalists for state rights. It supplanted the tottering Confederacy by the most progressive government of modern times.

It rallied the remaining states to the new federation, and, when the dawning light of the new century broke over the colonies, the world saw, slowly rising from the ruins of ages of political experiment, the Federal Constitution, powerful, flexible, and progressive—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

But the influence of Hamilton was not limited to the walls of constitutional conventions. It had a more lasting and far-reaching effect. It made us a nation. It made us Americans. Before the advent of Hamilton, every commonwealth was struggling to promote its individual interests. Some sections would have reduced the country to a state of anarchy in order that they might be strong and prosperous. Even Patrick Henry and John Randolph had not yet learned to look beyond the boundaries of their own states, while Jefferson declared that the establishment of a centralized government would be the destruction of popular liberty. Hamilton taught the people the broader and nobler idea of union. He showed them that under a constitutional government their liberties would be more secure, their credit more stable, their internal affairs better regulated and their rights and privileges better protected. And from the hour that the Constitution went into effect, America ceased to be thirteen states, envious and jealous of one another, and became the great Republic of the United States.

The greatness of Hamilton's achievement is written on every page of American history. His explanation of the fundamental principles of the Constitution cleared a pathway for the growth of the new Republic. It gave Clay the foundation for his Compromises. It furnished Webster the thunderbolts to hurl against Secession. It made Lincoln a tower of strength during the Rebellion. It guides every court and legislative

assembly to-day, while Hamilton, honored by the nobility of his mission, glorified by the brilliancy of his victories and crowned by the permanency of the institutions he established, stands foremost among the world's great statesmen as the man who founded a strong, centralized government upon the eternal principles of free conscience and free speech.

Time may hush into silence the masterful eloquence of Hamilton, centuries of human events may wrap in obscurity his record as a soldier, future generations may forget his brilliant administration of the treasury, but the memory of his defense of the Constitution will never pass from the minds of men. For as long as the Constitution shall guard the liberties of the American people, as long as the brilliant struggle to secure its adoption shall illumine the annals of the Revolutionary era, history will ever make this attestation: That in the dawning hour of the struggle, when the American commonwealth wore the yoke of English tyranny, it was the inspired eloquence and impassioned utterance of Henry in defense of American liberty that shook the throne of England; that in the darkest hour of the contest, when the horrors and sufferings of Valley Forge had cast a gloom over the nation, it was the sword of Washington that turned the tide of disaster and revived the shattered hopes of the colonists; but when the war was over and America called for a statesman to uproot sectionalism, unite the discordant elements of the nation in a common cause, and crown the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown with a strong, centralized government, the man who answered the call and gave to the American people that powerful fabric of government, the Federal Constitution, was the peerless orator, the valiant soldier, the incomparable statesman, Alexander Hamilton.

THE AMERICAN CITY

George P. Jones

First Honor oration in 1904. The League contest was held at the University of Michigan; Mr. Jones was the representative of the University of Minnesota.

The migrations of the human race, like the movements of the stars in their courses, obey two cosmic laws. By the law of centrifugal force the race pushes across mountains and seas in search of new lands and liberty. By the law of centripetal force it concentrates in cities for the pursuit of commerce and the arts.

The first century of the American Republic was marked by that great westward centrifugal movement which conquered a wilderness and established constitutional liberty; but the centripetal movement into cities swiftly following the Civil War is already far advanced and presents a record without parallel in history.

Starting upon its first century only one thirteenth urban, the United States enters upon its second one third urban. From George Washington to William McKinley, urban citizenship has grown ten times as fast as that of the country at large. Detroit, to-day, contains as many people as all the urban population of the United States in 1800; and New York a million more than the urban total of 1850. Duluth is greater than the New York City of the first census; while the New York of the twelfth census can duplicate the population of the seven states which lie between Lake Superior and Pacific tide water. As late as 1820 only five per cent of the American people lived

in cities; while at this hour municipalities hold two thirds of the people of the nine North Atlantic states and poll one half the vote of the Republic.

The first disciplined police force of 1845 has grown to an army of forty thousand bluecoats, which, at a tax cost of sixty million dollars, patrols one hundred thousand city saloons and ten thousand dens of vice, and makes in a single year over one million arrests for drunkenness and crime. The first paid fire brigade of less than sixty years ago has increased to thirty thousand fire fighters, who are unable to prevent seventy thousand city fires with an annual loss of ninety millions in property and many hundred lives. The first chartered street railway company of 1851 has multiplied to a thousand in 1903, which pay interest and dividends on a capital of nearly three billions of dollars. The hundred principal American cities levy taxes upon an assessed valuation greater than the total value of the United States. Their capital invested in public works exceeds the capital of the national banks. Their bonded indebtedness equals the national public debt; while their annual expenditures far exceed those of the national government.

The trend of population is toward the city. Wealth and power, youth and energy, greed and ambition, vice and vanity, corruption and crime, are all bent toward the city. The army of labor is quartered there; the hoards of capital are stored there. Through its arteries pulsate the forces of civilized life. The slums may sap its energies; deserted farms point how the loss is restored.

Who can measure the power of American cities over the destinies of the Republic? Who can catalogue the array of forces marshaled within municipal bounds? The cities of America! They are the price makers on the production and

consumption of eighty millions of people. They are the carriers on whose steel-bound highways rest the industrial development of the nation. They are the bankers who hold the savings of the Republic and furnish the capital for its enterprises. Their industrial trusts defy the law and the public, and levy tribute upon the cash boxes and cupboards of sixteen million homes. The cities are the centers of political power that raise the campaign fund, run the campaign machine, and thereby dominate government. They are the centers of every organized effort which moves the wheels of civilization, and organization is the genius of the age. Within their walls are the fortifications of organized capital and the campfires of organized labor, that any day may plunge the nation into a war of industrial extermination. They are the seats of government, the courts and thrones of society. They are the fortresses of moral and political corruption, the breeding places of vice and crime. They are on the firing line of the nation's perils. They hold the problems on which hang the destinies of the Republic. Upon the rectitude of the city depends the perpetuity of the Republic. If the government of, for, and by the people is to survive, the city must be made as clean and strong as the democracy of the fathers.

The danger of this Republic is that at the very point where the strain upon the social and political structure is heaviest, our institutions are the weakest. The only failure that has marked the career of the United States up to the present time is in city government. In national government, founded upon the principles of the Declaration and Constitution, our institutions have become the model and study of the world. Our state governments, our county and township governments, our public schools and universities, our charitable and religious institutions, our industry and commerce, our banks

and railroads, our triumphs in science and invention, our achievements of the farm and workshop, are all the marvel of civilization. In wages paid, in freedom from caste, in bigness of opportunity, in economic resourcefulness, in executive, judicial, and diplomatic ability, we have fairly outdone the hope and promise of the fathers. But in city government we have fallen far short of our possibilities. Compared with the best governed European municipalities American city government is inadequate, inefficient, expensive, unbusinesslike, undemocratic, and corrupt; in short, un-American.

New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, are notably inferior in municipal administration to London, Berlin, and Paris. Boston, Pittsburg, and St. Louis, are fifty years behind Glasgow, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Greater New York serves three million less people than Greater London, and its taxes are one half heavier. Boston renders only a fraction of the municipal services which Glasgow performs for two hundred thousand more people, and the taxes of Boston are six times those of Glasgow. The ten leading cities of Great Britain serve more people, far more adequately and efficiently, than the ten leading cities of the United States; while the aggregate volume of taxes levied by the latter is just double.

The slum districts which flourish in American cities under the protection of law would put to blush the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah; and law enforcement is only a spasmodic farce. The city bosses and franchise corporations who have plundered American cities of their public franchises, which are the cities' most valuable assets, could give lessons to the imperial robbers of ancient Rome. Tyre and Sidon with all their municipal sins leave no record of an official like the former chief executive of Minneapolis, who converted the officers of law into a society for abetting crime and protecting

criminals. Lord Hastings in India, or Pizarro in Peru, were inartistic blunderers and ignominious failures, as compared with the capitalistic highwaymen, who, by corrupt political methods and bribes, have plundered the cities of this Republic and appropriated for private ends public franchises valued at three billions of dollars.

St. John, having viewed where Nineveh and Babylon became the lairs of wild beasts, where Tyre and Sidon became rocky places for the spreading of fishermen's nets, and where Jerusalem became plowed like a field, records in Revelations, "And the cities of the nations fell." St. Paul, an eyewitness to the causes which were working the dissolution of Athens and Rome, wrote in his Epistle to the Hebrews, "For here we have no continuing city." Is this, then, the fate of civilization? First a tribe, then a rural community, then a city, and after that dissolution and ruin? New York, Chicago, San Francisco, are they to fall like Babylon and Carthage, to be only a reminiscence, a relic, a ruin, a warning to the ages that follow? Is our boasted Republican government to fail when applied to cities? Shall it be written over the graves of American municipalities—Democracy is tried and found wanting? Is self-government in the last analysis only a half truth and therefore a delusion and a lie?

The answer to these fears is—No, for Democracy has not been applied to city government in America. The municipalities are the only political institutions under the Constitution that have been denied the right of self-government. When free institutions were born to American soil, there practically were no cities. The city was left out of Freedom's catalogue. For the municipality the old despotic plan employed by Great Britain in governing colonies was adopted, and the city compelled to go to Congress or its state legislature for a

charter of rights to exist, and for a thousand and one petty special acts which make chaos of its administration and private spoils of its public privileges. So we have the paradox, that, while the municipalities of monarchial Europe to-day are self-governed, those of Democratic America are state-governed. The European city is an institution of the people; the American city is the creature of legislative whim. The free cities of Europe in control of all their public functions are operating them in the interests of the public; while the state-governed, lobby-governed, party-governed, American city, whose franchises have been plundered and turned over to private greed, is paying double prices for lighting, telephone, and street railway service to the franchise corporations, who operate the public functions for private ends.

Nothing is plainer than the duty of the nation in the face of this municipal danger. Nothing simpler than the remedy to apply to American city government. The remedy for municipal failure in 1904 is the remedy which our forefathers applied to Colonial failure in 1776—the principles of local self-government. Apply to the municipality, enslaved by legislative lobby and franchise monopoly, the remedy that Abraham Lincoln applied to slavery—the Emancipation Proclamation. Write in the city charters and state constitutions that the people of the city, as of the state and nation, are sovereign within their own limits. Write it down in the immortal words of the Declaration that the government of the American city, as of state and nation, "is and of right ought to be free." Make New York what London has been since Cromwell won the battle of Lewes, a free Republic. Give to Minneapolis and the other cities of the Mississippi valley the right which Hamburg and its municipal neighbors have enjoyed since the free cities of mediæval Europe wrenched their

liberties from the Feudal Barons—the right of home rule. Give to the fifteen hundred American municipalities of three thousand citizenship or more, sovereign control and exercise of all their public functions—powers that, with marked results for social progress and political liberty, have belonged to the cities of Germany for a century, to the municipalities of France for three generations, and to the lesser cities of Great Britain since 1835; that are exercised by the city government of Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, The Netherlands, the Scandinavian Peninsula, and even under the flag of the Czar; yes, and that in 1899 were conferred by a British Parliament upon the cities of Ireland. Finally, given a free municipal Republic, a self-governed city equipped with power to work out its own destiny and exercise its own sovereign functions, add to its right of home rule the rule of separate city elections, that the city elections may be a contest on city issues divorced from state and national politics, that thereby an intelligent public opinion and an aroused civic conscience may be developed, until there shall rise out of the chaos of municipal failure a power greater than constitutions and statutes—the voice of the people—proclaiming over the ten thousand municipalities of the Republic the consummation of the full programme of self-government in America by the establishment of a triumphant municipal democracy.

JOHN B. GORDON—THE PACIFICATOR

THOMAS J. MEEK

SECOND HONOR oration in 1904, Mr. Meek representing the University of Chicago.

When the spirit of discord enters the heart of a proud people, it is seldom extinguished except in death; and we who live to-day, enjoying the blessings of a strong, harmonious nationality, proud of our country's unity, rejoicing that we are no longer an association of states, but the American people, should realize that we owe a debt of gratitude for these great benefits to the magnanimous hearts of the soldiers of the Union and of the Confederacy, who, when disbanded and scattered among the people, became the promoters of peace and fraternity.

When Lee surrendered at Appomattox, the Union was not yet saved. Factionalism, the worst foe of national unity and peace, cast its shadow over the land. The aftermath of war promised to be more terrible than the war itself. But there were patriots who longed for the day when the South should no longer feel that she was a conquered province; the North should no longer regard her as a rebellious section, but, with the scars of war all healed, both should rejoice that they were the reunited parts of a nation.

General Grant became the world's noblest example of the patriot magnanimous in victory, when he, at Appomattox, refused to take the sword of General Lee and bade the Southern soldiers keep their horses to draw the plow. This was the first noble act of reconstruction; and when, twenty years

later, Grant was laid to rest in that marble tomb which towers above the waters of the Hudson, he was borne by the unweaponed hands of his former foes. Over the dead hero old enemies clasped hands and mingled their tears in genuine reconciliation.

But I wish to speak of one who died the other day, whose patriotism was put to a test greater than that of the sage of Mount McGregor; of a patriot who, in the hour of defeat—upon the very field of battle, amid the wreck of ambitions, broken hopes, and shattered ideals—reconsecrated his life and resolved to live for a nation which he had fought to divide, and to devote his remaining years to the healing of old wounds and the bringing into fellowship of hearts estranged.

This patriot was General John B. Gordon, and this was his resolution as he mustered his troops on the hillside of the Appomattox to speak his last farewell. The ragged veterans who confronted him were the men who, when hope beat high in their bosoms, had followed him from the Appalachian foothills to Atlanta and Montgomery to be mustered in, and swore to give their lives, if necessary, for the establishment of a new republic. They were the men who had nerved him for his first battle at Seven Pines, who had swept over the batteries at Malvern Hill, who had held the line for Lee till sunset at Antietam, who had sprung forward at his command into the death revel at Chancellorsville, and with him swept around the carnage-blasted heights of Gettysburg. They were the men whose lion-hearted courage had thrilled his soul at Fredericksburg, and who, in the last dark days around Appomattox, had neither faltered nor failed. They were the comrades with whom he had starved and fought and bled for four long years—on the march, in the battle, or in the bivouac under the quiet stars; and now he must tell them that all is

lost, that their sacrifices have been in vain, and that those banners so lately furled must remain furled forever.

It is not as he appeared with flashing eyes and clarion voice, leading his troops to victory, that we like best to think of Gordon. Heroic as were his achievements in battle, far nobler were his victories of peace, and future history will declare the true greatness of his career began with that moment when, unapproachably sublime in the magnanimity of his soul, he stood upon that field of Appomattox; and while his lips yet trembled with the vows of his new allegiance—forgetful of the four long years of war, forgiving all wounds, foreseeing the dark struggles yet to come—he, nevertheless, exhorted his men "to yield the same loyalty to the general government that they had yielded to the Confederacy; to let their tattered banners, so faithfully followed through victory and defeat, lie as sacred offerings on the coffins of their dead hopes; to go back to their farms, and, relying on the fertile soil and the benign climate of the Southland, to till their acres, trusting in God Almighty to help them in the battle with adversity, and bless them in every manly effort to bring back to desolated homes the sunshine and the comforts of former years."

To the vow registered that day Gordon was true to his last breath. Laying aside the sword, he buckled on the civic armor in his country's cause. The surrender at Appomattox was but the "Brook Cedron over which the southern people passed to their Gethsemane." The assassin's bullet stilled forever that great heart "filled with charity to all, and malice toward none." Then began those terrible years of reconstruction which for a decade "wrung bloody sweat from southern brows," marred every hillside with the wreck of homes, and made the name of the South a synonym for spoils and misery. Gaunt poverty had laid her hand upon the

Southland. Labor had fled from the fields, and the plow stood rusting in the furrow. Broad acres, once white with bursting cotton bolls, were now overgrown with sage and the wild sassafras. Idle crowds collected in the towns and cities. The legislature was a caricature of democratic government. Any man who by ceaseless effort snatched a measure of prosperity, in the midst of that universal want, found himself the prey of greedy politicians and unrestrained tax collectors. Over the whole country the threatening shadow of negro supremacy lay like a blight, and from fruitless effort the people sank into despair and then into apathy. With eyes turned backward, they looked ever toward the old South, finding a glory in her graves and a grandeur even in the gloom that had settled around her.

But, while the people dreamed of feudal estates and the old régime, Gordon called them to look to the East and behold the sun as it should rise again in new grandeur after the night of defeat. Active as ever, he counseled with voice and pen, striking the note of hope till it rang its answering echo in a million southern hearts. Gordon's was no small soul; in it there dwelt no hatred toward the North. He did not believe that the people of one section hated the people of the other section, but that they misunderstood each other; and he prophesied that with a clearer understanding would come the light of a grander, better day.

As he had won the respect of the northern people by his gallantry in action, Gordon now won their confidence and love by his broad-minded, manly attitude. Without sacrificing one whit of honor to the calls of expediency, he counseled peace, deprecated unworthy prejudice, refrained from abuse, and, realizing the oneness of the nation, practiced all the virtues of the magnanimous statesman. At a time when the salva-

tion of the South depended upon broad-minded statesmanship, Gordon assumed the helm, and won the respect of all.

In a life like this there is always inspiration for the masses. The solid people of his state rallied round him as their champion. He represented them in the halls of the legislature; and later, when he became governor of Georgia, he swept through the state and purged it of rottenness. The political sharper, the venal legislator, and the "carpetbagger," retired before his fearless and honest administration like bats before the approach of day; and in that cleansing we behold the dawning glory of the New South—the new, free South, as it would have been had Lincoln lived, the South as the magnanimous heart of Grant conceived it, the South of Gordon and of Grady.

This noble work done at home, Georgia chose him as the favorite of her sons to take his place in the councils of the nation. For years he served her there, and, ever mindful of his broader allegiance as a citizen of the Union, labored to weld more firmly the ties of respect, of kindred aim, and of affection which bind us and make us a nation. To the wonderful charm of his pen he added the "velvet splendor of a mellow tongue." On the platform, with matchless power of oratory, he told the thrilling story of a nation's trials, generous alike to friend and foe, kindling a loftier sentiment in the hearts of his hearers, and linking the youth of our country to the "nobler legends of the Republic." His lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy," delivered in every city of this great Union, from Maine to California and from Florida to Minnesota, has drawn sympathetic tears from the eyes of ten thousand northern and southern soldiers, and wrought its spell on every patriotic heart. It eulogized alike Grant and Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Phil Sheridan; and then pictured

the discordant elements drawn together and welded into a solid patriotic mass—such was the conception and hope which fired the heart and nerved the brain and moved the tongue of the great peacemaker.

Under the magic spell of his patriotic example men grew too large to stoop to the cultivation of hatred and misconception. In the splendid glow of his liberality, sectional bitterness was forgotten, and all the soldiers sleeping under the cypresses and the willows of the Southland, on the mountain or beside the inland stream, became the heritage, and their deeds the glory, not alone of the section, but of the nation. Thus teaching men to love and not to hate, to aspire and not to look back, Gordon spent his life; and, at last, amid that national peace which was the effort and the aim of his declining years, honored by all his countrymen and treasured in the nation's love, he turned home to die among the people he had served.

Nearly forty years have passed since this great peacemaker began his work of reconciliation. Under his leadership his people have passed through the wilderness of reconstruction, and now they stand, not upon the borders of the promised land, but in the very center of it—the most loyal citizens of this great Republic. The North and South are one; their fraternity is not disturbed by any sinister apparition of the past; the Wheelers and the Lees, who wore the gray, are honored to wear the blue again. The Bagleys and the Hobsons of the newer generation are foremost in answer to their country's call to arms. "The scars of war are healed in every heart as on every hill." Prosperity smiles from the fields of the South. The issues which divided the sections are buried in an ocean of fraternal blood; and, under God's providence, "all the blood and all the tears have become a contribution for the up-

building of American manhood and the strengthening of American freedom." For the consummation of this proudest achievement in the annals of any nation, let future historians accord the greatest meed of praise to him whose heart and brain and tongue best served the noble end—John B. Gordon, of Georgia.

Under the cedars of Oakland the magnanimous hero lies sleeping; but with Lincoln and Grant and Grady, he lives enshrined in the hearts of the American people. In the coming years let the path to his grave be worn by the feet of patriotic pilgrims, for in death as in life he speaks for unity and fraternity. His last public words are a prophecy for our inspiration: "As the Christian church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose, so the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity."

IDOLS AND IDEALS

MAX LOEB

FIRST HONOR oration in 1905. The League contest occurred at Northwestern University. The successful contestant was the representative from the University of Wisconsin.

The average man in the street will not hesitate to tell you that we are the greatest people, this the greatest country, in the entire world. We Americans are immensely proud of ourselves. We glory in our splendid natural equipment as a nation, the far spreading territories and the limitless resources which God in his mercy has given to us. We are proud of our prowess in war, our skill in government, our wonderfully progressive and enterprising spirit, which has wrought almost a miracle of development. We realize that we occupy the center of the world's stage—the most notable experiment in representative government in the history of nations—and we are extremely well satisfied to stay in the limelight. Ours is not the complacency of mediocrity, but of success. We have actually achieved. Our growth in influence and power is history. To-day it is to a tune of our playing that the world is marching. We are boasters who make good our boasts.

Sometimes, indeed, we sing our own praises with more enthusiasm than good taste; but our pride in ourselves is so truly a part of our national greatness, the criticism loses more than half its point. Self-confidence, based on reason and a healthy optimism, can hardly prove disastrous to the nation; but, like most great virile national characteristics, it is the source of some evils which can and should be attacked. It is

the cause of that "grin and bear it" attitude, that exaggerated tolerance, which impartial observers, like Mr. Bryce, tell us is so characteristic of the American. Infatuated with the theory of our own greatness, as individuals we are indifferent to abuses that do not closely concern us and slow to take action against those that do. Here and there, indeed, reformers and exposers arise, and with shouts and wild gesticulations point out the gulf of ruin yawning for us. Often they tilt with windmills; sometimes they strike at real and vital evils. In either case the average citizen, secure in his belief in his country's greatness, heeds them not.

What is the true test of a nation's greatness? Is it wealth? Surely, in some measure, for wealth makes possible churches, schools, and hospitals, as well as parvenues, undemocratic castes, and asinine ostentation. Is it power and prestige among the nations? Undoubtedly, for power breeds self-respect, sense of responsibility, as well as selfishness and greed. Is it the general well-being? Indeed, for the welfare of the citizen is necessary to the permanency of the state. But is there not something else?

Some Greek philosopher once wisely said: "The greatness of a state is in proportion to the loftiness of the ideals of its citizens." Alas, for that poor Greek! Political thinkers have refuted and confounded him. Modern opinion has rejected him entirely. The number and size of the steel ships of war that float in the harbors, the number of men available for fighting purposes, the volume of the nation's trade and the adequacy of its protection, *these* are modern criteria of greatness. Yet there is wisdom in the old Greek's saying. His is a criterion of moral greatness, which, if religious teachers do not err, is more to be desired than the pomp and power of kings.

How fares the United States when measured by this stand-

ard? Is this outcry against "commercialism" and the "almighty dollar" all "bosh," the worn out notion of "old fogies," who are out of step with our civilization and blind to the greatness of our triumphs? Or does it come from the incompetents and failures, who would solace themselves with the delusion that they cherished a more tender conscience than their prosperous fellows? Is there reason in it? Let us see. Let us go to New York, with its teeming millions, to Chicago, where the heart of the West throbs fastest, to San Francisco, where the forts along the Golden Gate tell the traveler of our country's power, to New Orleans, Savannah, and Charleston, where the South sends out its cotton in millions of bales, to the hamlets of historic New England, to the sturdy little cities of Minnesota and Dakota, to the new boom towns of the West—everywhere—we will find that a new worship, old as the race, yet new in its intensity and passion, has intrenched itself in the hearts and minds of men and levied tribute on their souls—the worship of Material Success. Its votaries are numberless; its temples rise on every side,—the stores, and banks, and offices where honor, conscience, and ideals are daily sacrificed, the capitols of great states where men betray their trust for gold or place, and patriotism has its price.

This is no mere fancy. It is the truth. The evidence is all around us. It stares us in the face. Great cities are run "wide open" with all that phrase implies of vice and shame, because, forsooth, it helps business and swells the stream of revenue. Rivals in business fight each other with the cunning of foxes and the ferocity of wolves. The Master's Golden Rule is ignored. The "do ere you be done" of the market has taken its place. Petty fraud and small deception, a little lie where truth won't serve as well, these seem prime necessi-

ties of successful business life. Everywhere we are told that "business is business," with brazenness unshamable. Apparently business and ethics have no connection. They seem divergent as the poles. The Goddess of Material Success must have her sacrifices—what matter scruples to moral weaklings if the golden goal be won?

And when the business man has won a competency and is secure from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," what then? The methods of the highwayman and back-stairs diplomatist have become unnecessary. It is no longer a case of "lie or die." Surely he will wave once again the flag of high ideals, and hark back to the spirit of the Golden Rule. But no; it is hard to shake off old habits and form new ones. Gold and the power it brings has become an idol; greed, a dominant principle. The big business man, the captains of industry, the presidents and managers of corporations, stand out among the press within the temples. Their worship is most ardent, their sacrifices the most lavish. Proof is hardly necessary. Ida Tarbell has thrown wide the portals of Standard Oil and we see the foulness that is within. She has revealed the depths to which the new worship drives its devotees, made known the sacrifices it demands from those who would become the high priests in the temples. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" saith the Scriptures, and so these sacrifices are laid upon the altars of the Goddess and the shekels are gathered in.

What national philosophy is it that makes things like these common and holds some of them not dishonorable? Surely this is not the rule of Christ. No; it is a modern philosophy entirely, an outgrowth of the new worship which has graven this motto on the hearts of its votaries: "Be strong, be masterful; be as honest as you can *and* succeed."

But, some one will say, you are making all men of ambition rascals. Not so. All those within the temples are not worshipers. Many there are, a goodly number, in this glorious country of ours, where the battle rages so fiercely that some forget the rules of combat, who will not abate one jot or tittle of their high ideals in the search for success, who believe with Beecher that "whenever you have exerted all your knowledge, all your skill, all your industry, with long continued effort and without success, then it is clear, not that you may proceed to employ trickery and cunning, but that you must *stop*." They would be successful, yes, but not at the price of their ideals. To them the temples are shrines of honor and of sacred trust. Golden Rule Jones of Toledo was one of these. Theodore Roosevelt is another. The moralist need not despair. We still have citizens who are *men*. The political triumphs of real reformers, the reception accorded to the doctrine of the simple life, the public obloquy which accompanies great gains won by immoral methods, these are the signs, rich with promise for the future, which prove their numbers and their influence.

But let us not deceive ourselves. Though we may regret the facts, they are here. If we look the situation squarely in the face, we must admit that the men of ideals, who hold to their ideals, are not in the majority.

What is to be done? How shall this theory—success at any cost—be combated? There is no panacea for commercialism, no device which can change the moral fiber of the nation. Whatever change comes must come through the realization, by individual men and women, that ideals are distinctly *worth while*. And if the nation is to progress, morally as well as materially, it is of vital moment that our young men of brains and power, our future leaders, clearly under-

stand this truth. It should be so impressed upon their mind, that, in the struggles of their ripened manhood, no covetous nor ambitious promptings could ever blur its deep significance. "Ideals are worth while." Where can this best be taught? There is no better place than in our universities. They stand apart, aloof from the world of seekers and climbers. The inquiring spirit, the love of absolute truth, the appreciation of other than material things, the fearlessness of strong conviction, float in their very atmosphere. Most easily within their limits high standards become usual, ideals but commonplaces; most readily within their bounds a mean and little soul will grow,—or grow ashamed. The universities can be teachers of ideals. Here lies their noblest function and their fairest promise.

The conception of a dreamer, think you? Perhaps, and yet the possibility, the opportunity, yes, in part, even the actuality, are there. The universities *are* teachers of ideals. Throughout the land the fight for purer government, for higher citizenship, for closer brotherhood is being led by college men. In every community almost, they are among the moral aristocrats, the fine minority in whose regard idols have not displaced ideals.

Would that all college men were members of this aristocracy. May the universities of this land so grow in influence, so train men to know high standards and live up to them, to hate a coward compromise and despise a lie, that "college graduate" shall stand for high ideals, for fighters in the ranks of those whose life and works are proof beyond a doubt that material success is not a supreme deity among our people, that the pocketbook is not the symbol of our national devotion, nor the dollar mark the seal of our greatness.

PATRICK HENRY, THE AGITATOR

THEODORE CHRISTIANSON

SECOND HONOR oration in 1905, the author representing the University of Minnesota.

Kings may reign, parliaments may govern, but public opinion is the ultimate source of power. Emperors are but the crowned servants of the people, the ceremonial representatives of sovereignty. Every government is in its last analysis a democracy. Louis the Sixteenth ruled when France was asleep; France awoke, and Louis was sent to the guillotine. The people have the power, but they often fail to assert it. Wearied by the monotony of humdrum life, they become oblivious of the encroachments of their servants. It is then that the agitator plays his part. Through his magic touch public opinion springs into the fullness of life and is stirred to a realization of its power. Every true agitator is the product of a crisis. He is produced by the grinding necessity of his times. Wherever the liberties of the world have been at stake, he has risen to the rescue. Charmed by his voice, Grecian freedom lingered for years around the Parthenon and fled only when the tide of Macedonian power broke down the walls of Athens. Roman liberty did not perish until the piercing bodkin had silenced the tongue of Cicero. Then it languished and expired.

Among the great agitators of the world stands Patrick Henry. He was to the American Revolution what Peter the Hermit was to the Crusades. When men wished to barter their principles for peace, when even the voice of Franklin

counseled submission to wrongs and Massachusetts had resolved to yield, the words of fearless, fiery Patrick Henry aroused the indifferent and gave courage to the weak. His was a patriotism that would not brook the encroachments of a tyrant. His was the example that brought a people to arms.

But behold this agitator in action. It is the morning of May nineteenth, seventeen hundred sixty-five. The languid life of a Virginia town is roused to commotion. The House of Burgesses is in session. A copy of the Recent Stamp Act has been received. The country is in consternation. What will Virginia do? What can she do? So long as the proposed system of taxation was merely a theme for parliamentary discussion, the colonists might express their views. They embraced the privilege—they petitioned, they implored, they asserted the right of self-taxation, they protested against the infringement of that right. But now the aspect is changed. The odious bill has become a law. The tax has been levied. Dare they speak the same words now when to do so is sedition?

Not only were their own liberties at stake, but the liberties of the world. I repeat, the liberties of the world, for if the colonists had submitted to that tax, what hope would there have been for constitutional government in other lands? Whence would have come the inspiration which shattered the Bourbon throne? What example would have nerved the peasants of Italy to banish their petty despots, or the Germans to unite under a parliamentary government? Who would have preserved for the race the principles of Runnymede? If the Britisher could trample upon the rights of Englishmen abroad, how long would he respect the rights of Englishmen at home? If he could tax the colonies to pay for his continental wars, might he not tax them to wage war upon his

subjects at home? Had the colonists hearkened to the hollow pretext of "defending, protecting and securing," how long before they would have been ruled by the iron scepter of martial law?

The problem which the Virginia assembly had to solve that morning was truly momentous. It was a problem for statesmanship. The occasion was one which demanded the wisdom of old and experienced leaders. It was an occasion, not for rash counsel or spasmodic action, but for deliberate and careful consideration by the most conservative members. Let no hasty action be taken. Let Virginia wait to see what other colonies would do. Such was the sentiment in the House of Burgesses when on that May morning it weighed the destinies of a race. It was a distinguished assembly. The intellect of Virginia was there: Peyton Randolph, attorney-general of the colony, eminent lawyer, acute parliamentarian, practical statesman; Richard Bland, learned, logical, profound; Edmund Pendleton, graceful and accomplished, a genius of persuasion; George Wythe, the "Cato of his country."

Shall, nay, dare Patrick Henry speak when these men are silent? He a young rustic, born in obscurity, fresh from a law office, untrained in the art of parliamentary debate, with no knowledge of statesmanship, ignorant even of the forms of the house,—shall he dictate the policy of Virginia in the crisis of her fate? In the breathless suspense, nobody thinks of him. Sitting in a distant corner of the room he is struggling alone with the question—a question whose answer shall mold the history of the world. He knows that submission will be fatal to liberty, that in firm, united resistance lies the only enduring hope. To be silent is cowardice; to speak, sedition. In the face of such a dilemma, a weaker soul would halt; not so, Patrick Henry. A look of determination crosses his face.

He opens an old law book. On the fly leaf he draws up a series of resolutions. He rises and addresses the chair. All faces are turned towards his; those of the old conservatives with distrust, those of the younger members with scorn. What has this youth to say? For what purpose has he taken the floor? With trembling voice he reads the resolutions. With faulty history, but admirable logic, he shows that the colonists are entitled to all the privileges of Englishmen; the most vital, the most precious of which is the right of self-taxation. This right has always been recognized by English kings and its infringement in America is but a step towards its overthrow in England.

Now is the time for the conservative leaders to interfere. Can they, who have Cavalier blood in their veins, whose fathers fought for Charles at Marston Moor and Naseby, can they endure to hear their king attacked? They whose influence in the house has been unbroken, shall they now permit an upstart to dictate a policy of sedition? There can be but one answer. They must turn back the subversive tide. They must defeat this dangerous young man. But who shall do it? Who dares to encounter his cutting irony? Who can meet his arguments or overcome the effect of his impassioned appeal? The tongue of flame has fired the audience. Their passions have reached white heat. Bending forward in their seats, their necks strained, their eyes glowing with excitement, they drink in the words of the orator. Something must be done. Driven to the last bulwark, tyranny makes its stand. The conservatives are in the fight. Argument, denunciation, invective, these are the weapons with which they attack. Facts are marshaled into columns; logic and learning are massed in phalanx; scorn, rancor, fury, bring up the rear.

At this point occurred one of the most cherished incidents

of the Revolution, one of the most dramatic scenes of all parliamentary history. Speaking of the impolicy and injustice of the Stamp Act, the orator said in tones which thrilled the world, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third—" "Treason!" shouted the chairman. "Treason, treason!" echoed from the conservatives. They rose, fingers pointing at the orator, hands raised in fearful suspense. Dare he finish that sentence? With leonine courage he faces his accusers. He straightens himself to his full stature. Volcanic fire gleams in his eyes. Emotion drives the color from his face. Raising his voice till the old stone walls seem to tremble, he speaks the words of doom: "George the Third may profit by their example." The agitator had triumphed. The old leaders were vanquished. Peyton Randolph rushed in anger from the room. The resolutions were passed.

Like wildfire the news swept over the land. South and North the flaming words sped on the eager lips of an aroused populace. Everywhere they kindled the fire of a mighty resolve—a resolve which swept onward till it consumed the fetters of the colonies and set a nation free.

The agitator had done his work. Public sentiment was crystallized. The conscience of the people was at last aroused. The rest is familiar history: the Continental Congress, the Committees of Correspondence, the Boston Massacre, the Tea Party, and the Declaration of Independence. Lexington and Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown, and the dark days of Valley Forge, will never be forgotten. The memories of the Revolution are secure. A grateful posterity will forever cherish as a heritage the names of its great actors. High among them stands the name of Patrick Henry. That he made mistakes in his later life, no man will deny. But he

came to the rescue in a great crisis. He started an impulse which made a nation. He spoke words which united with a bond of common purpose, thirteen separated, hesitating colonies; nerved a race with unconquerable courage, and gave men strength to fight their way from despair to victory. Nor should the lesson which he taught be forgotten. His insight and his courage are our heritage. He, and such as he, are the glorious "cloud of witnesses" that shall ever move the hearts of their countrymen to noble deeds. Actuated by their principles, permeated with their lofty patriotism, the Republic shall continue to carry the "fiery cross" to the nations of the earth, teaching them the slogan which stirred the men of seventy-six, "Give me liberty or give me death."

THE MISSION OF NEW JAPAN

KIYO SUE INUI

FIRST HONOR oration in 1906. The League contest occurred at Oberlin College. The successful contestant was a Japanese student, representing the University of Michigan.

The Far East has an immense Empire which includes about one eleventh of the territory of the world and one fourth of the human race. This Empire is rich in coal, iron, and timber,—rich in history, invention, and labor. It nurses and shelters four hundred million people and can support many more with its raw materials and manufactured goods,—rice, cotton, silk, and bamboos. It is situated in the best zone and, as has been said, "is blessed with a climate that makes it the beehive of the world's production. To control this beehive has been regarded as the international prize of the century." But there is a nation that has fought, not to control, but to free it; not to close, but to open it; not to leave it as a hermit kingdom, but to invite and introduce it to the civilized world. Of such a beehive, of such a nation, and of such a nation's mission, I am to speak.

Fifty years ago William H. Seward, in a speech in the United States Senate, declared that "The Pacific Ocean with its shores, islands, and the vast region beyond will become the chief theater of the world's greatest hereafter." True, "its islands and the vast region beyond" have been the chief theater of the world because of the weakness of China and the greediness of the European powers. "They have sought to take from China a city for an eye, a province for a tooth."

It was Germany who took possession of Kiaochow for the murder of two inactive missionaries and sold them for one hundred thousand dollars apiece. It was England and France who waged that unreasonable war when China refused the importation of opium, and for this England claimed Hongkong and later Weihaiwei, and France, Hainan. Italy, too, imitated these examples. Then the Chinese Boxers arose, and if the Chinese government had been strong enough, the trouble would have been internal only. But the powers, having found an opportunity, marched thither with an allied army for a double purpose: ostensibly to protect their own subjects and enlarge their sphere of influence, but really to satisfy their hunger for the rich territory of China.

Ask a Russian the cause of the Russo-Japanese war. He will tell you that he fought for the white race and the safety of Europe. The truth is that he wanted an ice-free port and the control of China. Ask a Japanese the same question. He will tell you that he fought for the integrity of China, the preservation of Korea, the reëstablishment of Manchuria, and the independence of Japan itself. He will tell you that he fought for the introduction of Western civilization, for the open door, and for the cause of the commercial world at large. Let each nation maintain her reasons. But the fundamental reason why the Russo-Japanese war was fought on Chinese territory was this: China was rich, but weak, and the Russian bear wanted a bite of her, a taste of Korea, and a smell of Japan. Around this busy hive of the East there have been a great many political bees flying and buzzing. The great pendulum of politics has been swinging between the Pacific and the Atlantic. The low political barometer has shifted from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, and from the Indian Ocean to the China Sea. Over this sea there have

been hanging ominous political clouds that have made China the storm center of the world's politics. Yes, Senator Seward made no mistake in saying "this vast region will become the chief theater of the world."

In this dark storm center there has appeared a new nation with a rising flag. In the family of nations "Japan is the child of the world's oldest age." In 1853 she was newly born and was baptized by Commodore Perry, the apostle of American enlightenment. Since that time she has been struggling diligently to acquire Western civilization. In 1904 the greedy bear of Europe stretched his aggressive and stub-born paw from Siberia to Manchuria. This was the power that drove the army of Napoleon from Moscow, the power of which all Europe was afraid. But when the Japanese not only realized the necessity of preserving the integrity of China and Korea, but also the danger to their own existence, they were forced into war. And they fought it well—

> "One for all, all for one,
> Under the banner of the rising sun."

And on that banner was inscribed the word "Freedom"—political freedom and independence; commercial freedom and the open door. Magnanimous in their victory, they have shown the world the exalted position of Japan in modern civilization. I saw them once the slaves of a feudal system, but I see them to-day crowned with freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of faith. I saw them once under the yoke of despotism, but I see them to-day the authors of their own laws and their own constitution. I saw them once sleeping in their little island home. To-day I see them wide awake, a small country but a great nation, the Japanese Empire.

What, then, is the mission of New Japan in the world's storm center? The shortest way to disperse the dark clouds

of the political storm and let the bright sun of prosperity shine on the Far East, is to develop China's natural resources, arouse her people from their age-long sleep, and lead them to Western standards of civilization. Says Charles K. Edmund, of Canton Christian College, "China needs men who know the institutions of both China and the West, who see clearly the foundations of all civilizations, hence can help her forward." What nation is it that understands the East as well as she does the West? Who is it that can import, adopt, and assimilate the Western civilization for the East? What nation but Japan is so well situated between the East and the West; Japan which has saved the East from the yoke of Russian absolutism and lawlessness?

Japan to-day has come as a new working power into the old world. She it is that has given old China new life and security, and the desire for Western civilization. Thank God, China is awakening. The great patient of the East has opened his eyes, longing for the civilization of the twentieth century. That Empire now has eight thousand bright young men and women studying in Japan and many more in Europe and America. Her constitution is being prepared by a commission who have investigated European governments and are now in Washington. She is no longer a hermit kingdom. Secretary Hay laid down the principle of the open door. Japan fought for it and opened the Chinese doors to the world. The greatest Chinese statesman has said: "Once awake and started we will go fast and far, and farther than you think, and much faster than you want." Let us go there with an unselfish motive, not to take any territory from China, but to give her modern civilization and ideals. Then and then only China with her great natural resources and her industrious people will become the United States of the East,

as Japan has become the England of the Pacific. And all the nations of the earth will have one ideal and one civilization. Commodore Perry and fifty years have made Japan. Give China thirty Perrys and another half century, and we shall see thirty Japans in the Far East that will act in accord with Western civilization and Christian ideals.

"But," say some Europeans, "in this you have shown the germ of the Yellow Peril." And further they say: "The Japanese success has been warmly greeted by the Chinese and the Koreans. Japan will train these millions of people. They will be inspired, as was Gordon's victorious army, by thoughtful and successful leadership; then the Yellow Peril cannot be avoided." Is the Yellow Peril possible? Is it reasonable? It is not the color of the skin that makes a war. If the color of the human skin were the cause of the Russo-Japanese war, or any war, I should think that America would have a war every other week. The wars have been fought because there were differences in interests and principles. The Russo-Japanese war was a conflict of the principles of two nations; the closed door versus the open door; conservatism versus progress; absolutism versus freedom; bureaucracy versus constitutionalism. The peril, on the contrary, has been the peril, not from the yellow race, but to the yellow race. China called the powers of Europe the "Foreign devils." She did well, for they came there with swords and cannon and battle ships to disturb her peace and take her territory for which there was no shadow of claim. Woe to the Christian nation which teaches the brotherhood of man and mistreats one fourth of the human race because they are heathen! Woe to Western civilization if it is good for nothing but to rob its weak neighbor! With the sympathy of the civilized world and by the providence of God, Japan was in a position to save

the East. "If, owing to Japan's valor and skill, injustice is to cease in the Far East" and the way is to be opened for Western civilization, "where is the peril to true civilization?" Let us be fair and square, and forget the differences in race and tradition. God forbid that another Spain should go into the Philippines, or Russia into China. Let the purpose of the century be not the division of the territory of weak nations, but the exaltation of Christian ideals that shall bind the world together.

We have found, then, that China is the storm center of the world. We have found that it was not the greedy lion nor the hungry bear that saved the East, but the little brown man, who, with the help of God and the sympathy of his chosen nations, fought for the salvation of the yellow men. At the close of the Russo-Japanese war it was the first American of to-day, the President of this great Republic, who brought the East and the West together. Now the Yankees of the Orient who know the East as well as the West, who live in the East with Western ideals, who join hands with the English to maintain the integrity of the East, who, with the United States, have an unwritten commercial treaty of the open door, —the Japanese should tell the true story of the East to the West, and introduce their Eastern brothers to comradeship in the family of nations.

Let China with her lily
Sing holy, holy, holy;
Japan with her cherry blossom
Hasten to our Father's bosom;
England with her rose
His great name praise;
And Columbia with her golden rod
Join with them all to God,
Who will open His tender breast
And bind together the East and West.

WAR AND PUBLIC OPINION

FRANK N. REED

SECOND HONOR oration in 1906. Mr. Reed was the representative from Northwestern University.

This should be an age of progress, not of war; of defense, not of destruction; of life, not of death.

War has had its place in history. Many times have the armies of the past been a guardian, an outpost of defense, warding off the barbaric vandals from the homes of the people and from the workshops of peaceful industry.

We still build statues to great masters of defensive war, masters like Leonidas, Garibaldi, Wellington, Washington. We visit battlefields where brave hearts have "poured forth their last full measure of devotion," and we keep green our hallowed mounds; we have never allowed honor to be called a dishonor, nor loyalty to be called a crime; our feet instinctively mark time to the roll of the drum; our natures are attuned to the notes of the bugle; we love our stars and stripes more fervently because our fathers poured out their sacred blood in its defense.

We know that often the stagnant pool of indifference has been cleansed by war. Were you and I Russian peasants, living lives of degenerate slavery, oppressed by a nobility which is steeped in ease and false contentment, we would risk our lives for one breath of freedom—even die in the rapture of a newborn liberty. We love that spirit in a man which will cause him to forsake home, forget happiness, enter the front rank at the first call, march into an open field, face the enemy,

answer the command of his captain with a smile, join in the thrilling war cry as it passes along the line, and advance, sweeping all, as he goes triumphant to victory.

Yes, war has been glorified on the pages of history, but our social, moral—all our virtuous—instincts tell us that war is wrong. The world is growing wiser; we are learning that there is something purer, deeper, nobler than war. Reverence for human life, respect for the opinions of the majority—these are the influences which have been permeating society, crowding out, from age to age, bloody factions and contentions. More and more are we following an instructed and powerful public conscience, sensitive to the public opinion of enlightened races, alive to the great truth that the highest object of a nation should be to protect, not its little section only, but the interests of the world.

The nations have ceased to fight in the spirit of myth, legend, and romance. Experts tell us that modern warfare to the finish means the utter extermination of one or of both contestants. What does romantic courage mean to a soldier to-day, when on the march an enemy unseen, unheard, cuts him down with a shower of lead like hail from a clear sky; when in battle the needle gun mows down his comrades in deep swaths like grass; when in camp, snatching a few moments' sleep, one Vesuvian upheaval hurls the whole army to destruction? Is this the old time courageous contest of arms? No, it is the wearing anxiety, the awful suspense of waiting, waiting for a conflict of monster machines, of knowing that there must be one appalling, wholesale sacrifice to the god of war.

On a glad morning last May, the news flashed around the world that Admiral Togo had sunk seventeen Russian ships, and had sent eight thousand men to a watery grave. What

must have been the agony of those men, no one knows. It is a solemn secret of the deep. But that was not all the suffering: those ships had cost millions of dollars; dollars represent work; work is stored life;—think of the thousands upon thousands of days of squandered life. Now, if you will look for the victims of that struggle in the depths of that blue sea, you will find not alone those eight thousand corpses, but interworked in every rope, every crevice, every bolt, and every bar—life, life, aimless, squandered life. Oh, the lingering suffering, the prosaic suffering, that attends a nation preparing for war, sustaining war, or recovering from war!

Scientific improvements come fast. Costly equipments of to-day will be discarded for something more modern and deadly to-morrow. To-day England builds a large fleet of warships; to-morrow Germany takes fright and builds even larger and better ships; then England, with her great floating death dragons, must outclass Germany. And so it goes, until truly it seems that the day is near when a nation, to be supreme upon the seas, must build artificial volcanoes and earthquakes. Oh, the waste of stored life that could be used for the benefit of humanity! Oh, the inglorious sufferings which no one sees and no one hears, but which eat so deep into the very vitals of human progress! Oh, the awful blood tax, the pitiless financial burdens of war, laid upon this poor, needy world!

Are war debts and national poverty to be our legacy to coming generations? Are you a German?—you are spending half your taxes for present armament. Are you a Frenchman?—your Franco-Prussian war cost you one billion, five hundred million dollars. France now spends five times as much for her army as for her schools; Italy spends eight times as much for her army as for her schools; Russia spends twelve

times as much. Shall we continue to have vast industries destroyed, the productive power of a whole people and its social and moral energies exhausted by ravenous war?

And the cause for so much of our past bloodshed has been—public opinion. Mothers, teachers, priests, and poets, have instilled into the hearts of the people a love for war, a public opinion which has supported wars of conquest instead of condemning them. Princes and statesmen of all ages have exhibited their victorious leaders, and have appealed to the patriotic spirit of their citizens, taking advantage of that spirit to instigate war for individual or national selfish gain. "O patriotism, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" The mighty future is no longer for a royal house or for a pampered few, but everywhere, in every land, for humankind. In our magnificent temples of fame there is no more room for military heroes; other halls must be built and grand galleries constructed for daring representatives of the people—heroes of peace. In our grand galleries, do you not see at the feet of every hero, thousands upon thousands of common soldiers languishing upon beds of sickness, tossing and moaning in feverish agonies; thousands upon thousands of ruined homes, where mothers and wives and innocent children are eking out a wretched existence in abject poverty? Do you not hear all these, and thousands of kindred sufferers, lifting up holy prayers to the mighty God of peace? And should we not join this host in a universal chorus: *Hasten the time when patriotism will not mean the mutilation of human beings?*

The spirit of peace is wholesome and progressive. Peace has its conflicts, and these conflicts demand courage and self-sacrifice—not for degrading, but for uplifting, humanity. Science has revolutionized the world, and it has opened up great fields for struggle in political and economic adjustment.

The fighting instinct that enabled Watt to perfect his steam engine in the face of trying opposition, has done more for civilization than the prowess of all the generals, or the destructiveness of all the engines of war. The conquering spirit that enabled Edison, Morse, and their associates to surround the globe with "flickering streaks of lurid flame, making the whole earth a whispering gallery charged with great sensations everywhere spread round like light, so that we think and feel in great masses"—this, I say, has done more for the world than the works of all the victorious heroes who have been applauded by furious mobs.

We advocate neither sudden nor reckless disarmament, but we call for sanity and justice in international affairs. What has removed the helmet from our citizens, the portcullis from our homes, the walls from our cities, the fortresses from our state lines? It is public sentiment, creating and supporting law. As it is possible for individuals and states thus to be constrained from maltreating their fellow-citizens by a law and a strong police, so it is possible for a whole nation, wild with excitement and rage, to be curbed, held in check, by an international law and an international police. Enthusiasm for a church united almost the entire world in the Holy Roman Empire, enthusiasm for a hero placed Europe at Napoleon's feet, enthusiasm for peace can organize the world. Thoughtful observers have seen the vision; the prophets have spoken; the disciples have been persecuted; and now their hopes for peace are beginning to be realized. We have seen the Magna Charta of a great federation: it is the treaty of The Hague. The efforts of wise rulers have made The Hague Tribunal popular; the concerted efforts of the nations will make it powerful. The day is near when romance will be laid aside, when the wars of the past will be read of

with languid interest, and there will be no thought of imminent peril. Then the coming generations will see that peace is grander than war; that to live for a worthy object is more glorious than to die; that nature and humane courage are more poetic than flowing blood and frenzied patriotism.

How can you and I wait for the slow processes of grinding logic? Public opinion has enacted a law against murder; why should not international public opinion demand a law against war, which is organized murder? Let prejudice live her little hour. We must expect that the abolition of war will be resisted like that of dogmatism, of favoritism, of slavery. War is a crime of high treason against humanity. It is the trade of barbarians. It stands for illegitimate ambition, debauched conscience, treacherous craft and national tragedy. War—a word too dreadful to be compared, which introduces no picture but that of deprivation and wretchedness for men, of weeping and heartache for women; a word which has haunted man for countless ages; a word which stands a blot on every page and on almost every line of history; a synonym for crushed hope, insatiate cruelty, the very climax of anguish—a living hell!

Is it not practical to think peace, to hope for peace, to believe in peace; to value it as we value our independence, our personal sovereignty, and to make it practical as we have made these practical; to value it as we value our liberty of thinking, of writing, of speaking, of voting? Peace shows a picture of green fields and golden harvests, of populous cities with their throbbing engines and their whirring factory wheels; of restful churches, magnificent libraries, and stately college halls. Peace invents, discovers, and unlocks mystery; it effects treaties, observes contracts, and enacts codes of law. Peace conducts research, writes books, and enriches life's

philosophy; it models statues, creates music and poetry, and perfects all art. Peace stands for what is most ideal on earth and for all ambitions for eternity.

Justice and reason are beginning to triumph. Great geniuses are mustering the soldier-citizens of the world for a peaceful conquest. They are armed with the great deeds and experiences of the past. Their plan of campaign is marvelous. The battles are to be fought in patient laboratories, in legislative halls, in courts of justice, and on the great battlefield of productive labor. Their terms of peace will be the unconditional surrender of barbarism and the abolition of poverty. They have a courageous spirit—it is for mankind. They have a devoted patriotism—it is for humanity. I can hear the nearing tread of their marching deeds; deeds upon which odes will be composed and ballads sung.

> "There's a midnight blackness changing into gray,
> Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!"

THE UNITED STATES AND UNIVERSAL PEACE

GLENN P. WISHARD

FIRST HONOR oration in 1907. The League contest was held at the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Wishard, the successful orator, was the representative of Northwestern University.

Political and religious reforms move slowly. We change our beliefs and at the same time hold fast to old customs. Far-sighted public opinion has declared war to be unchristian; sound statesmanship has stamped it as unjust; the march of events has, in the majority of cases, proved it to be unnecessary,—and yet we continue to build mammoth engines of destruction as if war were inevitable. Truly, the millennium is not at hand, nor is war a thing of the past; but whereas war was once the rule, now it is the exception. This is an age of peace; controversies once decided by force are now settled by arbitration; Europe, once the scene of continuous bloodshed, has not been plundered by conquering armies for more than a generation, while the United States has enjoyed a century of peace marred only by five years of foreign war. The four notable conflicts of the last decade have been between great and small powers, and have been confined to the outposts of civilization; while during the same period more than one hundred disputes have been settled by peaceful means. The willingness to arbitrate has been manifest; the means have been provided; the permanent International Court, established by The Hague Conference in 1899, actually lives, and has already adjudicated four important controversies. But arbitration, you say, will never succeed because the decisions

cannot be enforced. You forget that already some two hundred and fifty disputes have been settled by this method, and in not one instance has the losing power refused to abide by this decision.

Yesterday the man who advocated universal peace was called a dreamer; to-day throughout the world organized public opinion demands the abolition of war. Yesterday we erected statues to those who died for their country; to-day we eulogize those who live for humanity. Yesterday we bowed our heads to the god of war; to-day we lift our hands to the Prince of Peace.

I do not mean to say that we have entered the Utopian age, for the present international situation is a peculiar one, since we are at the same time blessed with peace and cursed with militarism. This is not an age of war, yet we are burdened by great and ever-increasing armaments; the mad race for naval supremacy continues, while the relative strength of the powers remains practically the same; the intense and useless rivalry of the nations goes on, until, according to the great Russian economist, Jene de Bloch, it means "slow destruction in time of peace or swift destruction in the event of war." In Europe to-day millions are being robbed of the necessities of life, millions more are suffering the pangs of abject poverty in order to support this so-called "armed peace." Note the condition in our own country. Last year we expended on our army, navy, and pensions, sixty-five per cent of our total receipts. Think of it! In a time of profound peace almost two thirds of our entire expenditures are charged to the account of war.

Now we do not advocate radical, Utopian measures, we do not propose immediate disarmament; but we do maintain that at a time when millions of Russians are starving; when

every German peasant carries a soldier or a sailor on his back; when the French government, having exhausted every source of revenue, reports a yearly deficit; when the United States quadruples her naval appropriation in eight years, at a time when peace has made such rapid progress and arbitration has settled so many annoying disputes; when the British prime minister declares in favor of limiting armaments; when the bill providing for two new battle ships passes the House of Representatives by a majority of only eighteen votes; when President Roosevelt declares that he does not ask that our navy be increased, but merely that it be maintained at its present strength;—we do maintain that when such is the situation, sound statesmanship demands that we keep abreast of the times, cease to consider great armaments a necessary evil, and take immediate steps to limit preparations for war by international agreement. Some nation must take the first step. Why not the United States?

The nations of Europe are surrounded by powerful enemies, while the United States is three thousand miles from any conceivable foe. They are potentially weak, while our resources are unlimited. They have inherited imperialism, we have inherited democracy. Their society is permeated with militarism, ours is built on peace and liberty. Our strategic position is unequaled, our resources are unlimited, our foreign policy is peaceful, our patriotism is unconquerable. In view of these facts, I ask you, what nation has the greatest responsibility for peace? Are not we Americans the people chosen to lift the burden of militarism from off the backs of our downtrodden brothers?

Now what are we doing to meet this responsibility? On the one hand we are performing a great work for peace. Many of our statesmen, business men, and laborers, united in

a common cause, are exerting a tremendous influence in behalf of arbitration and disarmament. On the other hand, we are spending more on our military establishment than any other world power; we are building more battle ships than any other nation; we are no longer trusting our neighbors, we are warning them to beware of our mailed fist; we are thereby declaring to the world that we have lost our faith in the power of justice and are now trusting in the force of arms.

And why this paradoxical situation? Why do we at the same time prepare for war and work for peace? It is simply because many of our statesmen honestly believe that the best way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. It is true that a certain amount of strength tends to command respect, and for that reason a navy sufficient for self-defense is warranted. Such a navy we now have. Why should it be enlarged? Naval enthusiasts would have us believe that to preserve peace we must train the youth in military tactics; we must teach the young man to be suspicious of all other nations, and to believe that some day he will be called upon to defend his country against the wanton aggression of England, Germany, or France. Prepare not for the probable but for the possible, they say. Seize every questionable act of our neighbors, magnify it a thousand times, publish it in letters of flame throughout the land, and make every American citizen believe that the great powers are prepared to destroy us at any moment. Having educated the people up to a sense of threatened annihilation, burden them with taxes, build artificial volcanoes dedicated to peace, parade them up and down the high seas, and defy the world to attack us. Then, they say, we shall have peace. Is this reasonable? As sure as thought leads to action, so preparation for war leads to war. If we wish to be free, if we desire to remain a true republic,

if we purpose to continue our mighty work for humanity, we must limit our preparations for war. The best way to preserve peace is to think peace, to believe in peace, and to work for peace.

There are three classes of men—manufacturers, who desire a market for their death-dealing instruments; stockbrokers, who profit from the fluctuation of the market; and soldiers and sailors, who find little or no promotion in time of peace,—there are these three classes who, if they do not actually desire war, at least create and magnify war scares, and they use every possible means to promulgate the spirit of militarism. The extremes to which such men will go in order to arouse enthusiasm for a larger navy are almost beyond comprehension. During the coming summer the tercentennial celebration of the birth of this nation is to be held at Norfolk, Virginia. The management unblushingly announces the "greatest military spectacle the world has ever witnessed; the grandest naval rendezvous in history; the greatest array of gorgeous military uniforms ever seen; a great, living picture of war with all its enticing splendors." They would be nearer the truth, if they should announce the greatest display of the relics of barbarism the world has ever seen; a magnificent gathering of the implements of legalized murder, the greatest parade of medaled bravery, the grandest display of gold-braided, and red-plumed courage ever witnessed; the greatest insult to true American patriotism within our memory. A great living picture of hell, with all its enticing splendors.

The pity of it!—to commemorate the birth of a peace-loving nation by displaying the implements of barbarism! and then the wickedness of it!—to intoxicate the youth of our land by the stirring sound of martial music, to arouse the pas-

sion of brute force within the breasts of American citizens by exhibiting mammoth engines of destruction!

The trouble with such an exhibition is that it displays only the bright side of militarism. If, in place of the Russian battle ships, they should display the starving masses of dejected and despised beings who pay for those battle ships; if, in place of the gay German uniforms, they should exhibit the rags of the disheartened peasants who pay for those uniforms; if, in place of the grand parade, they should produce masses of wounded men and rivers of blood; if, in place of the stirring martial music, they should produce the writhing agonies and awful groans of dying men; if, in place of sham war, they should produce actual war, their exhibition would make militarism unbearable.

Again, we are told that we have suddenly become a world power, and that we must prepare to exercise a new diplomacy under new conditions. We must increase our navy, they say, to enforce this new diplomacy. We must prepare to fight in behalf of the Monroe Doctrine. But why, I ask, cannot this new diplomacy be enforced as American diplomacy has always been enforced? We promulgated the Monroe Doctrine without a navy; we have maintained it for over eighty years without the show of force. If our new diplomacy is right, it is as strong as the world's respect for righteousness; if it is wrong, a hundred battle ships cannot enforce it.

We have become a world power, and therefore we have a world-wide responsibility, and that responsibility is to establish justice, not force; to build colleges, not battle ships; to enthrone love, not hate; to insure peace, not war. Our mission is to strike the chains from the ankles of war-burdened humanity. Our duty is to proclaim in the name of the Most High our faith in the power of justice as opposed to the force

of arms. May it be said of us that we found the world burdened with militarism, but left it blessed with peace; that we found liberty among the strong alone, but left it the birthright of the weak; that we found humanity a mass of struggling individuals, but left it a united brotherhood. May it be said of us that we found peace purchased at the price of human suffering, but left it as free as air; that we found peace bruised and stained with militarism, but left it ruling the world through love and liberty. May it be said of us that we fulfilled our mission as a world power; that we were brave enough and strong enough to lead the world into the path of universal peace.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

FRANK L. MOTT

SECOND HONOR oration in 1907, the speaker representing the University of Chicago.

By the shore of the sea a boy stood alone. He watched in awe the ocean's power as it broke thunderously upon the rocks; he gazed with dreamer's eyes away over foam-capped waves to the place where sky and ocean meet, and from out the mists that veiled the western horizon there came to him the call of the sea. He wondered in his boyish imaginings what other shores were lashed by those same waters, but the sea's mysteries, like inscrutable secrets of God, seemed buried in the bosom of her mighty deep. He looked upon her restless, ever-changing waves, which knew more tales of distant lands than had ever yet been told, and were always stretching alluringly on, and on, and on—to what? Thus did the sea propound to the boy Columbus the riddle he was to spend his life in answering.

He was born within sight of the ocean, played on the sandy beaches of the Bay of Genoa, and grew up with a desire to seek new lands across the sea. His life was cast in an era of awakening. A quickened interest in tales of the sea was animating the civilized world. Some sailed forth on long and dangerous searches after new routes to the far East, and a wild spirit of adventure led others to risk their lives in bold voyages of discovery. The excitement of all Europe was newly kindled by each fresh tale of daring in unknown seas, and by every new guess of what might lie beyond. The lure

of the sea drew Columbus from his boyhood studies. In storm and tempest he learned to be a fearless sailor; and in the prime of his manhood he came to Lisbon, center of the world's maritime activity. The spirit of the awakening was upon him. Always the distant blue of the ocean invited him, and every storm was but a challenge. And as he watched the sea and studied ancient books and maps, and talked with sailors returned from long and adventurous voyages, and calculated diligently upon his own charts, an idea took possession of his mind, and a fixed purpose rose out of his dreams. Day by day the purpose grew within him, until he was permeated with it, absorbed by it. He had read his fate as in a book; he knew that he was chosen of God to discover new lands across the sea. He had become a fanatic!

But his plans met with little encouragement and made few friends. Marshaled against them was all the orthodox learning of the age, all the power of mediæval prejudice, all the fear of the unknown, and doubt of the unproved. And who is this who dares set himself against such an array? Who is this who assaults the prejudice of the world, and flings a dream into the face of its long-settled judgment?—An unknown man.

God chooses strange tools for the working out of the world's destinies. When he wanted a man to lead his people into the promised land, he chose a murderer of doubtful birth, the young and reckless Moses. When he gave a Savior to the world, he sent out a carpenter's son, born in the stable of an inn. When he needed a man to cleanse the church that Christ had founded, he discovered him in a German lad named Luther, singing on the street for his dinner. So, when the day had come for the discovery of a new world, when the times were ripe for the greatest event since the death

of his own son, God chose a man without birth or name, an Italian beggar, whom his neighbors called mad.

Such was the man who undertook to turn the old ways of thinking upside down. Upheld by the strength of the idea which had grown from boyish dreams by the ocean shore to be the high purpose to which he dedicated his life, Columbus set forth upon his mission.

The King of Portugal, to whom he first looked for ships for his voyage, thought him a crank. The royal counselors said his scheme would send ships to sure destruction in strange and unknown waters—it would be but dumping gold into the deep. They could not see beyond their horizon: they could not catch the vision. Year after year he pleaded his cause, but all in vain. And after his last hope of Portuguese aid was gone, the man with the idea—the crank—the dreamer—taking his motherless boy by the hand, sorrowfully turned his back upon Lisbon, where he had lived and starved—and dreamed; for years the city of his hope, but at the last the city of his disappointment; the city which refused three sailboats for the discovery of a world! Defeated for the time Columbus set out for the court of Spain.

But Spanish sailors thought the plan wild and visionary, Spanish scholars called it foolish, Spanish priests pronounced it heretical. Its champion stood friendless and alone amid scoffs and jeers and contempt. Ragged, beset by creditors, his hair whitened and his shoulders bowed by care and disappointment, he walked along the streets of Cordova, and the people tapped their foreheads in derision as he passed. His magnificent scheme had but one defender—himself.

To stand alone for truth is sublime. The mind of the world moves slowly, and many of the great reformers of ideas have stood alone through all their lives and died in disgrace.

Moses on Mount Sinai; Savonarola, hurling his thunder of defiance at pope and prince alike; Copernicus, facing the Inquisition with unshaken faith; Christ himself, "despised and rejected of men,"—found all mankind arrayed against them—yet their ideas have swept the world! If a truth have for its champion a man of courage, faith, and persistence—though disbelief and revilement and enmity may keep it in obscurity for a time, they must yield and fall before it in the end, for truth is omnipotent.

Through fourteen years of continual defeat and jeers and disappointment, Columbus never wavered, never once doubted that one day he should set foot upon the land across the seas.

How Queen Isabella furnished the ships at last and the Admiral set sail from Palos on his strange mission, every reader of the world's history must know. Each day the log book recorded the same words: "This day we sailed westward, which was our course." And when days had passed without a sight of land and then days had stretched into weeks and still no sign, terror reigned on board the caravels. The crews threatened to kill their demented leader if he refused to turn their prows eastward and homeward again. It was the final test of his character and faith—and the destiny of continents hung upon his decision. Did he waver at last? Did he hesitate one fateful moment? No! His answer came like the lightning flash: "Sail on, and on, and on, and on!" Neither the constant fear of peril nor the open threat of angry men had power against him. The mighty ocean itself, lashed into frenzy by awful storms, quailed before a mightier power—faith in an idea.

There came a dark night when Columbus stood at the lookout alone. Before and behind him stretched the black

waters in limitless expanse. The Admiral's white head was bent with care. Already they had sailed further than he had ever dreamed that ship could sail—and yet no land. What would be the end? What would come of the murmurings and the black looks on every side? Did failure stare him in the face? But, as he raised his head, he thought he caught a glimpse of a light carried by an unseen hand on a distant shore. He shouted "A light! A light!" He woke the crew. Cries of "Land! Land!" rang from ship to ship. Not an eye was closed again that night. All was excitement, and as the day dawned, land stretched before them! Christopher Columbus had reached his goal. His idea was vindicated, his dream fulfilled! On the virgin soil of a new world, he knelt and gave thanks to God.

He had left Palos amid sorrow and mourning; he returned amid joy and exultation. He had left, the leader of a forlorn hope; he returned in triumph. Upon his departure they called him a harebrained visionary, a crazy mendicant; upon his return they hailed him as the admiral in the lands of the seas, the discoverer of a new world! No longer penniless he paid his debt of loyalty to his sovereigns by the gift of a continent.

Untruth may rule the world for centuries with right unchallenged, but sooner or later in the omniscient providence of God there will come one who, like Columbus, knows dead men's theories to be fallible and the world's judgment to be often wrong. Then, because he dares to think for himself in spite of jeer or curse, men will call him madman, fool, dreamer. But in the hour of his success they will call him prophet, genius, hero. To-day we may call a man dreamer and theorist; to-morrow the dream clouds may lift for him, as did the mists of the sea for Columbus, revealing a reality far grander than his wildest dream.

From the time of the great discovery the power of Spanish dominion spread over the two continents, until the world was reduced to the sway of Spain. In unexampled brilliance her star of empire rose; but the man who had made her glory possible was, in his old age, shamed in both continents, sent home from the land he had discovered in chains, stripped of his honors, and reviled about the court as a lowbred Italian. Worn out by a life of hardship, wrapped in a veil of sorrow and disappointment, he died as he was born, in obscurity and want. And in the failure of Spain in the new world, in her fading to the merest shadow of departed glory, I see the hand of the Nemesis of History, avenging the memory of one who died dishonored and disowned.

Yet Columbus had no need of any honors that royal prerogative could bestow. Had all the state and ceremony of kingly grandeur attended his declining years, it would all be forgotten to-day in the glory of his great achievement. Pomp and circumstance are but as a cloud that vanisheth; our silken banners and purple attire are buried with us, and death ends all; but neither time nor space nor death, nor any change, can ever detract one jot or tittle from the honor due to the discoverer of America.

He lies buried in Madrid, but he belongs to no city and to no single nation. Rather would it be fitting for the sea to be his burial place—for the old ocean which attracted him so irresistibly in life to take him to her bosom in death, that her storms might sing his requiem, and that he might lie midway between those shores which he first joined together.

In Cordova, where once they mocked him, they have erected a shaft to his memory. They have carved him a statue at Havana, over his birthplace at Genoa they have built a column, and a stately mausoleum covers his remains

at Madrid. But Spain can never atone for her ingratitude now, and human hands can build him no adequate monument. His own achievement is his fitting memorial. In the spires and towers of our cities, see the results of the Italian beggar's dream! In our broad and fertile prairies, look upon the land to which he opened up the way! In America's towering mountains,—the everlasting hills of God—behold his monument!

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIENCE

JESSE F. WILLIAMS

FIRST HONOR oration in 1908. The League contest occurred at the State University of Iowa. The successful contestant was the representative from Oberlin College.

When a biologist places upon the slide of his microscope the thin sections which show the development of the cell, he has upon that bit of glass the primary wonder of the whole living world. Since Darwin, the intellectual world has been coming to realize that in this universe are certain, definite paths of development, and has seen not only natural organisms, but also nations and worlds in divers stages of progressive development. The discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, the victory of Darwin, the triumph of modern evolutionists—all enlarge the significance of human life. They show us distinctly that man's perfection is the goal toward which Nature has been ever tending; so the biologist sees in the thin sections of the cell not only the beginning, possibility, and promise of an organized universe, but he sees also himself—himself, the last final development. With the results from the study of geology and organic life, the truth of evolution is affirmed. To deny this law to-day, would be as Gladstone said of England's mistaken aid of the Confederacy—like opposing the law of gravitation. The human mind to-day recognizes that Life is a constant growth from lower to higher forms. The world presents many examples of the evolution of the physical. We need only recall the life story of the horse, the pigeon, the ox, man himself, to be as-

sured that evolution has brought us a finer type of being. We marvel at the difference between the primitive pigment spot and the developed eye which grew out of it, and we are coming in these days to appreciate the broad fact that Life, in the age-long course of its development, has gained capacity for higher exercise and richer happiness. According to our best science the perfecting of humanity is to be the glorious consummation of Nature's work, and in this deadly struggle for existence, which has raged throughout countless eons of time, the whole creation has been groaning and working, fighting and dying, in order to bring to its fullest completion the highest forms of life.

Yes, the biologist can see in the thin sections of the cell himself, but he knows that if he interprets his science correctly, the man he sees is not merely physical. He knows that mind and body are one, and that if science is to be justified, he must think of his evolution as being not only physical, but also mental. Man in his upright position is regarded as the highest form of physical life, and our physiological psychology says that the future perfection of mankind shall not be by the development of new hands, eyes, or organs, but by the evolution of conscience. As the crouching slave walks a free man, as man himself has risen from all fours and now walks as a god,—even so, conscience crowns our mental evolution.

The world presents also many examples of the evolution of conscience. The highest civilization of Greece was but an embryonic stage of what we to-day call morals. The difference between the fanatical Indian thug, who regrets that he has not strangled as many travelers as did his father before him, and the doctor, engineer, or good Samaritan, who enters the jaws of death to save his fellow-men; the growth of the moral sense in Cardinal Wolsey, who sums up the mistakes of

his self-assertive, avaricious life in these words, "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition"—such growth, from the Thug to the Samaritan, from the Wolsey of youth to the Wolsey of age, shows us a progressive evolution of conscience. Read the story of Jean Valjean, a reformed criminal, who lost wealth, position, influence, happiness, for the sake of saving a miserable, low-down, but innocent human creature. Follow his bowed, white head to the court room after conscience won its fight and hear his words—words that have stirred the hearts of men for sixty years: "Gentlemen of the jury. He is not the man whom you seek. I am Jean Valjean." Could any primitive man have believed such self-surrender possible? Could any savage moralist have understood such action? Yet we to-day undoubtedly look upon the lines of Wolsey as ideally true, and the story of Jean Valjean, the finest bit of ethical analysis in the world's literature. Yes—we to-day regard that declaration of Valjean as the best action of the human conscience.

We might trace the rise of conscience from primitive to modern man, from the first crude scruple to the highest soul sense; but instead, we shall consider three world movements where conscience plays a part. One of these movements began in 1802, when a distinct advance marked the nineteenth century. Sir Robert Peel awoke conscience to the fact that it was wrong to imprison children in shops and factories. The movement has grown. Yet who in ancient Rome, in looking down the years, could have imagined these words of the twentieth century,

> "How long, how long, wilt thou, oh cruel nation
> Content to turn the world on a child's heart,
> Trample down with your mailed heel its palpitation,
> And tread onward to your mart?"

Could Nero have considered for a moment the heart of a child, while the Christians were burning in his gardens? Conscience has evolved! The bitter cry of the children, with the wintry lines on their faces full of seas of sorrow, has been hearkened to, and because a child is a child, we are reading, in these days of progressive evolution, the eighteenth chapter of Luke with better understanding. And if some one should ask what is typical of our world to-day, we should reply, "It is not that child labor is any worse, but that which marks our period is the awakening of conscience to the fact that it is morally wrong."

These last few years have seen conscience battling in another movement for the ideals of universal peace and brotherhood. How Alexander, Ptolemy, Cæsar, Napoleon, would have laughed at the prospect! But their laugh would sound hollow now. Long indeed have men failed to see that they were brothers; that color, race, speech, were not distinctions in a universe of souls. In spite of the elaborate preparations for war, that God of Destruction is no more horrible now than he was when Charles Martel battled with the Moorish hordes on the field of Tours in sunny France; or when Cæsar slaughtered one million lives in adding the vine-clad hills of Gaul to the Roman Empire; no, he is no more horrible now than he was when that great Englishman defeated the Old Guard, staining the lilies of France with the red blood of the Britishers. That which marks our period is not the fleets of war, not arsenals of cannon, not the building of navies nor the marshaling of armies, nor is it the decrease in the horrors of war; but in spite of standing armies and warlike preparations, in spite of martial music and the sound of tramping soldiers, the true index of to-day is the awakening of conscience to the fact that war is morally wrong.

In another movement conscience has been fighting a danger more disastrous to the life of a nation than child labor, more destructive to the constitutions of men and of republics than the demon war. A plague, a pest, has poisoned not only the Halls of Justice, the Highways of Commerce, but also has infected the very fountain of life, the home—the home, "that little cottage with the hollyhocks growing at the corner with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, with its spring of water bubbling day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth, with the latticework across the window so that the sunlight falls checkered on the baby in the cradle." Into such a paradise the demon drink has come. In such a land as ours, in such homes, how horrible is that! In the words of Cassio,

> "Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
> To steal away their brains;
> That we should transform ourselves into beasts."

What a tragedy! That men and women should be sold into such a slavery! Oh, the pathos of it! That such a serpent should control the destinies of men! Yea, of nations! But an emancipator has come! A century ago there was no public opinion against the "traffic"; to-day conscience has started over the South a great wave of temperance, which is sweeping on, on, over the world. Before the later temperance movements, the grogshop was not discriminated; to-day sixty-five fraternal organizations with a membership of seven millions of men now bar all liquor dealers. Even before the Whisky Rebellion men paraded in all their drunkenness; to-day the world sees a grand temperance parade in Sweden. A score of years ago saloons were everywhere; to-day Oklahoma adds a star to the flag and a "dry" constitution to the Union. In Alabama, Kansas, Georgia, Mississippi, throughout the

great South, temperance is supreme. It is not that intemperance is any more insidious to us than it was to Rip Van Winkle, who "wouldn't count this time," but that which marks our period is the awakening of conscience to the awfulness of such an ignoble condition.

We recognize that conscience has laid open for us the wrongs of child labor, war, and intemperance, but we are failing in some measure so to interpret the wrongs of our national life. We have critics to-day, like Jonah of old, who went up and down the streets of Nineveh prophesying, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed." Forty days passed, and Nineveh stood. To-day the American doctrinaires are heralding the utter degeneration of the American people. In proof they cite the appalling instances of dishonesty, rapine, and fraud; lawlessness of men and corporations; the use of office for private ends; the mad scramble for wealth. To these and many more they point as evidence of the utter degeneration of the times. The indictment is a terrible one. Can we answer it? Can we say that the dial of human progress has not been going back? To this spirit we can reply, that from the lowest, evolution has gone upward and onward; that the moral contest of man has been not only between the bad and the good, but progressive evolution also makes that choice between the good and the better. Emerson says,

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When duty whispers, 'Lo, thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Human life from the beginning has just been saying "thou must, thou must!" and conscience, evolving, replies, "I can, I can!" To those who doubt the "I can," we say it is not that

the present times are any more corrupt and degenerate—and we have good reason to believe that they are less so—but that the conscience of man has progressed; and he is now coming to see, as he never saw before, that high standards in public and private life shall be maintained; that, as Grover Cleveland says, "Public office shall be regarded as a public trust"; that the sanctity of family life be insisted upon; that the man who discards the virtues of life shall receive the anathemas of all good men; that the rule of the square deal for every man shall be the dominant rule of national no less than of individual life. What we are demanding is true, brave, honest men! "The law declares it! The court awards it!" The progress of humanity is based upon its possibility! The evolution of conscience prescribes it! Our hearts—yes, our hearts really indorse it!

But to picture to ourselves this wonderful and significant law, presiding as it has through illimitable ages, we behold the building of protoplasm into nerves and flesh and blood, evolving the gauze of the gnat's wing, the sheen of the humming bird, the lark's song, the rose's splendor, the violet's perfume; evolving, in the battles of conscience, a life which is larger in its outlook, richer in its sympathies, nobler in its aims, and more joyous in its hope for humanity than it ever was for Father Abraham with all his flocks and herds.

On an ancient Assyrian tablet carved in the language of all time, there stands one word, and that one word renders the old world near akin to ours—it is the word "evil." Many generations of men have known that word. In some near by future century should there be unearthed a buried monument, record of our present world, that historic word "evil" would be still found written there, but over it would be seen that other word, so expressive of our evolution of conscience,

that other word which humanity now begins to know as the greatest of all—even "Love."

But in the final analysis, the most scientific evolutionary theory can be only a description of the process by which God has worked, and conscience and love only the results of the method he has used. It was such a thought that Tennyson had in mind when he wrote,

> "That God that ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

THE MAN ON THE FRONTIER

EDGAR E. ROBINSON

SECOND HONOR oration in 1908. Mr. Robinson was the representative from the University of Wisconsin.

The Westerner, the type and master of our American life, will soon disappear. This prophecy, made scarcely ten years ago by an eminent historian, is partly true. For two hundred years our seemingly limitless unoccupied land has allured men who preferred the hardships of frontier life to the confinements of highly organized society. Wave after wave of population, eager to grasp the great free domain, has swept westward over the continent. But to-day, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one people occupy a conquered continent. The Westerner as a frontiersman has passed: the charm and romance of border life is gone. Yet, I believe that the influence of the pioneer movement remains the controlling force in our present development; and that the traits of character that have made "the Westerner the type and master of our American life" will in the future dominate in the larger life of the nation. Is it not well for us, representative as we are to-night of the Old Northwest, to dwell on the rise and the passing of the frontier, and to consider the rôle that the larger West is to play in our national life?

It is natural to look upon the men who with rifle and ax fought and blazed their way into the wilderness, as personifying the spirit of the frontier. We recall the romantic picture of Daniel Boone, who in coonskin cap and buckskin leggings threaded his way through a trackless forest and, amid perils

that might well have terrified a dauntless soul, erected a cabin home. Such adventurers are indeed the extreme types of the American pioneer. The free land which the nation opened up impartially has been occupied by a sweeping movement of individuals. The continent has been won, not so much by organized conquest, as by restless American individualism. But the spirit of the frontier is broader than this. Ten thousand Boones, Crocketts, and Houstons, opening up the new country, are but the manifestations of a mighty spirit of conquest. The real genius of the frontier has never been solely the physical occupancy of the new country. The West is vastly more than a geographical area. As the line of settlement has advanced from place to place, frontier conditions have left a passionate demand in the heart of Westerners for the widest possible range for the freedom of the individual. It is this characteristic, this frame of mind, this devotion to individual freedom, rather than the picturesque individual or the geographical area, that has constituted the American pioneer movement.

With this broader significance of the West in mind, scholars are to-day asserting that the frontier spirit has since 1820 been the controlling influence in American development. The West has stamped the national life with freshness and vigor. On the broad stretches of our Mississippi Valley, religious ideals and educational projects have been given a breadth and a reach possible only in a new country. The West has kept our immigration policy practically free from restriction. There has been room for all who would come. It has influenced the relations of employer and employee, for the opportunity of "going west" has helped maintain a high standard of wages. At the same time the constant stream of migration has depleted and weakened the organization of

labor. A sturdy western democracy has tended to predominate in the politics of the nation. It gave us Thomas Jefferson with his idealism, his faith in the people, his vision of territorial greatness. In 1829 western democracy broke the succession of aristocratic eastern executives and swept into the presidency, that prince of frontier personalities, Andrew Jackson. From that time forward the West has never lost its hold upon the National Government. In 1860, firmly resolved that freedom must obtain in the new frontier states, the West selected the pioneer son of a pioneer father as the one man to unite a disunited nation. Abraham Lincoln, the gaunt, rugged, self-reliant frontiersman, was the personification of western training and ideals.

Thus we find that the existence of a West has always guaranteed to every American social equality, industrial opportunity, and political independence. But our stupendous western movement has done more than possess the continent and dominate the national life. In each decade western statesmen have insisted that the nation's land be given to all men on terms of equality. As a result, there has been developed a type of thoroughly American individualism, which means that every man shall have the untrammeled opportunity, on terms of absolute equality with other men, of going as far as genius and daring will carry him. The West made opportunity, not the attribute of a select few, but the heritage of every citizen.

But we are told that within the past two decades the continent has been conquered. No free land and no invigorating frontier, we indeed entered upon a new epoch. The new problem of the West began. The last twenty years have seen the rise and fall of Populism; the development of a colonial policy; the rapid increase of foreign commerce; the preserva-

tion of the forests; the reclamation of the arid lands: in all of which the aggressive spirit of the West has dominated national action. But the most marked change has been the tremendous growth of corporate power and activity. In a certain sense the rapid advance of the corporation is due to the frontier spirit, giving unhindered sway to men with imagination and daring. Strong individuals, such as Rockefeller and Hill, operating under the name of corporate activity, are in the strictest keeping with the American tradition of unrestricted opportunity. Utilizing their tremendous power, these individuals have monopolized the great agents of public service and have obtained control of the necessities of life. By so doing they have been constantly encroaching upon the liberty of the mass of the people. Equality of opportunity no longer exists when a few grow powerful enough to limit the freedom of the many. Our western love of personal freedom has given us powerful individuals who are to-day denying the masses equality of opportunity. When we had primitive border conditions, liberty of the individual insured equality; now that society is more highly organized, unrestricted liberty makes possible inequality. In a democracy whose watchword is liberty, we find—strange and startling paradox—public liberty threatened by private liberty.

The West has within the past two decades developed this perverted form of personal liberty. How shall we retain the principle of individualism and yet prevent its excesses? We recognize that unification of effort, lowering of cost, keenness of private initiative,—those manifest advantages of combination in great industries,—must be retained. But industrial forces must be subject to certain agencies representing the mass of the people. When the organized society of the Old World has found that the liberty of the people rested upon

industrial control, it has turned to public ownership. By so doing it has destroyed individual initiative. Such a solution is inconsistent in a democracy, for the exercise of individual action is at the very basis of our growth. Our solution lies not in the destruction, but in the regulation, of individual enterprise. The western spirit that once countenanced absolutely unhindered liberty is to-day proclaiming that the freedom of a few powerful individuals must be limited in the interests of the mass of our citizens.

Do we fully realize the deep political significance of the movement of our epoch for government control of industry? It means simply that the representatives of the people are exercising a wholesome restraint upon the heretofore unchecked operations of a few unscrupulous individuals. In Chicago, government control means that a few street car magnates shall not impose upon the liberty of the individual by exorbitant fares and wretched service. In New York and Wisconsin, such control means that the insurance companies shall no longer violate their obligations to the mass of policy holders. In the nation, it aims simply at the preservation of the liberty of the masses. It does not destroy any justifiable individualism. Only the excesses are prohibited. Street car magnates are to own and operate their lines. The insurance companies are unhindered in legitimate transactions. The railroads are permitted to reap rewards proportional to their multiplied traffic. The real political significance of government control is to preserve the liberty of the many by preventing the excessive liberty of the few.

So we see that as the National Government in the first epoch by offering free land to every man made sure his opportunity, so in the second epoch government is to preserve freedom of opportunity, the heritage of every American, by the enforce-

ment of law. The evolution of a method by which combinations shall be kept amenable to the popular will is the work of the present generation. It is the manifestation of larger American spirit that to-day, as of old, demands that personal liberty, which is at the very basis of our democracy, shall be preserved for all on terms of absolute equality. Such Americanism is the cry of no class, the creed of no party, the personality of no man. It is the national temper imbedded deep in the hearts of the people. It is a feeling of responsibility for his own freedom in the mind of every American. It leads to reform movements in corrupt municipalities; it dictates the policies of our progressive states; it is the moving force in the present national administration. It is not the appeal of a single section. The western spirit, having successively dominated each frontier, has now become the voice of the whole people.

Since 1492 the American has been the frontiersman of the world moving westward. He explored and conquered the new continent. Democracy was born of this spirit of adventure; found a home in the practical institutions of the Anglo-Saxon, and dominated the conquest of the continent. In no country has democracy been given such a sweep. Boundless opportunities and limitless resources have beckoned to men with imagination and daring. This youthful democracy has presented to the world a wonderful type of freedom with its home in the vastness of the continent. And to-day, as the first problem is completed and the continent lies conquered, the same spirit of the American pioneer brings forth a new doctrine that this democracy shall preserve by authorized agents the institutions and rights already won. The same spirit of resourcefulness, the same belief in the destiny of this nation, that developed the democracy of our fathers, now

brings as the second gift of America to the world, democratic institutions preserved by the strong arm of government.

The Westerner, then, has not ceased to be the type and master of our American life. Although the frontiersman long ago disappeared, we have ever had leaders of western training and ideals. As the problems of the first epoch found solution in the democracy of a living frontier, so the problems of our day are solved by democracy in government. As the frontier taught the profound lessons of individual equality, so the American brings to the world the means by which we are to preserve the heritage of the nation. Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, will always be hailed as the leaders in the creation of American democracy. The leaders of our epoch will remain as the preservers of a perfect democracy. With memory holding firmly the lessons of a glorious past, we may wisely heed the words of a leading historian, when he says, "Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of the nation, where civic power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good of all." Such may be the influence in our own day of "The Man on the Frontier."

INGLORIOUS PEACE

Charles C. Pearce

First Honor oration in 1909. The League contest occurred at the University of Illinois. Mr. Pearce, the successful orator, was the representative of the University of Wisconsin.

We are just in the throes of tariff revision. Early in March, was introduced the Payne Bill containing a number of modified duties. At once a highly significant struggle began in Washington. The country seems to have settled upon a downward revision of the tariff, yet each group is jealously guarding its own particular interests. Steel, for example, rasps: "Touch not our sacred schedules!" Lumber and Pulp cry: "Cut down your newspapers, not our profits!" Agriculture growls: "Cheap shoes by all means, but abate no jot of the duty on hides!" Sugar raises the slogan in the South: "Preference for home products!" In short, tariff reduction in theory acceptable to all, is well-nigh unattainable, simply because every group insists on retaining all the privileges it now enjoys.

This dramatic struggle between clashing interests is typical of the spirit which to-day dominates our national life. As a people we revel in high-sounding phrases about freedom, justice, and patriotism. We thrill to glittering generalities, like "All men are created equal." Abstractions, like "The greatest good to the greatest number," are vociferously applauded on the Fourth of July. All of us believe that reform is good. The word is catchy. The idea is appealing. Reform in general has few self-confessed enemies. But put be-

fore us a practical proposition involving a change in existing conditions which will in any way interfere with our own interests, and we cry: "No! No! Don't disturb prosperity—peace, let us have peace."

It is of this spirit of each one jealously guarding what he has and reaching for more, this spirit of selfish individualism, that I wish to speak to-night. My idea is that we as a people are violating the fundamental principle of our democracy. The laws, the Constitution, nay, the social organization itself, rest upon the doctrine that private interests must be subordinated to the public welfare. With this cardinal American theory all are in sympathy. Yet the situation in regard to the tariff at this very hour shows how we are departing from that principle. I believe that so long as each clings tenaciously and unscrupulously to his special advantage, society as a unit must languish; a democracy will progress only so fast as it learns how to make the public welfare prevail over the self-aggrandizement of individuals or of groups.

Note first the outcroppings of the spirit of selfish individualism in our industrial life. How shocking are the conditions from which the Pittsburg Survey has twitched the veil! Consider the tragedy of the immigrant in this city of steel. Lithuanians, Poles, Russians, Croatians, and Slavs,—from the hedgerows of Eastern Europe they come, seeking freedom and opportunity. And what do they find? The unskilled are compelled to work twelve hours a day for seven days in the week. Every two weeks they work the "long turn"; twenty-four successive hours of fierce, racking, exhausting work in the glare of a furnace. Foremen are given bonuses for driving labor. Unrestricted immigration is made a mighty lever to force the price of labor down and to crush all attempts at unionism. While one of the greatest fortunes in

city. Violation of the law by one individual invites counter-violation by another. Enforce the law against one group and grant another immunity, then the defeated class resolves to attain its ends, by fair means or by foul.

In fields more distinctly social we find this same national inconsistency. Almost too late we are beginning to call a halt upon the shameless waste of our natural resources. Individuals have greedily seized valuable lands and choice water rights. They have wasted a large percentage of timber. They are rapidly exhausting our anthracite coal. Some who have styled themselves "reformers" and "square dealers" have proved to be unscrupulous pilferers of our natural wealth. Many times we find them crying "Woodman, spare that tree!" in order to distract attention from the water power they are absorbing. This same hypocrisy is exemplified in the sheepmen, who pasture their myriads of "hoofed locusts" on the grasses of our national forests, yet call for reform so long as their own ox is not gored. But a graver social disgrace is the ruthless disregard for wealth in human life. Housing conditions in many of our large cities spell inefficiency, misery, and premature death to millions of our future citizens. Last year there were over half a thousand deaths in Pittsburg alone, because a water filtration contract was delayed by municipal red tape. Such conditions exist in a country which prides itself upon its republicanism! So little force has the democracy of twentieth-century America!

Ladies and gentlemen, face squarely this fact. We, a democratic people, tolerate inhumanity and greed. Why? Because we have gone mad on individualism. We acknowledge that the headlong dash for success is sacred and must not be interfered with. We disregard the most solemn truth

of human society: "No man liveth unto himself alone, are we not members one of another?"

Thus do we find ourselves exalting personal prerogative above public welfare in our industrial, political, and social life. I am not attacking any group, for none of us is free from censure. I am not predicting calamity, for the signs of the day are most hopeful. But how shall we hasten the time when the supreme test for all practices, habits, and laws shall be the public weal, when we can say, "Not the public for the individual, but the individual for the public"?

In the first place, public opinion must be fully enlightened and the public conscience thoroughly aroused. Child labor, industrial accidents, overcrowding, rebating, all methods which individuals or groups use to enlist government or law in their behalf, must be regarded in the same light as thievery, kidnapping, and homicide. The frock-coated criminal far from the wrath of the public does infinitely more harm than the slinking porch climber. Not the agent acting under orders, but the directors of a corporation, must be held responsible for wrongdoing. We must learn how ineffective it is to punish a Ruef, and let the men higher up go scot free. Likewise society must condemn the lawlessness of Organized Labor. What are mobs but spasms of anarchy? The violent anarchist is rigorously punished, yet all too recently have we begun to punish night riding and lynching. When will justice-loving, patriotic Americans realize that simple, common sense, man-to-man justice can obtain only when individuals and groups sink their desires for special privilege in a desire for social service?

And then this aroused national conscience must be crystallized into a concrete programme of righteous laws. For example, we need a law to-day which recognizes that the tariff

is not a political but an economic issue, and that revision ought not to be intrusted to your party or to my party, but to a nonpartisan tariff commission. We need laws that will prevent the excessive use of money in politics; laws that will regulate the conditions of labor, that our workers may be kept strong and intelligent for the problems of democracy; laws that will fairly divide the responsibility for industrial accidents between master and workman. In short, we need laws which will exalt principles above party, men above money, laws in which "the rules of the game" will be upheld. But some one says we have laws enough. I am not pleading for any great addition to our legal code, because the principles of the common law are sweeping enough if enforced. If enforced! That is the trouble with our judicial system. All the laws in the world would not help if justice is blind to the crime of a great corporation, and rigorously punishes the wrongs of the petty criminal. Law must be a Gibraltar, impregnable to the insidious methods of any individual or group.

Peace, yes, let us have peace. Not the inglorious peace which is preserved by and for corrupt politics, iniquitous business methods, and social injustices. That peace we have had too long. No longer deluded by that cry will we permit our natural resources to be wasted, our immigrants to be exploited, our courts to be corrupted, and our laws to be disregarded. I say that the day for this peace is past. Let such unnatural peace be shattered by the shock of a moral warfare; a war with ideas, arguments, and ballots as the weapons; a war with politics, industry, and social life as the battlegrounds; a war whose slogan is Public Weal; a war with a nobler America as the prize of victory!

MODERN FEUDALISM

SIGURD H. PETERSON

SECOND HONOR oration in 1909, the author representing the University of Minnesota.

Ancient feudalism has long been a synonym for oppression. It made of men masters and slaves. It robbed the masses of their rights, while it concentrated power and wealth in the hands of a few. It was founded upon barbarism and tyranny, and enforced at the point of the sword.

That feudalism, however, is dead. The quarrelsome barons, under whose despotism Europe once trembled, now live only in song and story. Their frowning castles, which once rang with shouts of revelry and merriment, and which were long the strongholds of feudal aristocracy and power, now lie in crumbling ruins. But out of the ruins of ancient feudalism, modern feudalism arose. The spirit which had built castles and conquered continents, now impelled men to amass fortunes and master the world's commerce. Discarding the rusty sword for a bag of gold, this new form of feudalism sought on the American shores a new home. Its old barons became the modern money magnates, the captains of finance, who immediately took possession of all our industries. One of these sunk a shaft into the plain, and the earth poured forth its wealth in bubbling streams of petroleum. Another, an ingenious Scotchman, building a furnace on the mountain side, laid the foundation for the modern iron works. Some dug into the bowels of the mountains and drew forth untold riches of useful and precious metals.

Others, entering the field of invention, built telegraphs and organized gigantic systems of railroads, and to-day the wealth of these is over one seventh of the total wealth of the Union.

But these barons were shrewd. They utilized every opportunity of extending their power. They revived the old feudal grants and tenures,—now in the form of public franchises. They called back to life the long dead feudal immunities,—now under the guise of a tariff, which was "to protect their infant industries." Then, as their crowning achievement, they invented the trusts. The age of industrial feudalism was at hand.

Nor should the benefits of this industrial development be despised. From a few agricultural colonies, we expanded into a world power, almost without a peer among the nations; and for our commercial prestige, we are in no small degree indebted to the remarkable efficiency of the modern corporation, and to the captains of industry whose energy and ability have developed our vast resources and made us great in the business world.

But while we glory in our wealth as a nation, we are too apt to overlook the actual condition of the individual. Unfortunately the constant tendency in this country has been, not toward the equitable distribution of wealth, but toward the steady concentration of it. While in the last century the wealth of America has increased a hundredfold, increased from one billion dollars in 1800 to over a hundred billions in 1908, still, according to Professor Parsons of Boston University, the laboring classes of this country, or more than half of the population, own practically nothing. A hundred years of persistent toil has left the American laborer very little better off, and actually less free industrially, than he was a century ago. Then he was an independent workman, a

pioneer with a free and open country of boundless resources before him; but he left the open fields, and, coming to the city, entered the factory; and now he is a corporation slave. He sees the rich few, in their million dollar palaces, luxuriating in every conceivable comfort and pleasure, while beyond, as an inspired orator has said,—"beyond lies the darkened chamber of Labor that only rises to toil and lies down to rest. It is lifted by no hope, mellowed by no comfort, looks into gardens it created, up to wealth which it has garnered, but has no pleasure thence; looks down into the cradle,—there is no hope."

This economic inequality between wealth and labor is making of the one the industrial master, and of the other, the industrial serf. Why, even now, the corporations hold in their hands, for weal or woe, the fate of fifty millions of our people. In spite of our boasted democracy, in spite of our beautiful doctrine that all men are created free and equal, more than half of the American people are directly dependent upon the corporations for their living, and are as subservient to them as ever were the serfs or liegemen to the barons of England or France. The only safeguard labor has to protect its rights is the ballot, and even that safeguard is rapidly being broken down. What protection is the ballot to a man when he has been reduced to such desperate circumstances that he can be made to vote as his employer dictates, by the mere threat of losing his job? We say that the laborer is free to work as he pleases. But is he free? To-night, at this moment, there are a million or more unemployed laborers roaming the streets of our cities or sitting in cheerless, comfortless homes, every one of whom would gladly work for half a wage, nay, surrender himself to lifelong corporation slavery, if only thereby he could earn a living for the little ones at

home, or lighten the sorrow of the woman whom he swore to love and protect. Is that man free to work as he pleases? Is he not forced by grim necessity to accept the work the corporations are willing to give him? They hold him in their power; for if he does not accept their terms or implicitly obey their commands, he is punished by the loss of his job; which means no money on Saturday night, and that means want, an empty coal bin, an unpaid rent, a hungry family, and a heartbroken mother.

Even the workingman's child is being sacrificed upon the altar of commercialism. The problem of child labor was practically unknown until the corporations blackened with it a page in our nation's history. But year by year that evil has grown, expanding into a cold-blooded monster, coining into gold its helpless victims: and now the wheels of industry are slowly, mercilessly grinding up the bodies of our boys and girls of tender years, and when their shattered frames break down beneath the strain, when their cramped fingers no longer obey the will, or their eyes, so long accustomed to the dark, no longer can see, they are thrust out upon the world, mental wrecks, or frail, tiny cripples,—they, the future custodians of the destiny of a great Republic!

Yes, America has increased her wealth by a hundred billion dollars, but where has that enormous wealth gone? Lift your eyes for a moment from the masses struggling in their poverty, and behold in the midst of their glittering millions your barons of oil and steel, your barons of railroads and telegraphs, of mines and factories. They can tell you where that wealth has gone. France or England, in the darkest days of feudalism, never paid such lavish tribute to their barons and nobles as we, in this Republic, are to-day paying to our emperors of industry and finance. While fifty

millions of our people own practically nothing, two per cent of them own fifty-four per cent of the country's wealth, or, in other words, one family in every one hundred owns as much alone as all the other ninety-nine taken together. Four thousand of our millionaires own twenty per cent of America's wealth, or, more concretely, each one of them could buy out four thousand average American families, make them a present of the purchase, and still have left two hundred thousand dollars. Five of our largest corporations, according to their own reports, received for one year more than half of the entire earnings of this country; and before the public can share a cent in the other half of those earnings, out of them must be taken enough to provide handsome profits for two hundred smaller trusts. In short, more than half of America, outside of her city real estate, is owned by the corporations, and every year more than half of her annual increase of wealth flows into their coffers.

If this condition of affairs continues for twenty years more, we shall have ten or twelve men owning more than half of America. A few years more, and, as President Hadley of Yale says, unless we can arouse the people to control the trusts, we shall have in Washington an emperor appointed by the money barons instead of a president of the people. Thus are we tending toward the condition of having one man so strong industrially, that by a mere stroke of the pen he could close every shop, stop every railroad, shut down every mine, every factory, every industry; ruin business, destroy our national credit; throw millions out of employment, and push millions more to the verge of starvation.

These facts reveal to us the undemocratic side of our industrial policy. They warn us against the dangers of the tremendous power of our industrial barons. Unless we estab-

lish democracy in industry, the laboring man will remain an industrial serf; and from industrial slavery to political slavery is but a step. Let not the glitter of commercialism blind us to the fact that we stand now economically, where a thousand years ago, England stood politically. Equality of economic opportunity is no more enjoyed by the average American laborer of to-day than was political equality enjoyed by the serf of old England. To-day we have in this country, in this birthplace of Democracy, in this land which Washington fought to free and Lincoln died to save, which we pride ourselves is the greatest republic, the freest nation, the grandest union the sun ever shone upon,—we have here an industrial feudalism, far more oppressive, far more powerful, far more dangerous to the cause of human liberties than any feudalism the Old World ever dreamed of.

We are face to face with a problem which vitally concerns all classes of men,—the laborer and the child, the merchant and the money baron; a problem upon the solution of which depends the very life of democracy, the beautiful ideal of the ages. Exactly what the solution will be, we know not. We look back upon the past, but in all history there is not a precedent to guide us. In desperation we are tempted to annihilate these predatory corporations, these monsters, which our genius has created and thus far failed to control. But to destroy them now would be to invite ruin. Their tremendous forces must rather be harnessed in the service of the people, from whom they draw their wealth and by whose sufferance alone they exist.

It is for us Americans now to solve this problem. We cannot escape it. We owe it to ourselves, to our country, and to the memory of those who sacrificed everything that we might enjoy liberty. The battlefields of the Revolution, from Caro-

lina to Bunker Hill, are dotted with the graves of the brave men who laid down their lives in the cause of their country's freedom. The ground about Richmond and Gettysburg is consecrated by the blood of the men who there died that freedom might live. Let not the noble sacrifice of these men be in vain. They fought against political oppression; let us fight against industrial oppression. Let us arouse our American manhood. Let us stir up anew the old American spirit which achieved our independence, which broke and lifted to God four million fetters. Let us arouse the nation to a clear understanding of our industrial problem. For, just as ancient feudalism did not crumble until an aroused public sentiment forced the king and barons to respect the law and the rights of their subjects, just so, not until the American people are thoroughly aroused and, by a strong, popular demand for justice, compel the industrial barons to recognize and respect the rights of the public, will be uprooted the evils of *modern feudalism.*

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